June 24, 1939

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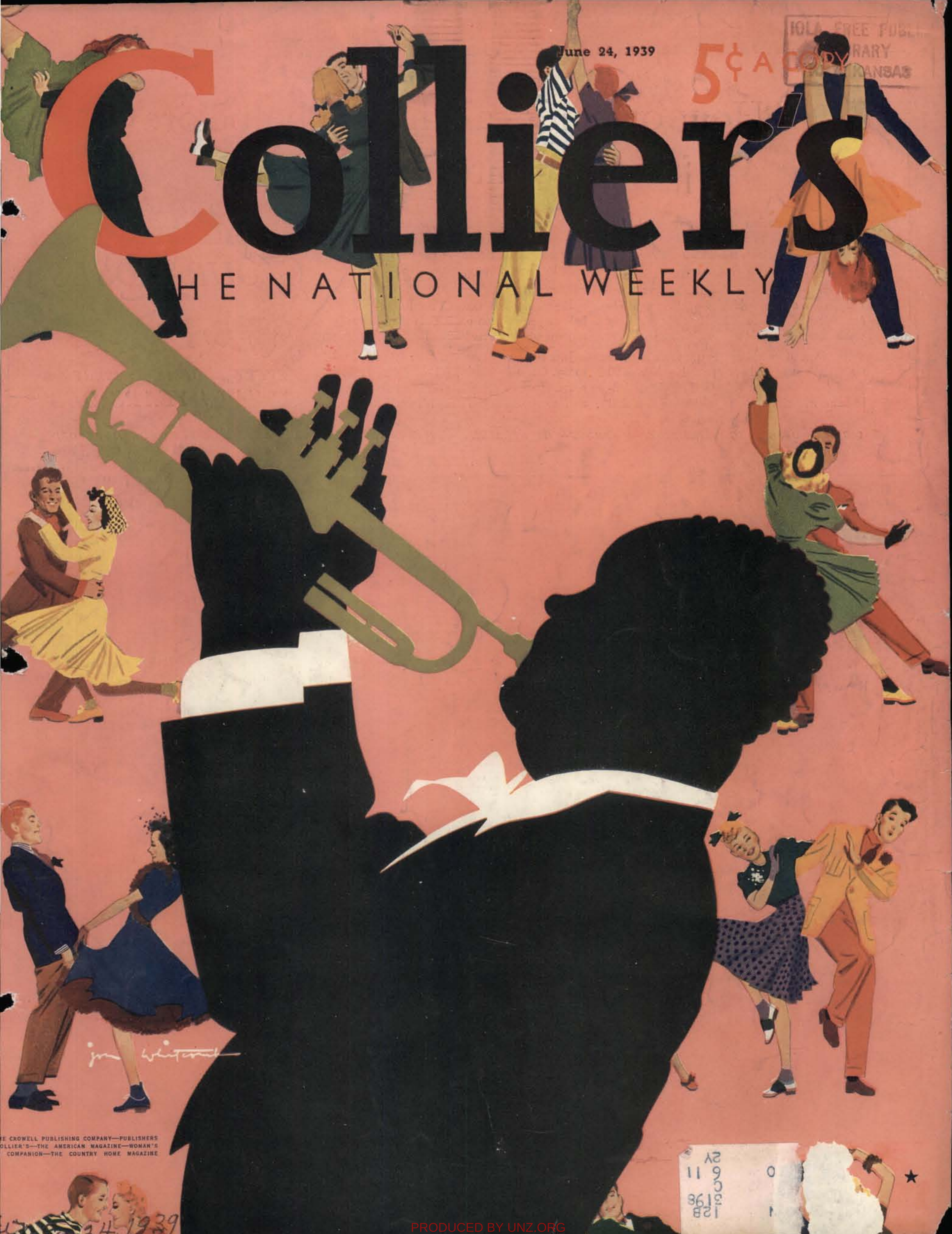
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



E CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS
OLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S
COMPANION—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

24, 1939

"How old must a whiskey be before it can go into Four Roses?"

THAT'S a question we're always glad, and rather proud, to answer. Even the *youngest* whiskey in Four Roses is *at least 4 years old*.

Every single one of the matchless whiskies that are combined to make Four Roses—yes, even the *youngest* of these whiskies—*is old enough to be bottled in bond*, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But, instead, we think it better to make these whiskies lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). Then, with a skill born of 74 years' experience, we bring these distinguished whiskies together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone. Four Roses is ALL whiskey—*whiskey, every drop.*

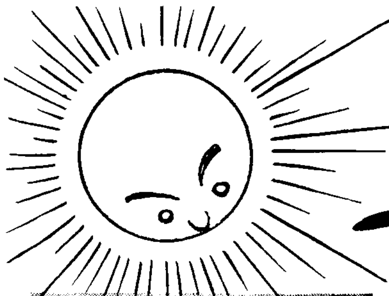
If you've never tasted Four Roses—well, we believe you've been passing up the most magnificent whiskey ever bottled!

Just *try* Four Roses—at your favorite bar—today. Or get a bottle of Four Roses at your nearest package store. You may find that it costs a trifle more...but you'll say it's worth it! So will your guests. *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

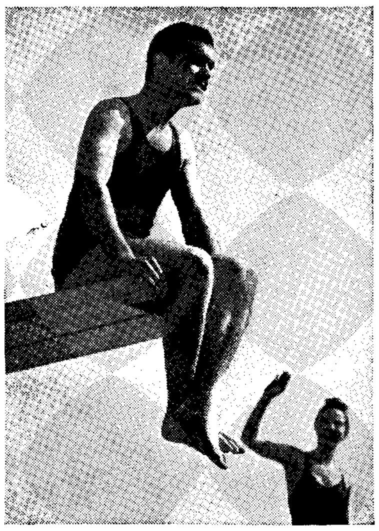
EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST **4 YEARS OLD**

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD



Your Hair! Keep it Good-Looking

—In Spite of Sun and Water!

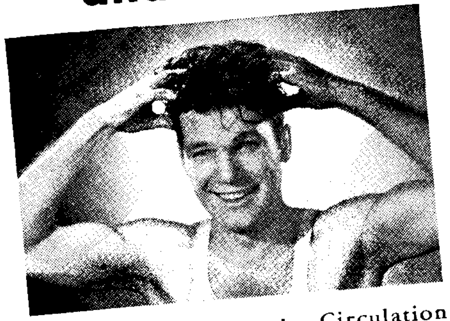


A SMASHING set of tennis under a broiling sun or a stinging shower after a hard 18 holes of golf—that's certainly what the doctor ordered to keep a man physically fit! *But* what about your hair? . . . Sun-baked until it's dry and brittle; lifeless and limp from water which soaks out any remaining natural hair oils.

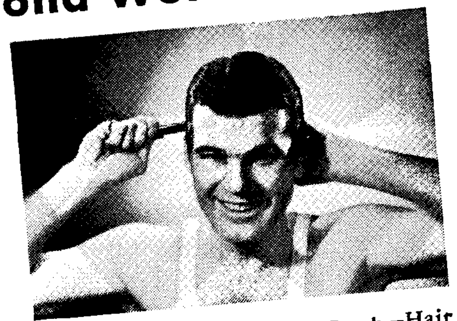
Summertime is the time when your hair especially needs Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to offset the harsh effects of sun and water. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the healthy, exhilarating "tingle" as circulation awakens and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your hair combs easily, it takes on a rich lustre—but with none of that objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Enjoy outdoor sports but do as millions of men are doing—keep your Vitalis handy! Start your "60-Second Workouts" and see if they don't help put you over socially this summer! Get a bottle at your nearest druggist's, today.

Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

June 24, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

THE United States is trying to give away the richest land in the world. The untouched natural resources of the Philippines are richer by far than those of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Danzig and the Polish Corridor combined. Imagine what Hitler would give for such a prize. If Japan grabs the Philippines, in addition to Manchuria, Japan will become the only self-sufficient nation on earth.

The Philippines are rich in gold, manganese, chromites—every metal, in fact, except tin. They can grow every needed crop that does not flourish in the United States. But can we hold this prize? Is it worth fighting for? W. B. Courtney, just back from a survey of the islands, answers these questions in next week's Collier's.

A FELLOW has to love his family—doesn't he? Even if they wreck his career, and ruin him with the most glamorous woman in the world? Well, it was a problem for the young ex-prize fighter who was on his way to fame and stardom in Hollywood, and the case history is recorded by Bob Considine in a good, tough story called "An Oscar for Looie."

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back" is in the United States with an exciting new novel in his portfolio. Those who have read it in German—the translation is not yet complete—are unanimous in proclaiming it Remarque's greatest. In fact, it was so good that Collier's bought it before the translation even was started. And we're going to publish it just as soon as it's finished. But more of that later. What we started out to say is that Kyle Crichton has interviewed this non-Jewish, nonpolitical exile from Nazi Germany, and he reports his findings next week.

WALTER DURANTY'S story of adventure with a blonde in Riga deserves more than this passing mention. With no more pride than a valedictorian's papa at commencement, we hasten also to mention that Corey Ford, Alastair MacBain, Jonathan Latimer, Hugh McNair Kahler, Freling Foster, Ernest Haycox, Katharine Roberts, William Cole, Dan Parker (who tells you things about Tony Galento's manager that the newspapers don't print) and the world's funniest cartoonists are going to be paraded in the magazine, which you will stop to look at anyway, because it has that girl with the torn bathing suit on the cover.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

FREDERIC MERTZ
Contract Writer. He could pick ponies and she could pick men. Page 9

WILLIAM SAROYAN
Dear Baby. What a man fights for. Page 12

WILLIAM MacHARG
A String of Trouble. Detective O'Malley, who never misses. Page 13

SUSAN ERTZ
Someone to Need Him. Stronger than apron strings. Page 22

HAROLD LAMB
Singing Girl. Sabers and songs in Siberia. Page 29

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Square Peg, by Paul Jones. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

JONATHAN LATIMER
Red Gardenias. The third of nine parts. Eyewitness for Crane. Page 15

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Border Trumpet. The ninth of ten parts. Stage for battle. Page 20

ARTICLES

MONA GARDNER
It Isn't Natural. The new fabrics, and what they're made of. Page 11

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Water Witch. Bigger and better aquatic antics. Page 14

J. D. RATCLIFF
It's Poison. Crop dusting from planes—a daring business. Page 17

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
In Spite of Hitler. What's going on beneath the surface in Germany. Page 18

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Royal Rookie. Ted Williams lives up to his billing. Page 24

EDWARD MORROW and KYLE CRICHTON
Dark Magic. The boys who make boogie-woogie. Page 40

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Lilliputian library. Page 6

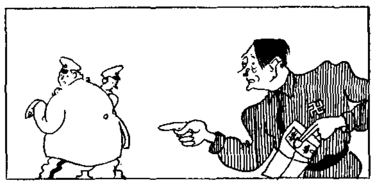
EDITORIAL
Commencement Address. Page 82

COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

ANYWAY we start out right, being put so by Mr. I. Khush of Moline, Illinois. "I see by your magazine that President Roosevelt is a fine man," says Mr. Khush with commendable brevity. "Nothing is farther from the truth."

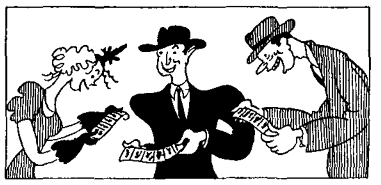
AND that's all for Mr. Khush, that being all he had to say. Equally concise is Mrs. Dora D. Ernspont of Santa Clara, California. "When we go on a picnic we take our own food," says Mrs. Ernspont. "Are England's king and queen any better than we are?"



IF THE unpredictable Mr. Hitler is as conscientious about his mail as we are, he is now pondering a letter from Mr. R. Edgar Mood of Wenonah, New Jersey. Mr. Mood's letter was doubtless most interesting to Mr. Hitler because it contained a dollar. We seem to see Mr. Hitler peeking into the envelope and, seeing the money, ordering Messrs. Goering and Goebbels out of his office. Anyway, we would. Mr. Mood, convinced that neither prayer nor logic will dissuade Mr. Hitler from involving the world in a war with consequent loss of many lives and subsequent chaos, suggests that he be bought off. Therefore, he would have every "man, woman and child in the world who fears war" send the Reichsfuehrer one dollar. Thus, Mr. Mood estimates, Mr. Hitler will have about $500,000,000 to fool around with. And all Mr. Hitler will have to give *in return* is his bond, which as everybody knows is an inviolable thing, to keep the peace for ten years. Says Mr. Mood, explaining his inspiration, "It is just as sensible to give him the money as to give billions to our old friends, the Allies."

BUT everybody persists in overlooking the worst aspect of Mr. Hitler, which is the noisiness of the man. Like King Boria Bungalee Boo, the man-eating African swell, his sigh is a hullabaloo, his whisper a horrible yell. There's nothing we can do about it either except to prefer the Japanese method of informing one that dire things are impending. For example we've a note from Mr. Jerome K. Bowlan of Helena, Montana, saying that when recently he entered the Tokyo Bay district, bound for Yokohama, an extremely deferential official handed him a notice that he was in the Japanese fortified zone and that it was the hope of all Japan that he would neither sketch, photograph nor survey. The notice concluded: "The Japanese government very strictly enforces these laws and passengers are respectfully requested to observe the regulations most rigidly so as to avoid any untoward incidents occurring." Mr. Bowlan *asked what these untoward* incidents might be. He was told that the Japanese government regretted to inform him that they took various forms, all of them being "peculiarly inconvenient."

USUALLY when somebody starts explaining what is familiarly called The Money Famine we take to dodging. All we get out of it is that if money is kept in motion, everything is jake. Personally we've never had any trouble keeping ours moving and we may say that financially everything is not jake. But here's one from Mr. Charles Drake, Jr. of Demorest, Georgia, that rings our bell. Mr. Drake would recall all the paper currency now in circulation and substitute for it a new issue on which would be a serial comic strip. The result would be a new high in circulation speed. Overwhelmed by the desire to find out what happened to Annie, Andy, Moon, Dick, Popeye and Palooka, possessors of money would rush hither and yon spending like a double-jointed New Dealer with prosperity-restoring results.



AND Mr. Warren F. Kitterback of Des Moines, Iowa, reports that the government is "trying to frighten the wits out of a lot of fairly honest people. This part of the country is filled with mysterious government dicks who won't tell what they're doing. They call on leading bankers, politicians, editors and lawyers and say: 'Well, how are things in this town?' And when they get the usual answer that everything seems to be okay they rise, look grim and say: 'Huh, that's a laugh. So you think everything's okay. Stick around, brother, stick around.' And," concluded Mr. Kitterback, "everybody's got the jitters trying to think back on what they've been doing that could land them in jail."

JUST Republicans. W. D.

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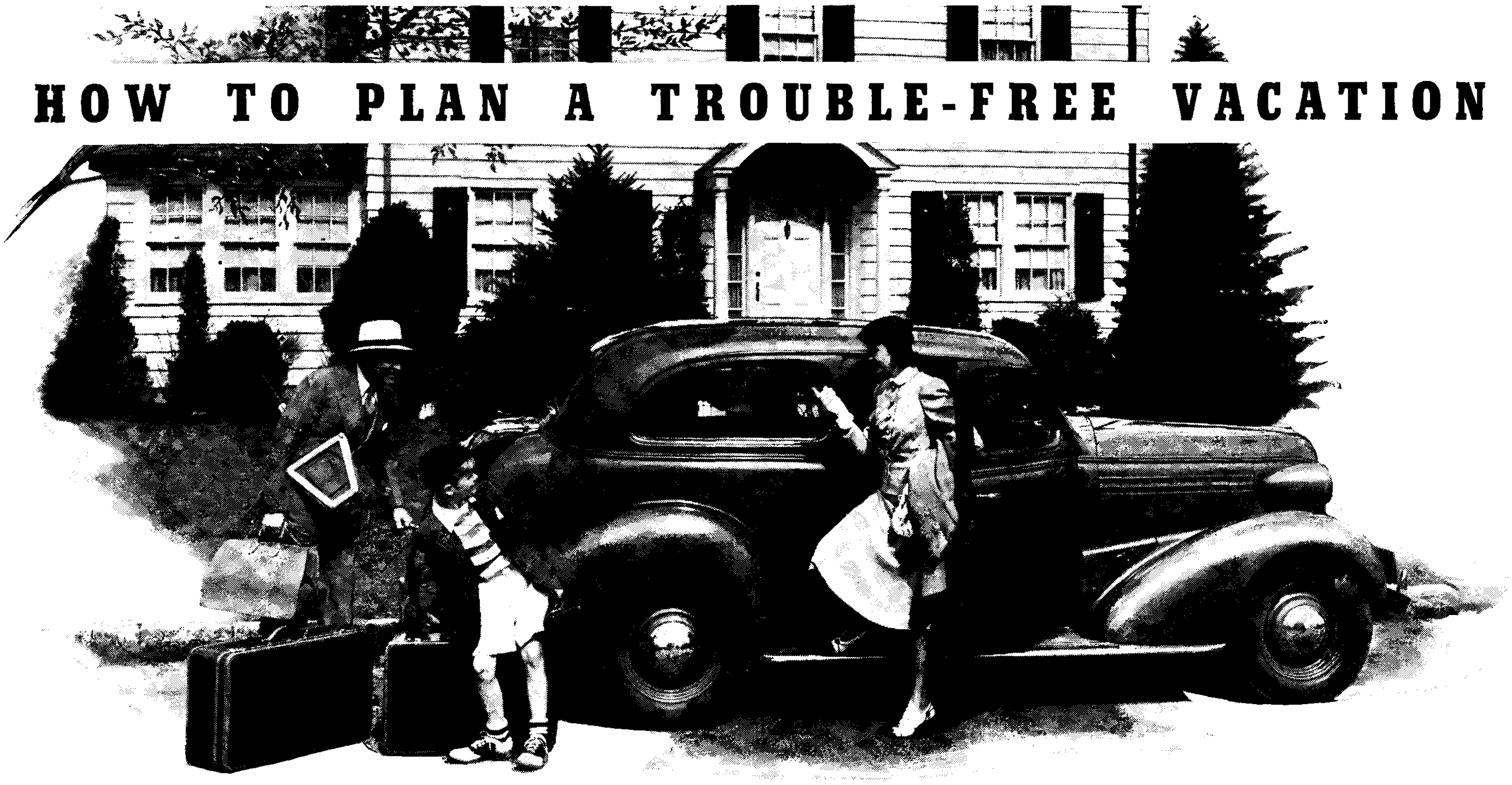
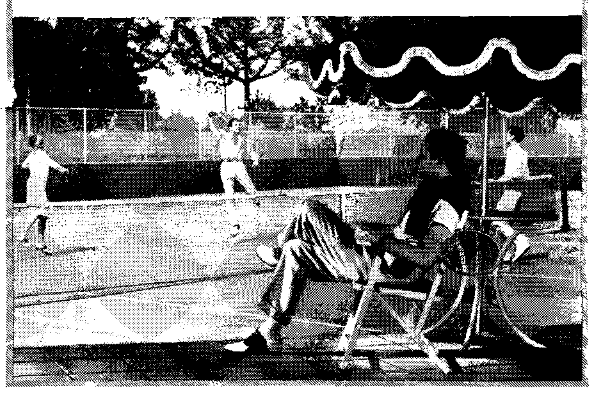
HOW TO PLAN A TROUBLE-FREE VACATION



DON'T OVEREXERT—Take your exercise in moderation at first. Fast tennis, long swims, or climbing mountains may thrill you, but think twice—athletes break into training slowly! Even young hearts, dependable under normal conditions, can be dangerously strained by sudden, prolonged exertion.



TO MAKE YOUR CAR TROUBLE-FREE—

Did You Have—

YES

- **the brakes adjusted?** ☐
- **the steering mechanism tested?** ☐
- **the wheel alignment checked?** ☐
- **the headlights focused?** ☐
- **the taillights checked?** ☐
- **the exhaust system checked for leaks?** ☐
- **the battery tested?** ☐
- **the oil checked; car greased?** ☐
- **the tires and tire pressure checked?** ☐
- **the ignition and fuel systems inspected?** ☐

DRESS LIGHTLY—EAT WISELY—Guard against sunstroke or heat prostration. Wear porous clothes and always keep your head covered when in the scorching sun. Eat light foods, properly salted to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Drink generous amounts of cool water.

BEWARE OF IMPURE WATER—When you are picnicking, drink only water that is known to be pure or which has been boiled. Sparkling brooks, old-fashioned wells and tempting wayside springs may contain typhoid germs or other disease-producing organisms.

NEVER SWIM ALONE—Even though you swim well, avoid rough, unfamiliar or contaminated waters. Refrain from bathing when overheated or immediately after a meal. Do not dive unless you know the water's depth. These simple precautions make bathing safer.

THREE HELPFUL BOOKLETS—Prompt application of artificial respiration has revived many persons apparently drowned. The Metropolitan booklet "First Aid" tells how to apply artificial respiration, and how to treat ivy poisoning, stings, sunstroke, snake bites, etc. Two other booklets—"Swimming and Life Saving" and "Calling All Drivers"—will help you plan a trouble-free vacation. A post card will bring you all three . . . or mail the coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Dept. 739-C, 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

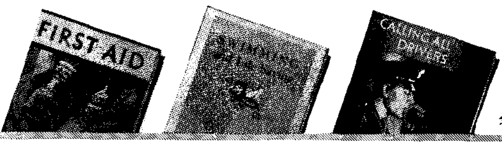
Please send me, free, the booklets checked:

☐ "First Aid" ☐ "Swimming and Life Saving" ☐ "Calling All Drivers"

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ *State* ______



Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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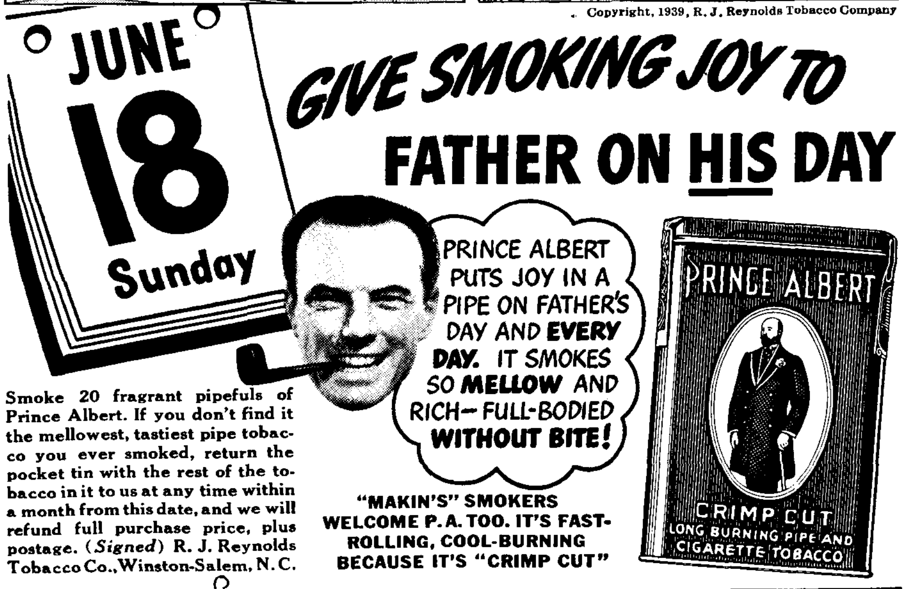
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
ON THE WAY BACK HOME
CHUBBINS, WHAT TIME IS IT BY YOUR WRIST WATCH?
WHY, DADDY, YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T ANY WRIST WATCH!
HMM—THAT'S STRANGE—WONDER WHAT MADE ME THINK YOU HAD A WRIST WATCH
OH, SILLY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
WHY, OF COURSE! YOU HAVEN'T A WRIST WATCH—I HAVEN'T GIVEN IT TO YOU YET. HERE!
DAD! YOU OLD RASCAL! WHY, IT'S BE-YOO-TI-FUL! YOU CERTAINLY KEPT IT A SECRET!
ALL RIGHT, SMARTY—NOW IT'S MY TURN. WHAT DAY IS TODAY?
WHY—ER—IT'S SUNDAY, JUNE THE EIGHTEENTH
NO, NO, DADDY! IT'S FATHER'S DAY, AND I'VE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU RIGHT IN THIS DRAWER!
WHOOP-EE! A WHOLE POUND OF PRINCE ALBERT!
CHUBBINS—THAT'S THE FINEST GIFT A DAUGHTER EVER GAVE ANY PIPE-SMOKER
PRINCE ALBERT

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

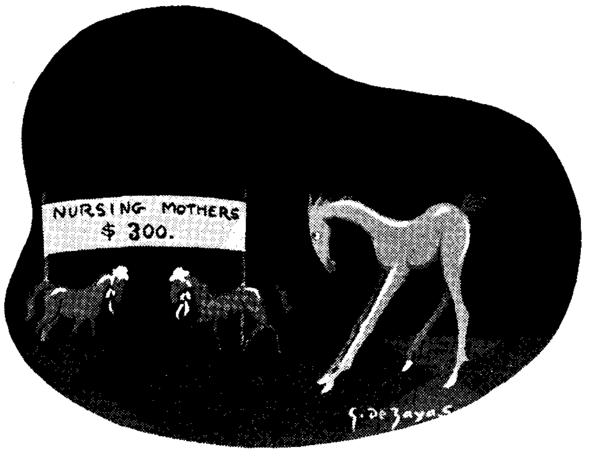

JUNE 18 Sunday
GIVE SMOKING JOY TO FATHER ON HIS DAY
PRINCE ALBERT PUTS JOY IN A PIPE ON FATHER'S DAY AND EVERY DAY. IT SMOKES SO MELLOW AND RICH—FULL-BODIED WITHOUT BITE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"MAKIN'S" SMOKERS WELCOME P. A. TOO. IT'S FAST-ROLLING, COOL-BURNING BECAUSE IT'S "CRIMP CUT"

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE


NURSING MOTHERS $ 300.
G. DeJoyaux

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Several farms in Kentucky furnish fostermothers for thoroughbred foals whose mothers have died or are unable to nurse them. The usual charge for a mare's services until the colt is weaned is $300.

Several kinds of gem stones have been named after persons, among them being the alexandrite, which bears the name of the Russian Emperor Alexander II (1818-1881); the kunzite, which was named after the American gem expert Dr. George F. Kunz (1856-1932); and the morganite, which was named in honor of the American financier, J. P. Morgan, Sr. (1837-1913).

In most European countries, a civil marriage, or one performed by a magistrate, is not only obligatory but is the only ceremony of its kind that is recognized by the law of the state.—*By Edith S. Jensen, Sioux City, Iowa.*

Unlike other Christians, the Mormons of Utah marry for eternity, not for this life alone, and the death of a partner does not dissolve or alter the union.—*By Leora Phares, Hamilton, Ohio.*

Air liners in flight are required to report their positions, weather conditions and other details every twenty minutes. On the average nonstop flight between New York and Chicago during the five-hour run, this conversation totals thirty minutes or ten per cent of the actual flying time.—*By Gage E. Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio.*

In the West, where thunderstorms frequently occur with little or no rain, forest fires caused by lightning are common. Moreover, single storms often do considerable damage, such as a recent one in Idaho, which started seventy fires within twenty minutes.—*By Allen D. Carter, Mount Vernon, Texas.*

That temperature can change the color of flowers of a single plant is illustrated by a species of Chinese primrose, *Primula sinensis,* whose blossoms are white when grown at about 85 degrees F. and red when grown at about 60 degrees F.—*By Berta B. Kessel, Mill Valley, California.*

Salt water contains approximately two hundred times as much dissolved salts and other solids as fresh water.

One of the most unusual photographs known is a "bird's-eye view" of San Francisco taken a few days after its earthquake and fire in 1906. The camera was held at an altitude of two thousand feet by a series of kites and operated from the ground. The negative was eight feet long by four and a half feet wide. The total sale of the prints has exceeded $15,000.—*By H. W. Young, Tucson, Arizona.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

It's a Joy to Handle!

BIGGEST AND BEST BUILT of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars— Plymouth is the Year's Best Buy!

☛ Of leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

☛ The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of coil springs as standard equipment on all models.

☛ Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift on De Luxe models at no extra cost.

☛ The only leading low-priced car with a rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

☛ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary "safety signal" speedometer.

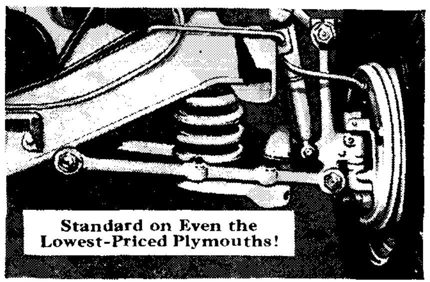
☛ All Plymouth models have the same big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine, giving the thrill of full power with exceptional economy.

EASY TO OWN

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price ...with the balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

"So Beautiful YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

ALL PLYMOUTH MODELS give you the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes...plus Floating Power engine mountings.



Standard on Even the Lowest-Priced Plymouths!

NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs, finest design in the industry, give Plymouth its marvelous new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.

PUT THIS BIG Plymouth through its paces—in city traffic, on the open road. You'll know at once why owners call it "the easiest-handling low-priced car"...the "best buy"!

Biggest, roomiest of "All Three" low-priced cars, Plymouth brings you the thrill of flashing performance with economy...the marvelous handling ease of True-Steady steering.

Add to everything else Plymouth's famed *safety*, and you'll understand the tremendous popularity of this great car!

COUPES START AT $645

SEDANS START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR

Philco **180XF.** A sensational value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. With new Philco Built-in *Super* Aerial System. Yours for only $69.95, only $6.95 down!

Here's the 1940 PHILCO WITH AMAZING BUILT-IN *SUPER* AERIAL SYSTEM

Philco 508 *Radio Phonograph.* Special circuit with doubled sound output, designed for finer record tone. Improved Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. Yours for only $13.95 down!

Just plug in anywhere . . . and play!

No installation! No wires of any kind on your roof or around the room!

For 1940, Philco engineers bring you a *revolutionary change* in the use and enjoyment of radio! You don't have to "install" a Philco any more! Just place it wherever it looks best and is most convenient in your room . . . and *plug it in like an electric lamp!*

That's all there is to it. No unsightly aerial wires outside or inside, no messy ground wires around your room. All that fuss, bother, annoyance and hazard is over. *Radio is cleaned up at last,* thanks to the BUILT-IN *SUPER* AERIAL SYSTEM, an amazing new invention from the laboratories of the world's most popular radio!

Convenience is only one advantage, and by no means the most important advantage of the Built-in *Super* Aerial System. Better reception, purer, clearer tone—that's the new thrill you enjoy from this sensational feature of the new 1940 Philco radios. Now, for the first time, you get *undreamed-of power and purity of tone* even in the lowest-priced 1940 Philco. Clear, enjoyable radio reception wherever you live . . . even in big buildings and difficult locations where the best radio tone of the past was a mixture of annoying noises and man-made static.

And another exclusive Philco development, the *Twin*-Loop Aerial, gives you the benefits of the Built-in *Super* Aerial System on Short-Wave as well as Standard reception . . . a problem that baffled radio scientists for years, now solved by Philco engineers!

In every 1940 Philco radio, from the lowest price to the highest, you get *more* for your radio dollar than ever before—finer, clearer tone, more powerful performance, more tubes, more quality features. Each model is an achievement of Philco engineering leadership.

SEE THE 1940 PHILCO NOW

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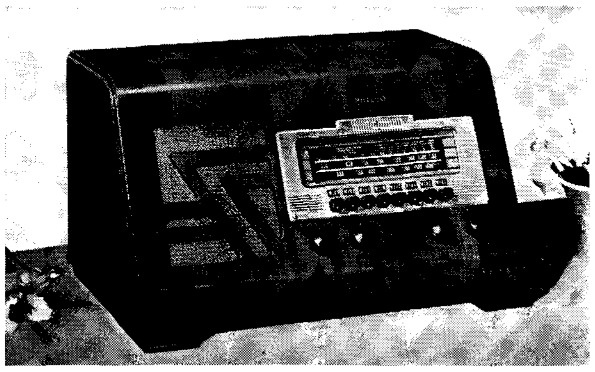
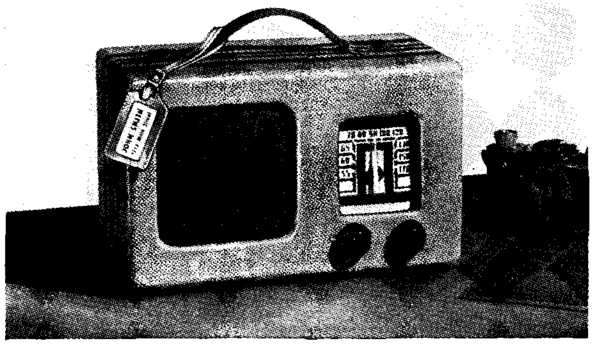
Philco 81T *Portable* (lower right). Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, without aerial or house current. Compact, light in weight, full performance. Special low drain circuit gives twice the battery life. *Only $19.95,* complete with batteries.





Collier's The National Weekly for June 24, 1939

Contract Writer

By Frederic Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

What happened to a man who knew the ponies—and a girl who only loved them

THIS thing never had happened before to Joe Blackett, during all his three years in the writers' building at Resolute Pictures. He opened the door to his office, and there was a girl.

She said: "Mr. Blackett?"

"Right," said Joe.

"Your secretary has a sore throat or something. They sent me up to take your dictation and Mr. Goskin's."

"That's fine," said Joe.

So, he thought, now they have some writer named Goskin in the office across the corridor. The last one had been Hildebrand. After three years at Resolute, Joe Blackett was well used to seeing them come and seeing them go.

The new girl was making passes at Joe's desk with a dust rag, stirring the clutter of track programs, form charts, tip sheets, and the Selections for Today clipped from the morning papers and delivered there by old S. B. Steinbaum's personal secretary.

"It's all right," Joe told her. "You can just leave things the way they are."

She had come in here because she didn't know that a janitor swept out Joe's office once or twice a week, and that between times Joe wasn't to be bothered. Joe Blackett, contract writer . . . old S. B. Steinbaum's personal tout. The other girls had known and they had never come fussing around his office, dusting desks, offering to take dictation.

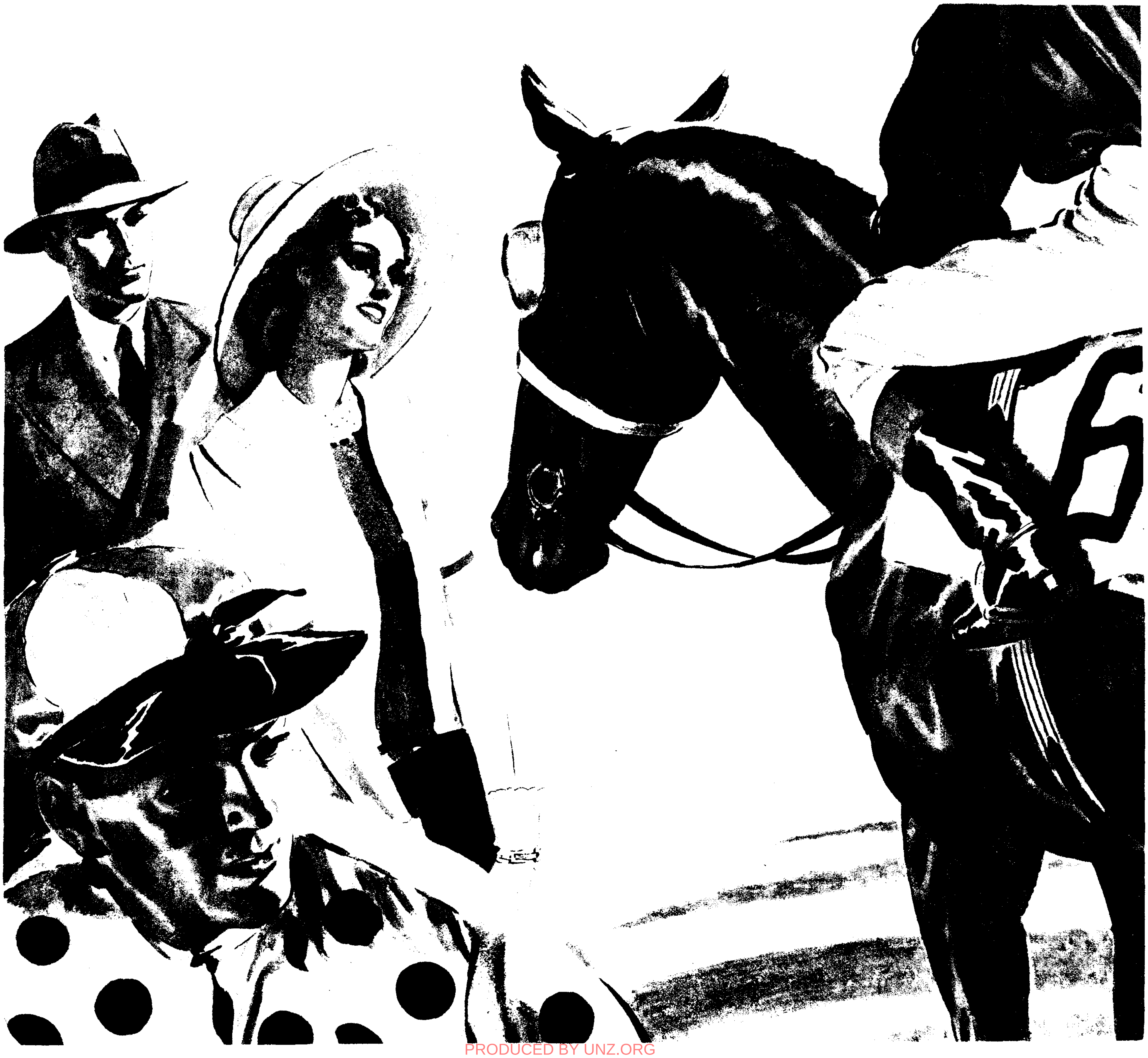
But this new girl glanced again at the litter on Joe's desk, and there was a warm, welcoming look in her eyes.

"You're working on something about horses, aren't you?"

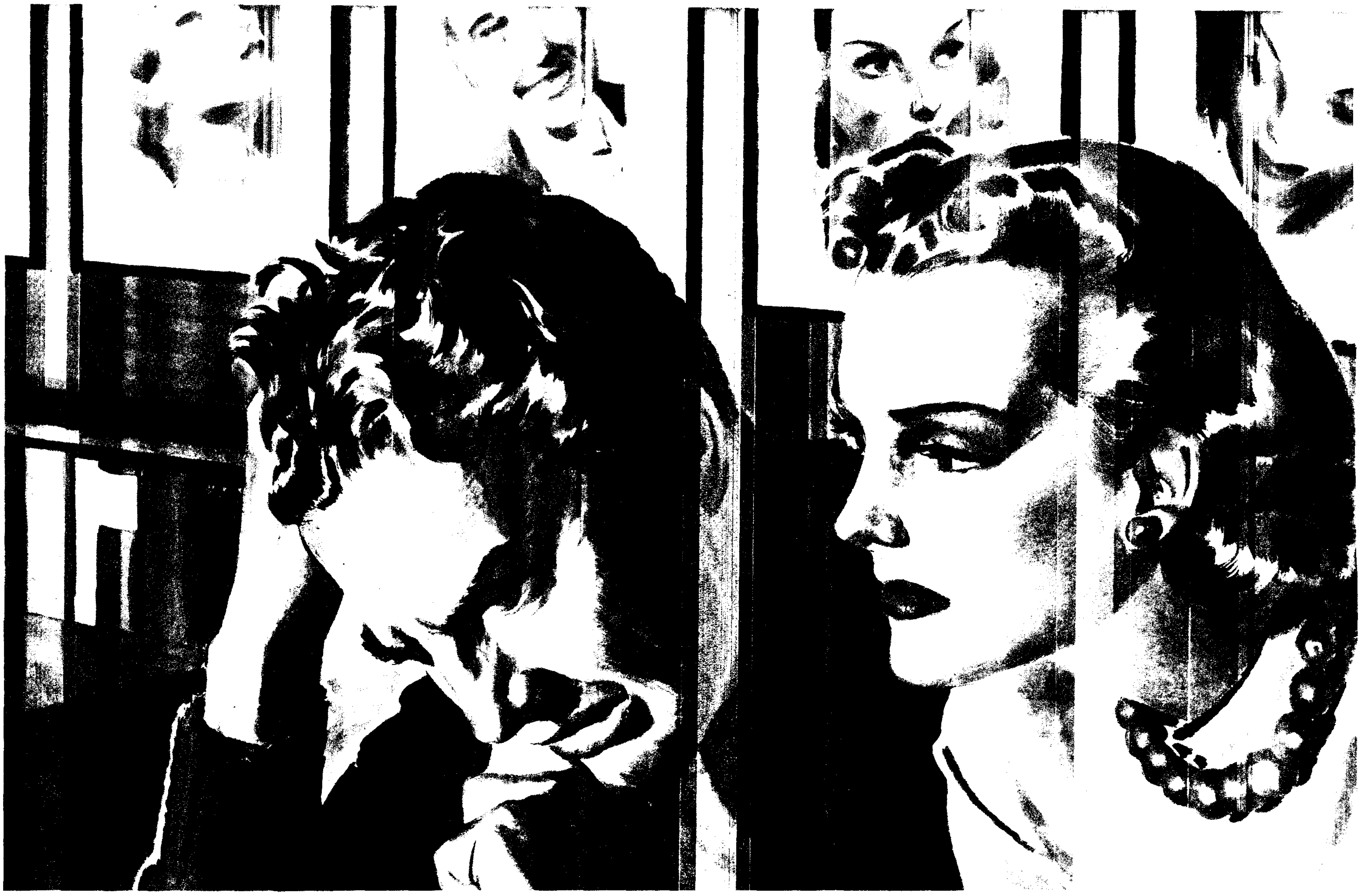
Joe swallowed. "Well," he said, "yes."

"Maryland people just naturally fool around horses, and so I couldn't help noticing." She smiled a little. "I've watched workouts ever since I was quite little. You know—a quarter-mile track in the training pasture, along about sunup—"

And this would be the time, while she smiled and remembered things about Maryland, to tell her about the janitor, and about never needing anybody for dic-



Lou Lee Tabor stood beside him at Hollywood Park; for a moment Joe looked at a horse the way she did



Then he talked to her. "I gave S. B. a horse this afternoon," he said. "I gave him Star Bronze. You see?"

tation. This would be the time to tell her about Joe Blackett, contract writer, and how people were not supposed to bother him while he fiddled around with index numbers and past performances and feedbox gossip and fancy hunches.

But Joe said: "You like horses, don't you, Miss—uh—"

"Tabor," she said. "Lou Lee Tabor."

Just let things slide, Joe thought. Soon enough, some of Resolute's bright boys and girls would give her the lowdown on Joe Blackett, but meanwhile it would be nice to have somebody like this in the writers' building. A girl with unamplified eyelashes and nice-colored brown hair, and a scrubbed, trim look that didn't seem to be all tensed and prettied for a nod from some talent scout. Maybe, Joe thought, he could rib up a little dictation to give her. Then he could touch the buzzer on his desk, and she would come in.

"Well," he began now.

BUT the girl's eyes were so clear and honest and steady, and some sentimental imagining gave Joe Blackett a misty-magic picture of early morning and white-fenced green pastures in Maryland.

"The fact is," Joe said, "I don't know a cockeyed thing about horses. I'm no horseman. I've never been on a horse. I—"

That cut it, of course, and when she looked at Joe it was as if a light switch had clicked, dimming something behind her eyes. "Oh," she said. "I bet if you had some real experience, though—if you'd really get to know horses, Mr. Blackett, and sort of love them—"

Somebody loomed up in the hall then, turning in at the door opposite Joe's office. The magnificent zigzag-patterned sports coat had a stoutish young man inside it. When the stoutish young man tried to slam the door behind him, it didn't slam.

He turned around. "What the devil kind of a Fascist gadget is this?"

He yanked at the door silencer, pouting from behind his horn-rimmed glasses at Joe and the girl.

"Good morning, Mr. Goskin," said Lou Lee Tabor, and the light was in her eyes again. The new secretary ready for the fray.

But the stoutish young man gave off an angry quiver. Then, with a final push, he got the door shut.

Lou Lee said: "Stewart Goskin," rather under her breath.

"Well, well," said Joe.

"He *almost* got the Pulitzer. He was mentioned for the Critics' Award. And when Wharf Rat made those boy actors famous—"

"Oh," Joe said, "so he's the gent who wrote Wharf Rat."

"They brought the boys out here—the Twelve-Minute Eggs, you know—and then they didn't have the right kind of a story for them. So," Lou Lee explained, "they had to send for Mr. Goskin. He's had a terribly hard life. You have to have hard experiences, I guess, if you're to do something big. You can't create what you haven't lived."

"I see," Joe said.

After she had gone, he sat for a while looking at the closed door with his name painted in reversed black capitals on the frosted center panel. He was getting into his fourth year now as a contract writer at Resolute. On fifty-two Wednesdays every year, even during those four weeks of the studio's August shutdown, he drew a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, countersigned by S. B. Steinbaum, Junior, vice president in charge of production. He had a nodding acquaintance, too, with the other Steinbaums—with Monroe and Leonard, and even old S. B. himself. He stood high with producers like Sid Showerman and ace directors like Bill Ebbitts. Beautiful Resolute stars dithered their mascara at him, vaguely aware that they had been seeing him around the lot for years. And yet now he sat and stared moodily into space—a rather gaunt-looking young man with big hands showing below cuffs of irreproachable tweed, and big feet shod in Hollywood's best.

Joe sighed abruptly, and the sound startled him.

"Well, well, well!" he said to himself, and swiveled back to his desk.

WITH the automatic precision of long habit, he unlocked the lower left-hand drawer and fished out a black leather book, alphabetically indexed. He lifted the phone off its cradle and made a complicated connection with somebody named Hoppy. He squared up the clipped selections from the morning newspapers—Hollywood Park; Arlington; Rockingham. He hauled out his bound file of form charts from a right-hand drawer, and leafed the day's copy of his Pacific Daily Racing Form open to the Hollywood Park entries and past performances on page 6.

He asked Hoppy for the morning line, and the phone squawked on and on, giving him entries, weights, jockeys, prices, scratches, for the fifth race at Hollywood. "Look," Joe said, "is that your price on Silver Spoon, or . . ." The wire went on dictating, and Joe chuckled to himself. "Okay, Hoppy, thanks. . . . Give me the rundown for the fifth at Rockingham, when you get it. Thanks."

Joe Blackett hung up. Then he began his writing for the day. On the yellow oblong of a scratch pad, using the soft lead of a copy pencil, he wrote: "Silver Spoon." His handwriting was black, squarish and precise, like a careful schoolboy's. He tore off the three top sheets of the pad, folded them so that the writing was well covered, and enclosed this folded paper in a sheet of Resolute's letterhead. He slipped this missive into a heavy manila envelope, sealed it, and pushed the buzzer for a messenger. He addressed the envelope: "Mr. S. B. Steinbaum, Jr.—Confidential." He picked up the phone again.

When Junior's most positively confidential secretary was on the wire, Joe said: "I'm giving him one for the fifth. On the nose. He can play it for a fair chunk, tell him. . . . Got it? . . . Thanks."

He got down to his figures, now. The indexed book was his dopebook, with the names of a dozen to thirty horses listed under each letter, and a row of rating figures following each name. With the black ink of his fountain pen, Joe added new figures for the horses that had raced the day before. The form charts on his desk gave him every detail of their performances yesterday. Seventy-four horses in the eight races at Hollywood Park, over in Inglewood. Sixty-two at Arlington, back near Chicago. Sixty-eight at Rockingham Park. Occasionally Joe paused to scribble figures in pencil on the scratch pad, but mostly he did his calculating in his head.

This was Joe Blackett's side of the Resolute contract.

(Continued on page 61)

It Isn't Natural

By Mona Gardner

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Here's Nature, taken apart and put together again in ways she never imagined. Result, man-made fibers and plastics weave a fashion picture

WOMEN want tags on fabrics so they will know what they're buying. Yes, but can they stand reading them from now on? Just how reassuring is it going to be to pick up a little afternoon model and see: "Guaranteed 30 per cent coke, 20 per cent salt, 40 per cent limestone?" What if the label in a suit says "80 per cent skimmed milk?" And how glamorous can a girl feel in an evening frock tagged "Genuine castor oil and coal?"

Paris says: "Be wide-eyed and innocent this year!" Well, how else can we look, with clothes being made out of such things as glass, aluminum, wood, milk, coal and limestone?

What? Crystal shoes that will stay crystal (as well as be light and chip-proof) after the clock strikes twelve? What? Cobweb stockings that won't get ladders in them? What? Processed gingham that Sally can sluice with her cod-liver oil and not stain? What, gentlemen—trousers that won't bag at the knees and will keep their crease without being pressed? What? A white brocade evening cloak that never gets dirty because you wipe it like a windowpane? Chemists say the answer is yes.

These new fabrics are all beyond the stunt stage. While the rest of us were moaning about the depression, and wondering what we would do if the recession ever matured, chemical laboratories and research bureaus were working steadily. The miracle of their synthetic formulas is that 300,000,000 pounds of artificial fiber were made in the United States last year. A new plant on Lake Erie has just opened to add 11,500,000 pounds to last year's total, and three other mammoth-scale plants announced production beginning this summer.

Some of the big laboratories had no intention of creating dress materials. The B. F. Goodrich Company in Akron, for instance, was working on a rubber substitute to line pickling vats, something that acid couldn't eat through. They found it—a queer and colorless

(Continued on page 44)

ulphur · Rubber · Water · Nitrates

From shoes (backed with rubber yarn) to hat (out of the brew that makes photographic film) this young lady is dressed in synthetic materials. Pleased with the idea, she's picked the New York Fair's Hall of Industrial Science, devoted to more of the same man-made marvels, for background

Dear Baby

By William Saroyan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Portrait of a man who had so much to remember that he forgot all about the future

THE room was a large one on the seventh floor of the Blackstone Hotel on O'Farrell Street, in San Francisco. There was nothing in it to bring him there but the portable radio-phonograph, the one record, and darkness. He came into the room smiling, and walked about, trying to decide what to do. He had six hours to go, and after that time he didn't like to think about it.

He no longer saw the room. During the day the blind of the only window in the room was drawn. At night he turned the light of the bathroom on and kept the door almost shut so that only enough light came into the room to keep him from walking into something. It happened anyway. It wasn't that he couldn't see as well as ever. It was simply that he was alone again all the time and wasn't looking. There was no longer any reason to look. He remembered everything, and at the core of everything was his remembrance of her.

He walked about quietly, turning, bumping into the edges of doorways and chairs and other objects in the room, moving unconsciously, his eyes unable to see because of the remembrance. He suddenly stopped, removed his hat and coat, stretched, shook his head as he did when he was confused and began to shadow box.

It was nothing. He could go on as if he had never known her. He could be boisterous in act and loud in laughter, and maybe someday be all right again. He could go on like everybody else in the world, but he didn't know if he wanted to. Lazzeri said he was in better shape than ever, but Lazzeri didn't know of the sickness in him.

While he was boxing, the odor of her hair, the taste of her mouth, and the image of her face came to him. His guts sickened, and his arms fell limply to his sides. He smiled, and sat on the bed. After a moment he got up, went to the portable machine, turned the knob, and put needle to disk. Then he stretched out on the bed, face down, and listened, remembering her, and saying, "Dear baby, remembering you is the only truth I know. Having known you is the only beauty of my life. In my heart, when I am dead, there is going to be one smile, the smile of your heart in mine when you and I were once together."

When the telephone rang he knew it was Lazzeri. He got up and turned off the machine.

"Joe?" Lazzeri said.

"Yeah."

"Are you all right?"

"Sure."

"Remember what I told you."

"What did you tell me, Joe?"

"I want you to take it easy."

"That's what I'm doing."

"Don't go haywire."

"Okay."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been sleeping."

"Oh," Lazzeri said. "Okay. I'll see you around nine."

"Okay."

"Something's the matter with you," Lazzeri said.

"Don't be silly."

"Something's the matter," Lazzeri said again. "I'm coming right up."

"I've been sleeping," Joe said. "I'll see you around nine."

"You don't sound right," Lazzeri said.

"I'm fine."

"You haven't got somebody in that room with you, have you?"

"No."

"Joe," Lazzeri said, "what's wrong?"

"I'll see you around nine," Joe said.

"You're not going haywire on me again, are you?"

"No."

"Okay," Lazzeri said. "If you're all right, that's all I want to know. We'll be going places tonight."

"I'm all right," Joe said.

"Okay," Lazzeri said. "If you want to be alone, okay. Just don't go haywire."

"I'll see you around nine," Joe said.

He went back to the machine, turned the knob, and then decided not to listen to the music any more. That's what he would do. He wouldn't listen to the music any more. He would break the record. He would give the machine away. He would lift the blind of the window. He would turn on all the lights and open his eyes. He would come to the room only to sleep. He would go down to the poolroom on Turk Street and find a couple of the boys. He would shoot pool and listen to the boys talking about cards and horses and the other varieties of trouble they knew. He would go up to a couple of the places he used to visit and find some of the girls he used to know and buy them drinks and ask how they'd been and hear them talk of the troubles they knew. He would be crazy and loud again and stop being alone.

HE BEGAN to laugh, at first quietly and then out loud. He laughed at himself. Then he laughed at everybody alive, and began to feel everything was going to be all right again. If you could laugh, you could live. If you could look at it that way, you could endure anything. While he was laughing, he heard her laughing with him, as clearly as if she were in the room. He became sick again and stopped laughing. She stopped laughing and was sick with him. He walked about again, knowing it was no use. He remembered the day they were married. He remembered her as if she were still alive, walking beside him along one of many streets in one of many cities, her face childlike and solemn, her movement beside him shy and sensitive and full of innocence, her voice so young and lovely he would stop anywhere to hold her in his arms while she said seriously, "Joe, people are looking." He remembered her alone with him in one of many rooms, the world, her presence the first goodness and beauty in his life. He remembered the sweetness of her mouth, and the soft hum of her heart growing to the sudden sobbing that brought out in him a tenderness so intense it was almost ferocious, a tenderness he had always hidden because there had never been anyone to give it to.

He walked about in the dark room, remembering how unkind he had been

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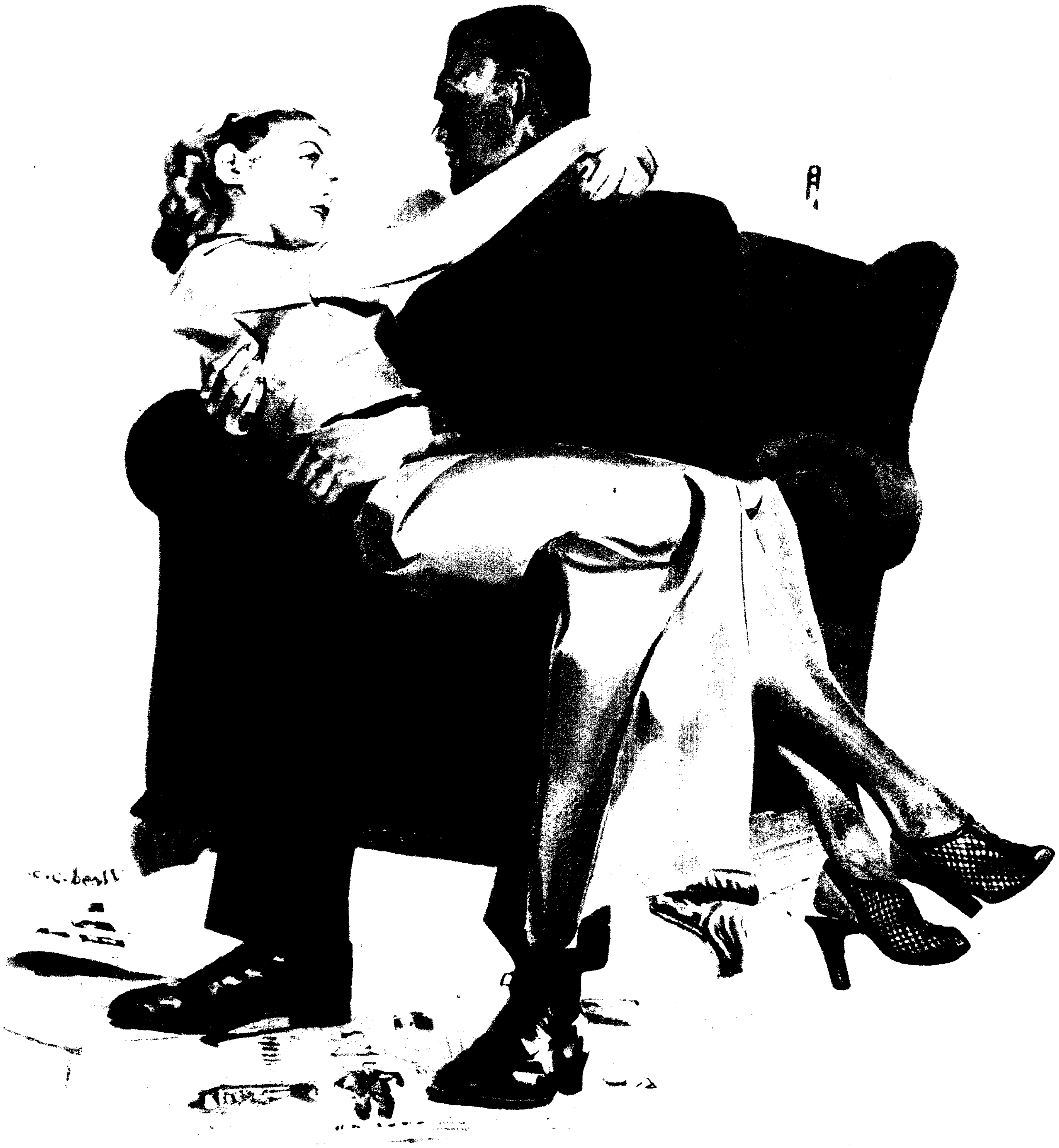


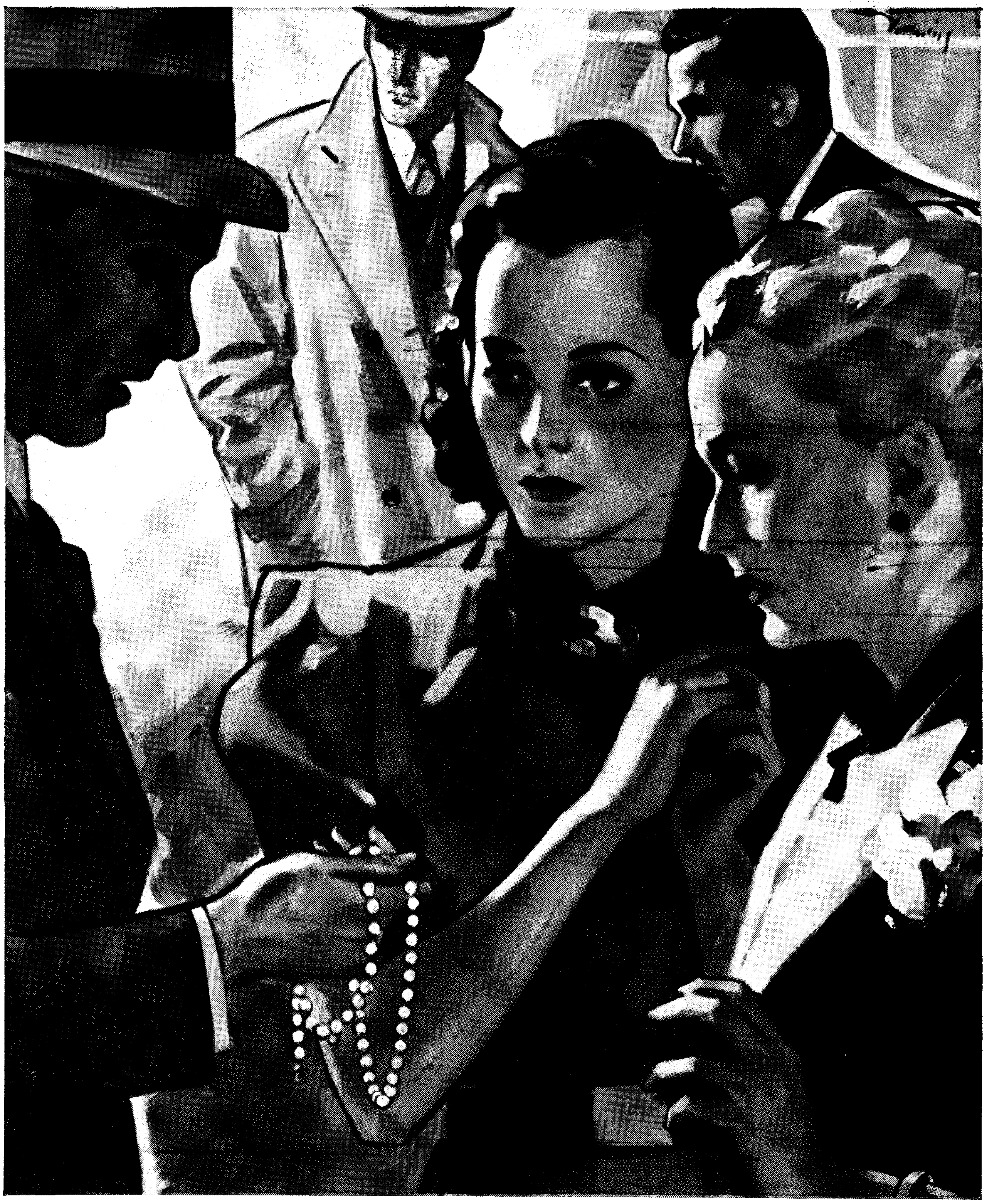
Then he would look into her eyes and say, "It doesn't mean anything but fifty dollars extra, baby, but I won"

A String of Trouble

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

When a murder looks like something else, call O'Malley



"Do you know how many beads there was in this string?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Silman. He showed them to her

"WE GOT what might be a queer one," O'Malley said. "An old lady got knocked off in a hotel. She was a widow over seventy years old and was called Mrs. Rodey. She was alone in her rooms and a hotel maid took in some towels. The maid found the old woman had been suffocated. Cops reported it was a jewel robbery. Now they think it might be something else."

"What do they think it is now?" I asked.

"All I know is what some other cops was telling me. This Mrs. Rodey had all kinds of money. The report is she was a mean old woman. She lived in Connecticut and was in New York because her grandson is going to get married. She always went to that same hotel and got rooms there for herself and for the grandson and his parents and some other of her relatives. Her relatives are all poor people. Now her money will get divided up among all of them and they're all going to be well off."

"Do they suspect one of her family of killing her?"

"They don't know what to suspect."

We went to the hotel. It was an old place and decorous. Mrs. Rodey's rooms were on the fourth floor, and the hallway had been closed off and cops were busy there. We examined the rooms. Bureau drawers stood open and their contents were strewn on chairs and on the floor. Empty jewel cases were all about, and silver-colored beads were scattered everywhere.

"What are the beads?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"The old woman was wearing 'em when she got killed and the string broke. Whoever got in here grabbed her and tied her up and put tape over her mouth and eyes. They put on too much tape and so she died of it."

"This looks like a jewel robbery to me, O'Malley," I declared.

"Maybe somebody wanted it to look like it. . . . Did anybody in other rooms hear this happen?" he asked the officer.

"They didn't."

"Did the police move them trunks?"

"No; it's all like we found it."

In a room on that floor police were questioning witnesses. We went in and listened. A man named Silman, the father of the youth who was to be married, was there; and a bald-headed man named Akers, who was Mrs. Rodey's nephew, and a younger man named Dolling, who was another grandson. They were well-bred and, I thought, likable people. Mrs. Rodey's chauffeur was there, in a neat livery, and her maid, and the hotel maid who had found the body, and another hotel maid and some other employees. They were examining Mrs. Rodey's maid.

"Tell us about the jewelry," the examining officer directed.

"It was in the hotel safe."

"Yes; we know it was in the safe. How did it come to be put there?"

"I don't know any reason. Mrs. Rodey was very fond of jewelry and had a great deal of it and she was always buying something new. We brought a lot of it with us because she didn't know what she might want to wear to the wedding. Last night she took it all out of the cases and made it into a package and told me to take it down and give it to the hotel manager. I did, and he put it in the safe."

"She say why she wanted it put there last night?"

"She didn't."

"It wasn't her rule to put it in the safe?"

"No; she didn't have any rule about it."

THEY questioned the two hotel maids. Then they questioned Silman. He seemed unwilling to answer questions.

"What was the trouble in your family last night?" the officer asked him.

"There was no trouble."

"The hotel people say there was."

"They're mistaken. There was some discussion. Mrs. Rodey had promised to settle some money on my son on the day he was married. Last night it turned out she didn't mean to do it."

"Well, wasn't that trouble?"

"No; we're used to it. Mrs. Rodey liked to have her own way. Her method of getting it was by making promises. Frequently she didn't keep them."

"Let's see this bridegroom," O'Malley whispered to me.

The youth was on the fifth floor. His mother, Mrs. Silman, was with him and the young sweet-looking girl whom he was to marry. The girl's name was Merval. The women had been crying and the boy was very nervous.

"You see your grandmother this morning?" O'Malley asked him.

"I didn't."

"Listen! We just heard a hotel maid testify she seen you in the fourth-floor hall."

"Well, I went down there. I wanted to speak to Grandmother about some money she'd promised me. I knocked on her door and there wasn't any answer, so I came back upstairs."

"Yeah? When the maid seen you, your grandmother was already dead. You must have been pretty sore about not getting the money."

"No; I'd doubted all along whether

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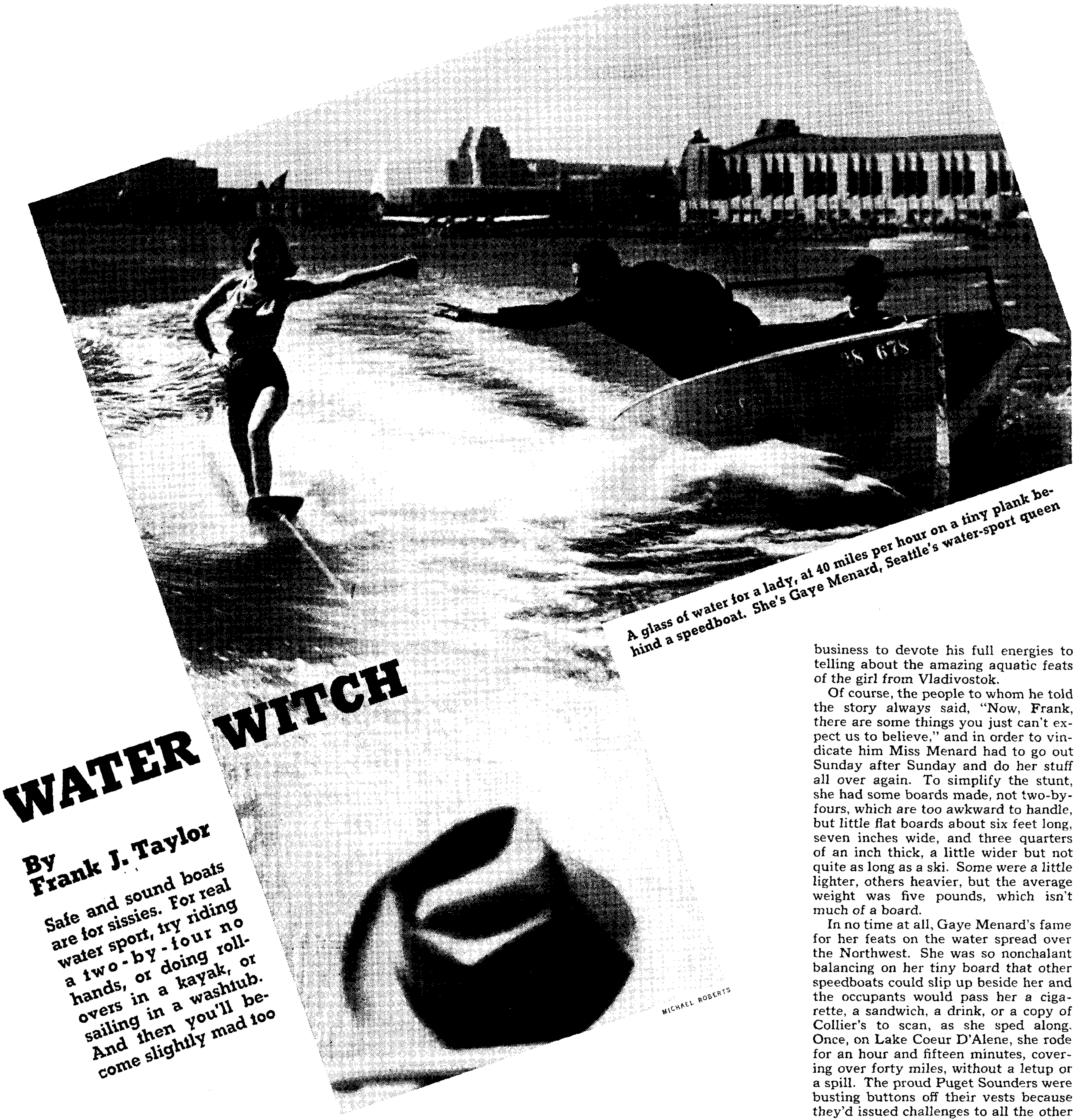


A glass of water for a lady, at 40 miles per hour on a tiny plank behind a speedboat. She's Gaye Menard, Seattle's water-sport queen

WATER WITCH

By Frank J. Taylor

Safe and sound boats are for sissies. For real water sport, try riding a two-by-four no hands, or doing rollovers in a kayak, or sailing in a washtub. And then you'll become slightly mad too

THERE are some things you just can't believe. That's the way it struck this Mr. Frank Fells, the fellow from Seattle who owned the speedboat, when the girl from Vladivostok piped up about water scooting, which is balancing on a plank, with nothing to hold on to, at forty miles per. Riding on surfboards and water skis and sea sleds, the way the Americans did it, she insinuated, was a fine sport for softies, but—

"Now wait a minute, sister," cut in Mr. Fells. "Just what sort of plank do you ride on?"

"Any kind of plank," replied the girl from Vladivostok.

"Any kind of plank?" repeated Mr. Fells, dubiously. "Well, here's twenty dollars that says you can't ride a two-by-four towed behind this speedboat."

"It's a bet!"

That's how it all started. If it hadn't been for Mr. Fells' bet on a gay weekend boating party on Puget Sound, Miss Gaye Menard, who is the girl from Vladivostok, might have gone through life as just another tiptop calculating machine demonstrator instead of becoming the premier water broncobuster of the hemisphere.

But with the money on the plank, the boating party hunted up a lumberyard, routed out the owner, and talked him out of an ordinary two-by-four about eight feet long. When they told him one of the girls wanted to ride it, he was sure they were crazy, or worse.

Under Miss Menard's direction, they nailed a small cleat near one end of the two-by-four, and tied a 30-foot rope to the other end. The rope was hitched to the speedboat. The girl from Vladivostok dove into the Sound and called, "Start up your old speedboat."

As Mr. Fells gave the motor the gun, she hung onto the end of the plank. When the craft gained speed, she put her right heel next to the cleat, pulled herself out of the water and balanced herself on the plank, arms outstretched, as it skipped and bobbed over the waves.

Well, they had never seen acrobatics like that on Puget Sound before, and Mr. Frank Fells parted with his twenty, feeling that he had his money's worth. For a time he practically gave up his business to devote his full energies to telling about the amazing aquatic feats of the girl from Vladivostok.

Of course, the people to whom he told the story always said, "Now, Frank, there are some things you just can't expect us to believe," and in order to vindicate him Miss Menard had to go out Sunday after Sunday and do her stuff all over again. To simplify the stunt, she had some boards made, not two-by-fours, which are too awkward to handle, but little flat boards about six feet long, seven inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, a little wider but not quite as long as a ski. Some were a little lighter, others heavier, but the average weight was five pounds, which isn't much of a board.

In no time at all, Gaye Menard's fame for her feats on the water spread over the Northwest. She was so nonchalant balancing on her tiny board that other speedboats could slip up beside her and the occupants would pass her a cigarette, a sandwich, a drink, or a copy of Collier's to scan, as she sped along. Once, on Lake Coeur D'Alene, she rode for an hour and fifteen minutes, covering over forty miles, without a letup or a spill. The proud Puget Sounders were busting buttons off their vests because they'd issued challenges to all the other villages of the Pacific Coast to produce some competition for their Gaye Menard. But the other villages, including even such spots as Hollywood, San Francisco, et al., offered no competition, either male or female.

So the girl from Vladivostok had to compete against Old Man Par. She devised all sorts of stunts to make water broncobusting harder, her prize number being one in which, arrayed in evening clothes except for shoes and stockings, she mounted her bobbing board from the back of the boat. One by one she removed various and sundry items, without getting them wet, and tossed them to an accompanying speedboat. This strip tease proved so provocative that they heard about it far down the

(Continued on page 64)

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

HIS nephew, Richard, and his son, John, having died under what he regards as suspicious circumstances, wealthy old Simeon March sends for two detectives; he says that he will meet them at Richard March's house. The detectives—William Crane and Ann Fortune—go to the house, find it empty. So, since the hour is late, they enter the place, retire.

A noise downstairs alarms Ann. Crane, his pistol ready, investigates. He finds a man who says he is Simeon's son, Peter. Peter is (so he asserts) "cleaning up" his dead cousin's correspondence. While he and Ann and Crane are chatting, a second man arrives. Covering the trio with an automatic, he grabs a number of letters, and bolts.

Accompanied by Carmel March, John's widow—who brings with her the unmistakable scent of gardenias—Simeon puts in a belated appearance. He tells Crane that both Richard and John had been victims of gas fumes from their cars and that he is sure they were murdered. Later—as Carmel and Peter leave the house together—he names a suspect: *Carmel!*

Ann and Crane piece together some scraps of paper that Peter had thrown away. They assemble some notes—written in violet ink and signed "Delia"—which suggest that Richard and some woman had been having an affair. In one of the notes Delia asks Richard to have her milk deliveries discontinued.

Crane learns from his secretary (he is posing as an employee of Simeon's company) that Richard had spent much of his time in a near-by taproom. He goes to the taproom, where a Doctor Woodrin (whom he has met casually) joins him and tells him quite a bit about the Marches. According to the doctor, Richard had stolen his brother Talmadge's fiancée, married her. Then, when Richard had divorced her (with no settlement or alimony), Talmadge had been her lawyer.

While the doctor is describing the deaths of Richard and John, Carmel, Alice (Richard's ex-wife) and Talmadge enter the taproom. Woodrin introduces Crane. Talmadge refers, quite pointedly, to the fact that the air near the two "gas victims" had been scented with gardenia perfume! . . . Following the milk-delivery lead, Ann learns that a Mrs. Maxwell is the author of the Delia notes. She and Crane set out in a car to find Mrs. Maxwell. As they drive along, talking over the case, Crane is thinking that he cannot afford to let this girl show him up. She has already made some excellent deductions. He decides to get seriously to work.

III

PRESENTLY Crane saw they were entering Brookfield. Middle-sized houses, many with fine lawns, sat under great oaks and chestnut trees. There were gardens, filled with the yellow and white and orange flowers of late fall, around the houses and barbered hedges around them. Twice the clear stream forced the road to arch its back with stone bridges.

The village had a double main street with a partition of young trees in the middle. The stores had evidently been influenced by Tudor England. Their dark, exposed beams and red bricks contrasted with clean sidewalks and Paris-green grass. A one-story building had two display windows: one read, Daphne Gray, Beautician; the other, Charles G. Jameson, Real Estate.

Ann parked the sedan at an angle to the curb and they went into the office and found an old man in a pair of slippers tinkering with a radio. He wore a coat and trousers and a shirt, buttoned at the collar, but no tie.

"Fix one o' these?" he demanded.

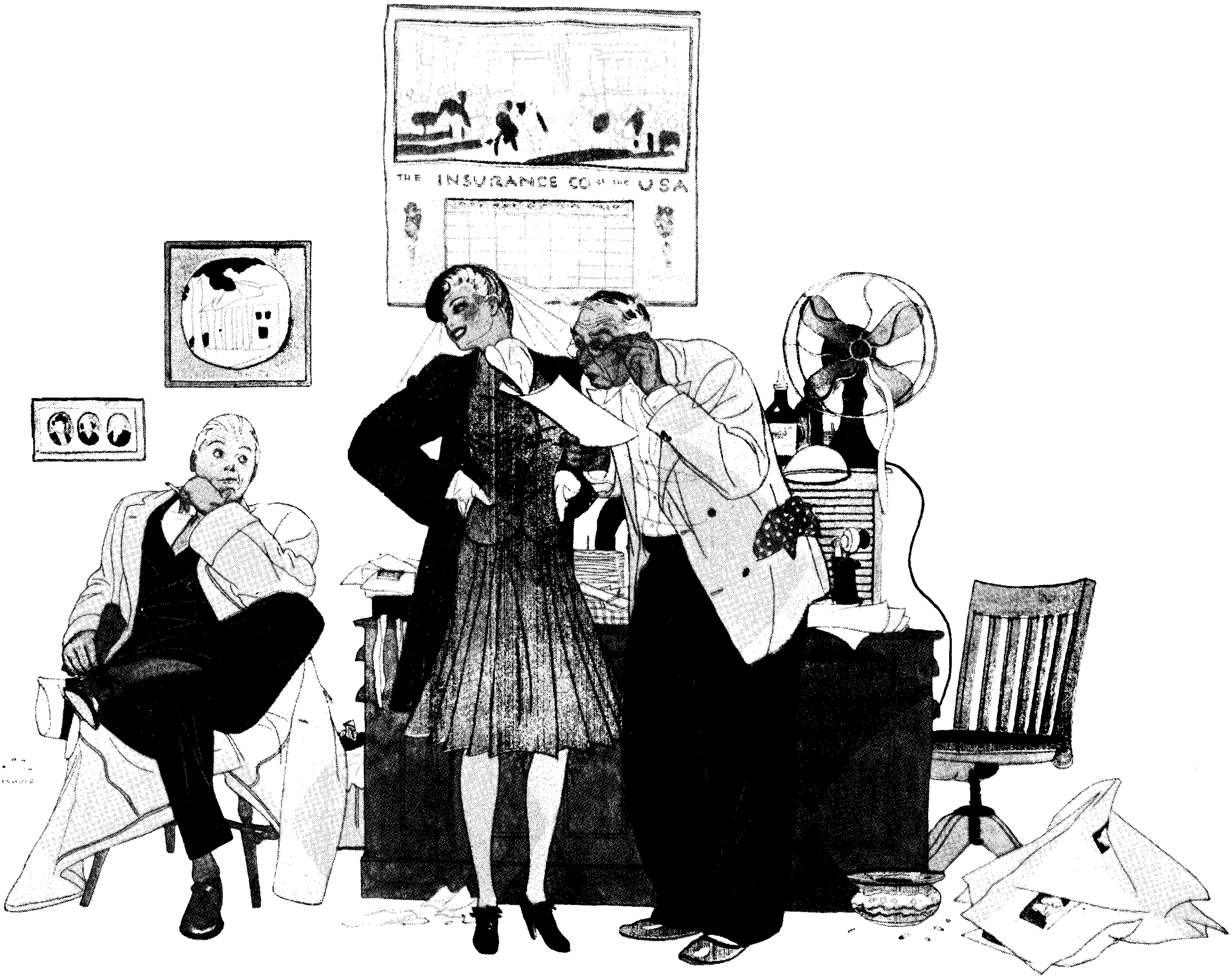
Crane said he couldn't. He showed the old man a card from the American Insurance Company, said he was an investigator, and asked him about the Maxwells. He didn't know very much about them.

"I recollect they paid Chuck in advance for two years," he said in a ready voice.

"Then the lease hasn't expired?" Ann asked.

"No, ma'am. They got until next May." He looked curiously at Crane. "What you investigatin'—Mr. Maxwell's death?"

Crane asked, "How'd you know he'd died?"


THE INSURANCE CO OF THE USA

Ann handed the picture to the old man, smiled at Crane. He made a face at her. She was too darned efficient

"The house ain't been used this summer. And besides, another feller was inquirin' about him last January. I suspicioned he was dead then."

Crane and Ann exchanged glances. Both were thinking Richard March had died soon after the man's inquiries, in February.

"What'd the man want to know?" Crane asked.

There was a sly look about the old man's bright eyes, as though he shared some secret with Crane. "Wanted to know what Mrs. Maxwell looked like."

"Did you tell him?"

"We couldn't. Me and Chuck never laid eyes on her."

"Did he want to know anything else?"

The old man chuckled. "Wanted to know how much they used the house." He didn't make any noise, just shook inside.

"How much did they?"

The old man gave Crane that sly, secretive look. "It seemed kind of odd. They paid a right fine price for the house." He looked down at his slippers. "But they only came week ends."

Crane asked if he'd seen Maxwell, and he said he had. He thought his name was assumed, but he wasn't sure.

"You've no clue to who he was?" asked Ann.

"Your speakin' of that's a funny thing." The old man looked at her with a pleased smile. " 'Bout a month ago I seen a picture that looked a lot like the feller who was askin' for him in January. It was in the newspaper."

"Who was it?"

"John March, the one that died in his garage."

Crane flicked a glance at Ann, then asked, "Do you think Mrs. March and Mrs. Maxwell were the same person?"

"I got my idears."

Ann was wearing a three-quarter-length black caracul coat, fastened at the neck with a gold chain and cut so that it hung like a tunic to just about the knees. She undid the coat and found a photograph in an inside pocket.

"Would you know Mr. Maxwell?"

"I reckon so," said the old man.

CRANE stared at her with reluctant admiration. He could see it was a photograph of Richard March. Tall, tanned and blond, he looked like a movie actor, in gray slacks and an open shirt. Ann handed the picture to the old man, smiled at Crane.

He made a face at her. She was too darned efficient. He thought he had better go to work. He thought it was a fine thing when a man had to work hard to keep ahead of a woman. Especially one as pretty as Ann.

The old man handed back the photograph. "That's him."

"Well, thanks," Crane said.

"One more thing," said the old man, "though I don't know as it's much of a clue."

"It might be," Ann said. "What is it?"

"Well, twice I borrowed matches from Mr. Maxwell. An' both times he gave me a package from the Crimson Cat. That's a night club near here."

A middle-aged man with spectacles and dandruff flakes on his blue-serge suit came into the office. He turned out to be the old man's son, Charles, who operated the realty business. The old man told him Crane was an insurance investigator, looking up the Maxwells.

"Been a lot of interest in them today," the younger Mr. Jameson said.

"How's that?" Crane asked.

"A fellow came a couple of hours ago to collect the Maxwell things. He had a note from Mrs. Maxwell."

Ann said excitedly, "He wouldn't still be there?"

"I don't know."

Crane said, "How do we get there?"

Following the younger Mr. Jameson's directions, it took them three minutes to reach February Lane. The house was a Cape Cod cottage, white, with a high roof and a screened porch on the side. In the driveway was a big sedan with a woman in the driver's seat.

As Ann brought their car to a stop, the woman booped the horn. Crane couldn't see her very well, but he got an idea she was young.

A hollow, metallic voice called from the rear of the house: "What's wrong?"

Ann exclaimed, "Our burglar!"

The woman hit the horn again, pushed the starter. Arms bearing a cardboard box, the man came around the house, turned his face toward Crane and Ann, broke into an unsteady run. He jerked open the sedan door, jumped in as it started. The door swung crazily. He reached out and closed it. The woman gave the motor gas.

"Hey!" Crane called. "Wait!"

The car swayed as it entered the street, swung wide around their sedan. Crane caught a vivid impression of the woman. She was handsome with milk-white skin and carrot-red hair, and her large mouth looked as though it had been lipsticked with a vermilion squirt gun. The man kept his face turned away.

Ann pulled Crane back into the sedan. "Come on."

They got around in a wide sweep that carried them over the curb and onto the soft lawn of a Spanish cottage across the lane. The other car was still in sight. Ann shoved the sedan to fifty-five before she shifted into high.

Crane clutched desperately at the dashboard. "Do you think this is a good idea?"

ANN didn't answer. She watched the road, her foot holding the accelerator against the rubber floor mat. Her eyes gleamed and her face was determined. She held the wheel so firmly her knuckles showed white through her skin.

She was a beautiful girl, Crane thought, but he wondered if she didn't have just a shade too much character. She seemed to take the detective business too seriously. She didn't act like a blonde at all; he wondered if she'd been a redhead, too, and had bleached her hair.

With a wail of tires, the sedan rounded a turn. He looked at the speedometer, saw with horror they were going eighty miles an hour. The other car, swaying violently from one side of the clay road to the other, was about two hundred yards ahead. He hoped his car was more stable, but he suspected it was not. They seemed to be gaining on the other car.

He had to shout to be heard: "What do we do when we catch them?"

"Arrest him. He's a burglar."

"What if he resists?"

"Knock him down."

They were passing through a long valley, and the light was dim. Ann switched on the headlights, but they didn't do much good. The road undulated slightly and every time they raced over a crest and dropped into the following hollow Crane felt his stomach turn over. It didn't seem to be the road they had come over from Marchton.

Crane shouted, "What if he has a gun?"

"Shoot him."

"With what?"

"In my purse . . . a pistol."

The pistol was a .25 automatic with an effective range of about ten yards. He examined it gingerly, then put it back in the purse.

"You haven't got a drink in there?" he shouted.

She ignored him. She was concentrating on the chase, which was turning out to be a pretty even affair. She drove well, catching the turns with a minimum of slide and seldom allowing the arrow indicator to fall below seventy miles an hour.

The other car had more trouble. On one abrupt curve it slid onto the grass, throwing up a screen of dust, and Crane thought it was going to overturn. He could see suitcases and boxes tumbling about the rear and the man and woman leaning far over to the right, away from the pull of momentum. Almost on the lip of the ditch the car straightened, careered back onto the road.

An instant later Ann hit the turn and Crane held his breath. They made it without trouble.

"Good gal," he said.

He felt a little better. He was beginning to have confidence in her. He was also beginning to feel they would never catch the other car.

AHEAD, dark green in the half-light, a wavelike barrier of low hills obstructed the road. The road went up at an easy angle for a half mile, then abruptly made a hairpin turn to the left so that it came back parallel to them, about twenty feet away but higher. The sedan in front cut almost into the left-hand ditch to make the long turn, taking advantage of the natural banking provided by the ditch. As it came back toward them, not more than thirty yards to the left, Crane could see the woman clinging to the wheel, her face half a foot from the windshield. The man leaned over her back, his head almost out her window, a hand holding a revolver thrust through it. He fired as they passed. Crane ducked at the flash, but he heard no report.

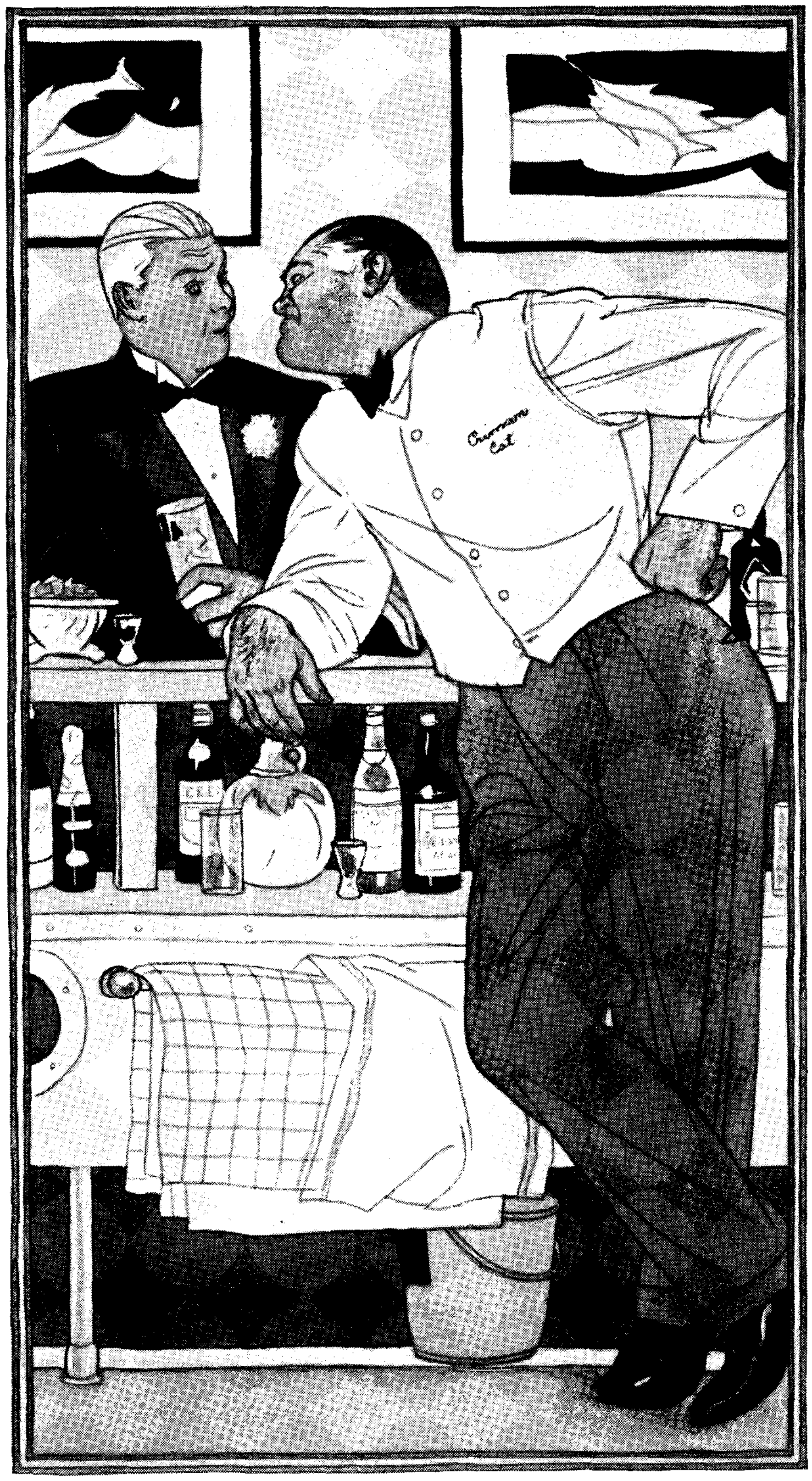
Ann, intent on making the U turn, asked, "What's the matter?"

Crane reached down and turned off the ignition.

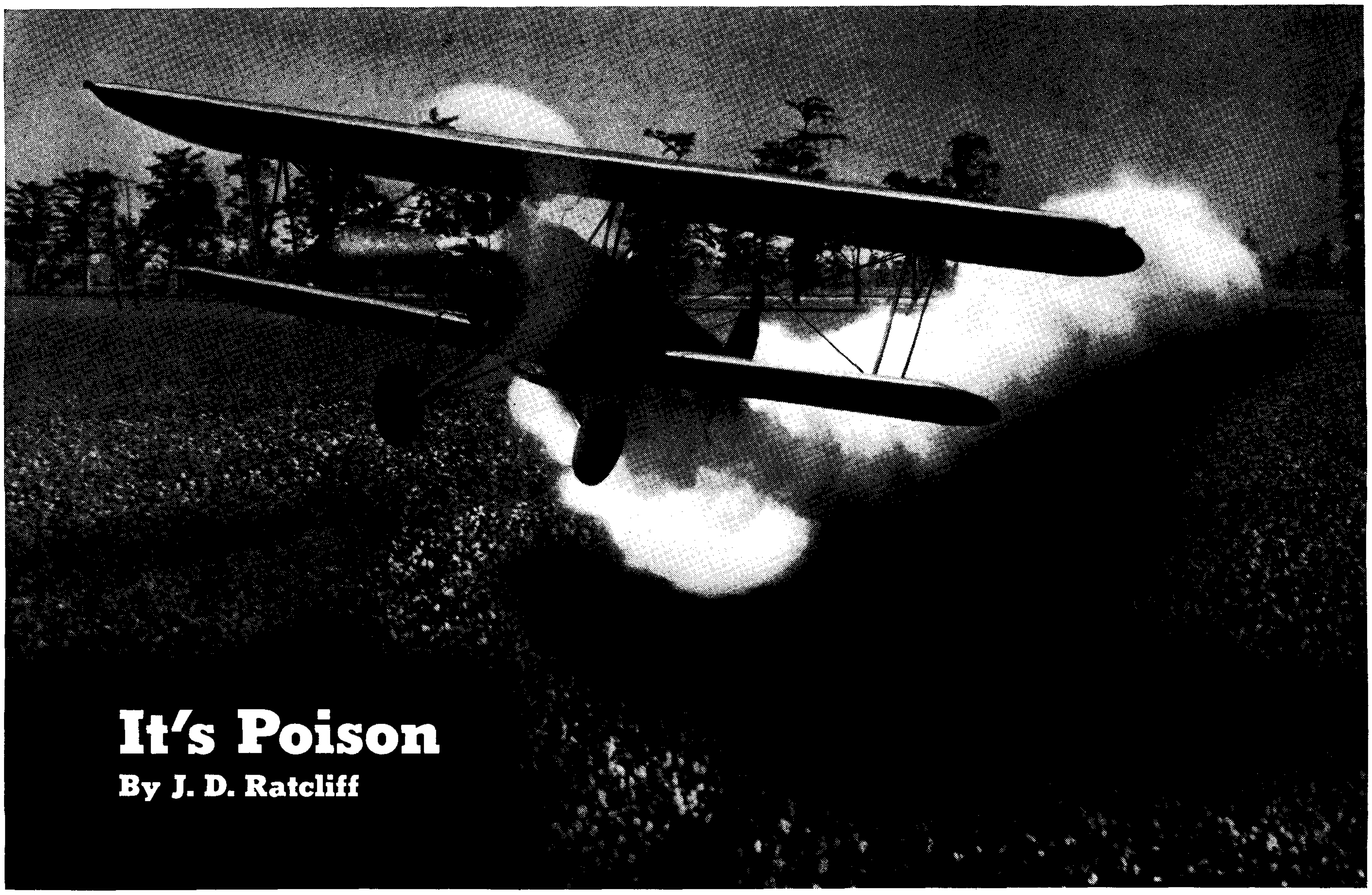
"What's the matter?" Ann asked again.

The car lost speed rapidly on the steep grade, came to a stop. They could see the taillight of the other car far up the hill. Presently it disappeared around a bend. There was a sound of crickets from the woods above them.

(Continued on page 73)



"Wouldn't you like to know, pal?" he said. Crane let the matter drop



A dusting plane spraying insecticide over a cotton field. One plane can cover 1,000 acres of farmland in a day

It's Poison

By J. D. Ratcliff

Crushed skulls and shattered legs are incidentals in the day's work of this, the world's most hare-brained and perilous profession

THE pilots climb out of bed while the sky is still black. They eat breakfast quickly, then get to their planes. They pull canvas covers off engines and cockpits, and root up the stakes that have kept their ships safe from the buffeting of the night winds. Flares light up the sky as they load, ready to take off into the first gray bit of the still dawn.

The runway—a bumpy stretch of alfalfa stubble—is short enough to throw terror into the heart of any commercial transport pilot. It is unlighted and unmarked. Possibly a discarded plow lies hidden in a rut. It can wreck a plane and cripple a pilot. So can a cow grave, or a hog wallow, or a stray calf.

But our group of four planes gets safely off the ground, falls into formation, and faces the real hazards of the day—the hazards that are in the air.

These are the crop dusters. Aviation may have grown up, and become heavy and dignified, but for the men who pour poisons on crops to stop the devastating march of the insects, aviation is still in the dawn-patrol days. The planes they fly are generally bad.

With heavy loads, they must fly three to six feet above the ground, facing perils every inch of the way: telephone lines, high-tension wires, stumps. To survive, the pilots must be infinitely skillful and coolheaded.

To get a better idea of the dangers involved let's ride with one of the pilots assigned to dust a series of small cotton fields. Finding the field is the first job, and it isn't an easy one. From the air cotton looks very much alike and pilots have been known to dust fields miles away from the ones assigned them.

But we find the one we want and action starts. The field is hemmed in with cottonwood trees—fields are always surrounded with some kind of trees.

We dive in, the wheels of the plane rustling the tree leaves. For a split second it looks as if we must surely crash, but at the last moment the pilot pulls the plane up sharply. At the same instant he gives his engine full throttle. The sudden surge of power blasts the insecticide back on the cotton at the very edge of the trees. This maneuver is important because boll weevils hibernate in underbrush and always destroy the cotton at the edge of a field first.

Stunt Flying—with Trimmings

After this initial dive we level off and streak across the field, flying a foot or two above the cotton and keeping at an even speed of about 100 miles per hour. The sensation now isn't like that in stunt flying. There you are high enough for the ground to seem remote and harmless; here it is a hard reality almost within reaching distance.

The cloud of dust spraying from the plane covers a swath of cotton about forty feet wide. Directly in front of us is another wall of trees. We head for it full tilt. At the last second the pilot pulls up sharply and we miss it by a few feet. We've finished one row and must reverse our path to dust the next one.

To save precious time the pilot zooms up until the plane is ready to stall; then kicks it into a sharp turn and dives back on the new course.

The inexperienced man is apt to attempt this type of turn too close to the ground. An adverse puff of wind, or a momentary engine failure will cause him to fall off. He snags a wing on the ground and his plane cartwheels.

I talked to one pilot who made this error. The terrific centrifugal force of the accident slammed him against the side of the cockpit and he broke nearly every bone in the left side of his body: fractured his skull, and broke his collarbone, jaw, arm, ribs, hip and leg. Doctors were somehow able to patch him together but he will always walk with a limp. His left leg is two inches shorter than his right.

But we make our turn without mishap. There are other perils ahead. A couple of trees jut from the middle of a field. Obviously, there isn't space enough between them to accommodate the wingspread of the plane, yet the pilot heads for them hell-for-leather. ("The cotton between them *had* to be dusted, didn't it?" he will inquire later.) As they rush toward us, he deftly tilts the wings and we squeeze through with only inches to spare on each side.

When we have finished our cargo of insecticide, we head back to the bumpy landing field for more. Trained Negro crews working in the flare of torches hoist it up and dump it into the bin. They load 600 pounds of insecticide into the plane. It takes fifteen minutes for the plane to unload it on the crops. When the loading crew is finished the hopper lid is slammed down and we are off again.

By this time the sun is just coming over the trees. Visibility couldn't be worse. The great ball of fire on the horizon blinds the pilot as he flies into it. Possibly it is blanking out a tree stump that rises seven or eight feet out of the field. Or perhaps it is obscuring the high-tension wires we must fly under.

Both have taken their toll of good pilots.

But Cotton Has to Be Dusted

But there is no time to think about those things. There is cotton to be dusted and dusted quickly. Once the hot sun has eaten the dew off the plants, there is nothing to hold the insecticide.

By ten o'clock we have finished the morning's work. We have dusted six hundred acres. At dusk when the dew returns we'll dust another four hundred acres—making 1,000 acres for the day. This isn't bad when you consider that a man on the ground working with a hand duster can handle only eight acres; and that the better power machines can handle only a hundred.

There are scores of risks to crop dusting beyond the ones already recounted. If sulphur is being used as an insecticide an engine backfire can ignite this highly explosive substance.

(Continued on page 54*)*

In Spite of Hitler

By Quentin Reynolds

For the first time, the leaders of the international anti-Nazi underground organization have consented to disclose the daring and devious activities by which they hope to arouse the German people to arise against Hitler. Here is the intimate story of those loyal Germans who eagerly risk their lives to achieve salvation for the Germany they love

FRAU SCHULTE was surprised when the postman stopped that morning. She lived outside Stuttgart in southwestern Germany, and it wasn't often that she or her husband received mail. Oh, well, it was probably a seed catalogue. She opened the letter and a package slipped out of the envelope. There was a picture of a lovely woman on the package and under it the words "Excentric Shampoo." It was a long time since Frau Schulte had shampooed her hair with real scented soap, so she opened the package eagerly. Inside was a small booklet and it was headed *Ein Waffenstillstandstag* (A day of armistice).

Frau Schulte began to read. For the first time she read what President Roosevelt had said about Hitler. She read of the contempt America has for Germany's leader. She read what Prime Minister Chamberlain had said in Parliament and she read what President Lebrun of France had said. She learned that Germany stood alone; that the whole civilized world looked with horror and contempt upon the man the law told her she had to worship.

When her husband and her two sons came home she showed them the booklet. They read it thoughtfully. They didn't know it, but 10,000 other families in Germany had received the same package of scented shampoo soap that morning. Herr Schulte was a bit apprehensive about being caught with the pamphlet in his possession, but Frau Schulte pointed out a line inside the cover of the booklet:

"We took your name out of the Stuttgart directory. We realize that you did not ask that this be sent to you."

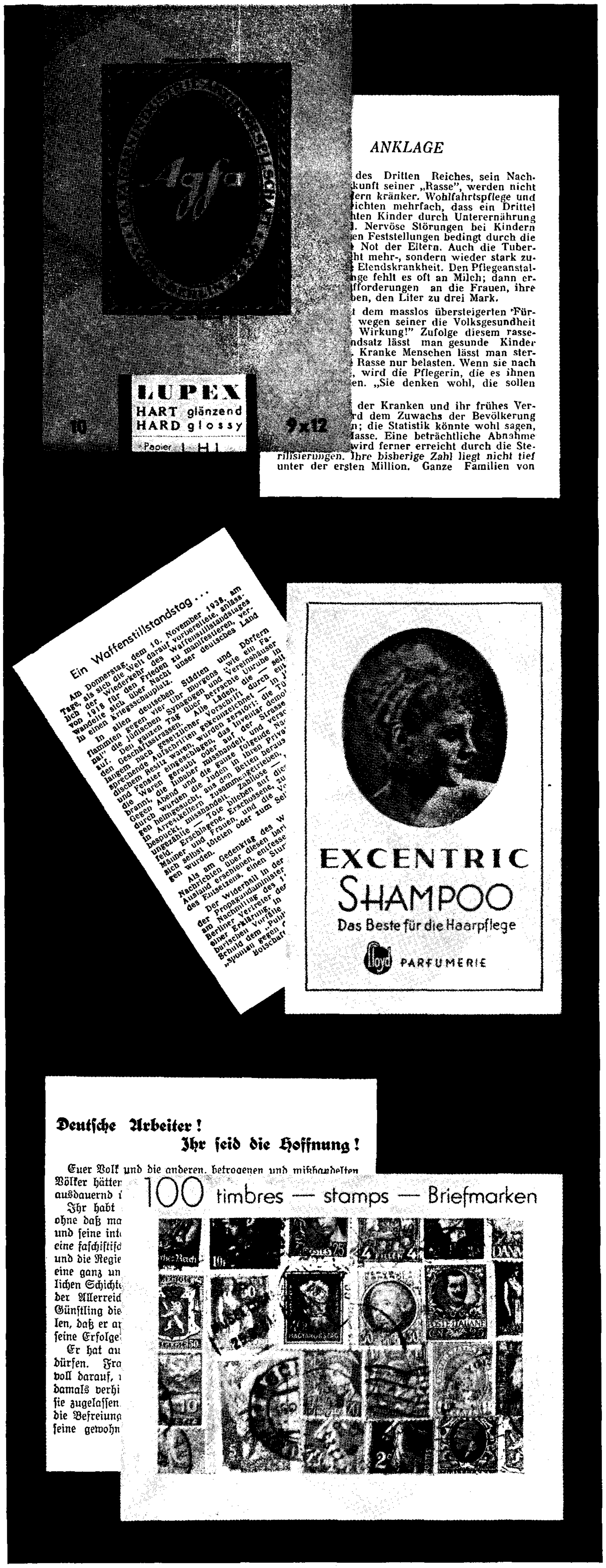
Over to the east, near Munich, Herr Werner in his butcher shop was cheerfully slicing a pound of beef for a customer when the postman handed him a thick package. He opened it and found an orange film envelope. On it were the words "AGFA—Hard Glossy." Herr Werner didn't even own a camera and he was surprised to find a package of film in his mail. But he opened it and found—not film—but a pamphlet headed *Anklage* (Indictment).

It was a beautifully written indictment of National Socialism and of Hitler. It recounted the wrongs and woes of the German people under Hitler. It told how Hitler's lust for conquest and for power had resulted in economic and spiritual starvation of the German people. Herr Werner read it with interest, nodded with approval.

A Country-wide Campaign

Herr Werner didn't know that 20,000 of his countrymen had received similar packages that morning. He didn't know that more than a million separate pieces of propaganda had been mailed or smuggled into Germany during the past year. He didn't know that farmers up north and factory workers to the east were receiving beautiful packages the transparent faces of which showed brightly colored stamps inside. Thousands eagerly opened the envelopes on the outside of which was printed "100 Briefmarken," only to find that beneath the few gaudily colored stamps there was a pamphlet. The pamphlets were beautifully and persuasively written, but then why not?

Men like Thomas Mann, acknowledged even in Germany to be one of the greatest living writers; Heinrich Mann, one-time president of the Writers' Academy of Germany; Lion Feuchtwanger, for years one of Germany's leading novelists—they were the authors and their names were signed to the pamphlets. Once they were great figures in Germany—now they are part of the army of exiles.



ANKLAGE

des Dritten Reiches, sein Nach-
kunft seiner „Rasse", werden nicht
ern kränker. Wohlfahrtspflege und
ichten mehrfach, dass ein Drittel
hten Kinder durch Unterernährung
. Nervöse Störungen bei Kindern
en Feststellungen bedingt durch die
Not der Eltern. Auch die Tuber-
ht mehr-, sondern wieder stark zu-
Elendskrankheit. Den Pflegeanstal-
nge fehlt es oft an Milch; dann er-
fforderungen an die Frauen, ihre
ben, den Liter zu drei Mark.

t dem masslos übersteigerten "Für-
wegen seiner die Volksgesundheit
Wirkung!" Zufolge diesem rasse-
ndsatz lässt man gesunde Kinder
Kranke Menschen lässt man ster-
Rasse nur belasten. Wenn sie nach
, wird die Pflegerin, die es ihnen
en. „Sie denken wohl, die sollen

der Kranken und ihr frühes Ver-
rd dem Zuwachs der Bevölkerung
n; die Statistik könnte wohl sagen,
asse. Eine beträchtliche Abnahme
wird ferner erreicht durch die Ste-
rilisierungen. Ihre bisherige Zahl liegt nicht tief
unter der ersten Million. Ganze Familien von

Ein Waffenstillstandstag ...

Am Donnerstag, dem 10. November 1938, am
Tage, als sich die Welt darauf vorbereitete, anläss-
lich der Wiederkehr des Waffenstillstandstages
von 1918 für den Frieden zu manifestieren, ver-
wandelte sich über Nacht unser deutsches Land
in einen Kriegsschauplatz.

In allen deutschen Städten und Dörfern
flammten gegen vier Uhr morgens „wie ein Fa-
nal" die jüdischen Synagogen und Vereinshäuser
auf. Den ganzen Tag über herrschte Unruhe in
den Geschäftsstrassen. Alle Läden, die — seit
langem nach gesetzlicher Vorschrift durch ent-
sprechende Aufschriften gekennzeichnet — in jü
dischem Besitz waren, wurden zerstört: die Tü
und Fenster eingeschlagen, das Inventar demo
die Waren geraubt oder auf der Strasse
brannt, die Inhaber misshandelt und versc
Gegen Abend und die ganze folgende Na
durch wurden die Juden in ihren Priva
gen heimgesucht, aus den Betten heraus
in Arrestkellern zusammengetrieben,
bespuckt, misshandelt. Zahllose — die
ungezählte — Tote blieben auf die
feld. Erschlagene, Erschossene, zu
Männer und Frauen, und die V
sich selbst töteten oder zum Sel
gen wurden.

Als am Gedenktag des W
Nachrichten über diesen bar
Ausland erschienen, entfesse
des Entsetzens, einen Stur

Der Widerhall in der
der Propagandaminister
am Nachmittag des 1
Berliner Vertreter der
einer Erklärung, in
barischen Vorfälle
Schuld dem „Publ
„spontan gegen
Botschaf

Deutſche Arbeiter!
Ihr ſeid die Hoffnung!

Euer Volk und die anderen, betrogenen und mißhandelten
Völker hätten
ausdauernd i
Ihr habt
ohne daß ma
und ſeine int
eine faſchiſtiſc
und die Regie
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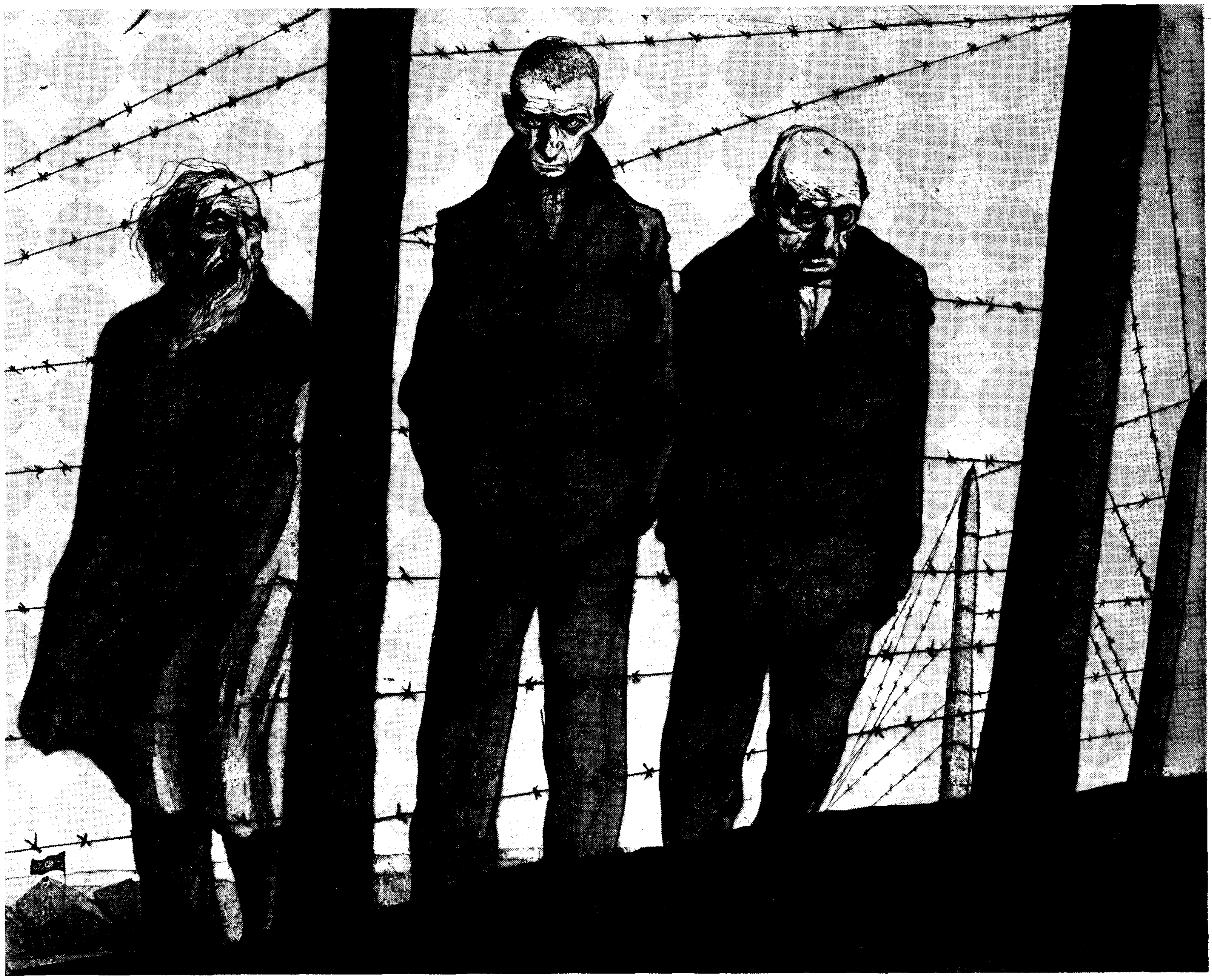
lichen Schicht
der Allerreid
Günſtling die
len, daß er a
ſeine Erfolge
Er hat au
dürfen. Fra
voll darauf,
damals verhi
ſie zugelaſſen
die Befreiung
ſeine gewohn

100 timbres — stamps — Briefmarken

Anklage—Indictment **Ein Waffenstillstandstag**—A day of armistice
Deutsche Arbeiter! Ihr seid die Hoffnung!—German workers. You are our hope!

In forged camera-film envelopes, in packages disguised as beauty shampoo or collectors' stamps, the anti-Nazi propaganda pours into Germany. Each month the guise of the packages is changed. Those shown here with the pamphlets they contained were used during April and May. None of these will ever be used again, but equally ingenious means of propagandizing will supplant them



"Protective Custody," an aquatint by Exile William Sharp

All over Germany men and women are receiving strange gifts from postmen. What purports to be the annual report of the *Sparkasse der Stadt Berlin* (Berlin Savings Bank) turns out to be the historic reply made by Thomas Mann to the University of Bonn when it revoked an honorary degree it had given him. Nazi authorities, trained to suppress rebellion provided it is in terms of armed strength, are impotent against this propaganda.

Anti-Hitler, Not Anti-German

The government-controlled newspapers print vitriolic editorials against the writers of the pamphlets and against those who distribute them. Nazi leaders roar through microphones to warn the country that it is treason even to read such pamphlets. At first the propaganda ministry tried to combat the campaign by screaming that this was part of a world-wide Jewish plot. But after all, Thomas Mann, whose name was signed to most of the pamphlets, was not Jewish. Nor could the Nazi leaders make any headway with their claims that this was a Communist plot. The Mann brothers and Lion Feuchtwanger had never been Communists; had never, in fact, been political figures. Then, too, the pamphlets were not anti-German, they were only anti-Hitler. Each article insisted upon one fact: that the writers were Germans who loved their country and hoped that a change would come so that they could return.

What kind of change? All the exiles ask is a return to democratic principles. All they ask is that National Socialism be repudiated and some other form of government substituted that will guarantee individual freedom of thought, of worship and of action. In their pamphlets they often quote from our own Bill of Rights. The first principle of National Socialism is that the individual exists only for the benefit of the state. The underground leaders believe that the state should be the servant of the people. Admittedly haters of war, they tell the German people that Hitler is bringing them closer and closer to a needless war that can only end in ruination for their country.

The organization doing this amazing job of propaganda hasn't even a name. It has headquarters in Paris, Switzerland, London, and now in New York. In Berlin there is a restaurant called the Taverna, a gathering place for newspapermen. Every night they go there to talk of the day's news and to shake dice for drinks. It was there that I heard of the underground. Gleeful English and American correspondents would produce pamphlets and read them to their unhappy colleagues. No one knew then just how the organization worked, but everyone knew that it existed.

Freedom Through the Air

Everyone, for instance, heard the daily radio programs sponsored by the underground organization.

Each afternoon at 4:30 a voice came out of a million radios crying, "*Deutsche Freheit Sender* (German Freedom Broadcast)—calling you despite the Gestapo." Once more extracts from speeches of world leaders would be read. Once more the writings of the renowned exiles would be heard and always one thing was emphasized—this was anti-Hitler, but not anti-German. Always the program closed with this statement: "This program has come to you despite the Gestapo."

Nazi authorities finally found a way to scramble the program but the leaders of the underground were resourceful. No one knows yet where that station was, except the leaders, and they won't tell. After the large powerful station was put out of commission by man-made static, a new scheme was hit upon. Now ten radio stations are blasting away where before there had been but one. Ten smaller stations, some inside of Germany, others in France and Switzerland or Holland. Those inside Germany are portable so that they can be dismantled and moved at the slightest sign of trouble. Anyone caught listening to these programs is immediately rewarded with a one-way ticket to the nearest concentration camp. But radio dealers have reported that during the past year thousands are buying short-wave sets and usually the buyers ask for earphones. Loud-speakers awake the neighbors, the buyers say, and the radio dealers understandingly give them earphones. It's fairly difficult to learn to what program a man is listening if his set is tuned down and earphones are clamped to his head. For the first time Germans are learning what other nations think of German leaders and methods of government.

Now the underground organization is beginning to come out into the open. It was a little thing that precipitated this move. Last May Day Hitler made a speech. In it he pleaded for unity. Hitler pleaded for unity? Why? It was the first crack in the hitherto impenetrable wall of his confidence. This was

(Continued on page 80)

The Border Tru [illegible]

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

NEAR Fort Grant, Arizona, a small wagon train is attacked and robbed—presumably by Indians. The only survivor found is a girl: Lily Marr. She becomes a guest of the post.

Among the young lieutenants under Grant's commanding officer, Major Warren, are Tom Benteen and Philip Castleton. Eleanor Warren, the major's daughter, is engaged to Castleton who, in strong contrast to Benteen, is generally disliked. As the days pass, it becomes obvious to Eleanor that her fiancé is jealous of Benteen. . . .

Harriet Mixler, wife of Lieutenant George Mixler, becomes a mother. Lily Marr and Eleanor assist her through her ordeal. Then, when the baby is old enough to travel, Harriet (who finds army life extremely distasteful) goes away; and her husband—loving her but unwilling to leave the army—does not accompany her.

Meanwhile, Lily has been pursued, harassed and threatened by Jack Bean, an outlaw, who professes to love her. When the man's attentions become unbearable, she informs Tom Benteen that it was Bean, not a marauder known as Antone with a band of Indians, who had directed the attack on the wagon train. Bean, a notorious killer, is locked up in the guardhouse. "Wait till I get loose!" he shouts.

Benteen evolves a plan, a brilliant maneuver, which he believes may enable him to capture—or at least defeat—Antone. Major Warren endorses it, and Benteen, at the head of a detachment, sets forth to find the Indians. Castleton—who has made a poor showing in the field and on one occasion lost two men—is permitted to accompany the next detachment that moves out.

Benteen keeps two men close beside him: Al Hazel, a wise old scout, and Nachee, an interpreter, who knows the ways of Indians. Approaching Antone's camp, early one morning, the three men dismount, tie their horses, creep forward cautiously. An Indian moves toward the horses. Nachee kills him with a knife.

Their brief reconnaissance completed, Benteen, Hazel and Nachee walk to their mounts, climb into their saddles, and retrace their way into a canyon where the troopers await them.

IX

COMPLETE blackness smothered them as they reached the canyon's bottom and threaded the creek southward a mile or more; when they rose from it, now on the west rim, a gray break showed low in the eastern sky. Nachee led them steadily into higher and rougher country. They passed through rocky defiles that covered them completely from the freshening morning twilight, across piney flats, between masses of catclaw and mesquite; and at last, in the first full sunless hour of day, they reached a broken-topped elevation above a narrow pass that cut irregularly east and west through the hills. There was some shelter here and a view from all angles. With Nachee on watch, they slept there.

The burning of sun against his skin woke Benteen in the middle of another sweltering morning. Al Hazel slept on, snoring steadily through his open mouth. Nachee lay in a rock cleft, watching the pass and the land east of the pass, which was where Antone's camp lay. He said something over his shoulder that drew Benteen forward.

Edging himself into the rocks so that his head wouldn't show above the rim, Benteen set his eyes on the eastern end of the pass. The sun struck the land at a long angle, turning it gray and brown, and against this light he made out nothing until the flash of a metal object telegraphed across the distance. Centering his glance on that spot he at last saw a file of Indians crossing over; they were leaving the camp of the night before, they were going over to the high ground on the south side of the pass.

Benteen moved to the north side of the rocks and began to watch the land they had crossed by dark. That way the country lay in a complete tangle of intersecting arroyos through which Antone's warriors might crawl in complete cover until they arrived at the wall of rock surrounding this small peak. He mentioned it to Al Hazel.

"I guess they'll be down there some place," agreed Hazel. "Just a question of how long it takes 'em to find our trail out of the canyon. Soon as they spot two horses shod and one barefoot they'll know who's here."

The long morning rolled on. Near noon Benteen distributed hardtack from his saddlebags. At two o'clock Al Hazel spotted a file of Indians crossing the pass a few miles westward. "That's Antone, cuttin' a circle," he said. "He's lookin' at the tracks of the detail you sent home. And he'll be followin' our trail now, from the other end."

IN THE long burning middle-afternoon hours Benteen saw a warrior rise from an arroyo at the eastern base of this summit and look steadily upward. Presently he dropped from sight. A little later two of them showed again, mounted, and struck up the slope, cutting a wide detour. They were in and out of sight, beyond a carbine's range. Benteen and Al Hazel—who had come over to watch—saw the pair reach a high point and disappear westward; somewhere in that direction the larger party of Indians now rode. . . .

In the adjoining heights northward a dust ball rose from an arroyo, betraying travel. It would be, Benteen guessed, Antone's larger band closing in. The two Apaches had probably caught up with Antone and were leading him back. Nachee said, "Nantan," bringing both Benteen and Hazel over to the side of the peak that lay against the low pass. Another party slowly crossed the pass now, taking the same trail the band of warriors had followed in the morning. The line was long and strung out and lifted high clouds of dust. Nachee spoke to Al Hazel, who interpreted:

"Squaws and kids, he said. The women are movin' camp. He says they'll pitch camp in those heights."

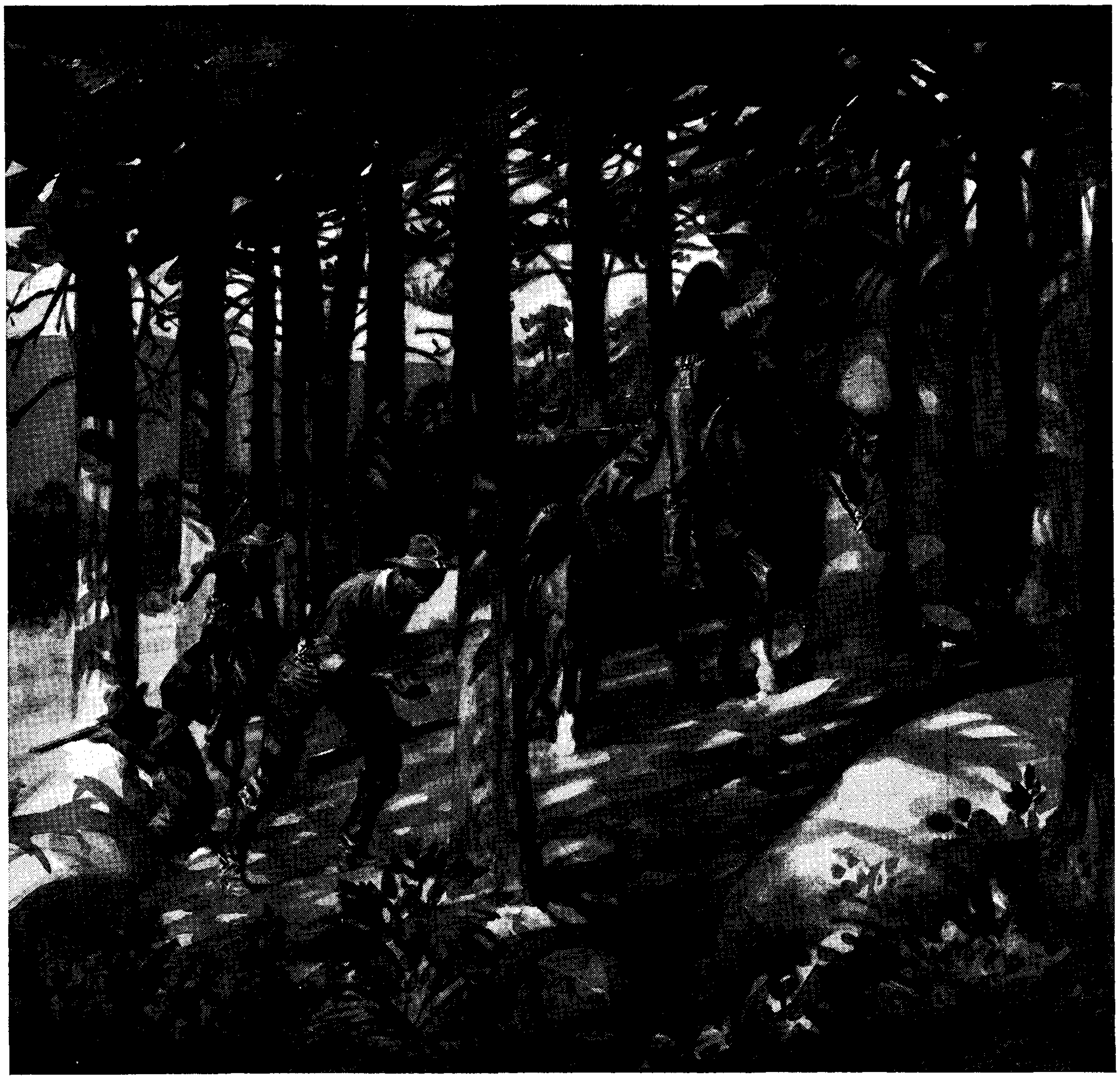
Benteen returned to the north side, now seeing dust boil out of the nearer arroyos. An Indian showed himself on the sky line, horse and all, and poised long enough to display his interest and his lack of fear. Hazel said: "Look downslope—the way we came last night."

HEADS showed along the low eastern rocks, within five hundred yards of Benteen's position. There were four or five of them, all steadily moving in and out of the rough breaks. Nachee came back from his position facing both Benteen and Hazel and raised his arm and swept it around him; it was a slow and graphic gesture that covered everything. Al Hazel grunted: "You bet—we're surrounded." He went over to his horse and pulled out his carbine, filled his pocket full of shells from the saddlebag and returned to Benteen.

The country was alive with Antone's men. Posted behind the rocks as the bitter-burning day dragged on, Benteen saw the shift of black heads in the rocks and the gradual nearing of those heads. North, in the adjoining rough country, dust continued to banner from point to point, hanging to the air long after it had risen; and from these telltale streaks, Benteen could see the route of the main party as it came up from the west and wound through the arroyos.

On the south side was the neutral

(Continued on page 32)



He slashed his shots at the blur of Apaches ringing him. Antone's men were all rushing up to this spot for the kill

The Square Peg

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A
SHORT SHORT
STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS early June, the end of the college year. Professor Norton, head of the English department, heard a knock on the door of his private office, and shouted: "Come in!"

When the door opened, Norton saw that his visitor was Ernest Law, a young instructor with a bony, serious face. Norton himself was a jovial, easygoing man. He liked Ernest, but he was worried about his future. Ernest was a photoelectric eye, registering infallibly attendance, grades, credits and, Norton feared, little else. Sound in his subjects and a promising scholar, but—

Norton got up and wiped the dust from his hands. "Hello, Ernest," he remarked. "Leaving for vacation?"

"I'd like to talk to you," Ernest said, "if you can spare five minutes—"

"Sure. Sit down. What's on your mind?"

Ernest placed a stack of term reports on Norton's desk, and sat down. His face was tight and determined. "I'd like to offer my resignation."

"What? What for?"

"I don't think I'm suited to the work."

"Ridiculous," Norton protested. "You're one of the most competent young men around here. What's wrong?"

"It's about a student. Ziricki—a premedical senior."

"The football player?"

"I understand he plays several games—baseball, football and basketball. He's here on an athletic scholarship."

"Hmm."

"But he is in no sense a student," Ernest continued. He put his hands together and made the knuckles crack. "Look here, sir, I'd like to tell you the whole story."

"Go ahead."

"First of all, I must admit that I took a dislike to Ziricki from the first day he came into my course in the Victorian Novel. He's a very large, thickset fellow, and he sat there, day after day, like a lump, without giving any sign that he understood a word I was saying."

"I know the type," Norton said sadly.

"I pointed out to him that he had flunked the subject once before, and this was his last chance. Unless he passed, he would not get his diploma, and therefore would be unable to enter the medical school."

"Did he take it to heart?"

"He seemed very upset, and assured me that he was doing his best. I think perhaps he was, but as we approached the final examination, it was clear that, short of a miracle, I would be compelled to flunk him.

"I'm always very careful with seniors," Ernest went on, "and I was especially so with Ziricki, because I was conscious of a strong prejudice. Since he was a premedical, I thought he might be in trouble with his sciences. But Hoffmann of chemistry and Burton of physics spoke very highly of him. They said his work for them was outstanding."

"He can't be stupid, then," Norton observed. "But the scientific mind doesn't always do well in literature."

"I'm aware of that," Ernest said, "but of course that doesn't relieve Ziricki of the requirements in English Lit. On the day of the final examination he did not show up."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sir. But Dean Kelly of the medical school telephoned to tell me that Ziricki had fallen from a hayloft on his father's farm and had broken his leg. That was why he could not appear."

"Dean Kelly called you up?"

"He said he'd been keeping an eye on Ziricki, and he wanted him in the medical school. Thought he was ideal material. He asked me to run up to the country and give Ziricki a special examination."

"I suppose that could be done."

"I DON'T know any rule against it," Ernest went on, "and I was anxious to give Ziricki every chance, so I said I would. I drove up last week, and got to the farm about eleven o'clock in the morning. His mother took me upstairs, and I left the questions with Ziricki, and then went outside under a grape arbor, back of the house. His mother sat there with me for a while."

"What did she have to say?"

"Nothing much. Mostly we just smiled and nodded at each other. But she gave me the impression of being a remarkable woman, even if her English is somewhat sketchy. Then the old doctor dropped by to have a look at his patient, and Papa Ziricki came in from the fields, and we all had lunch. They set the table under the arbor, and Helen waited on us."

"Who's Helen?"

"Ziricki's girl. She lives on the next farm, and she's been taking a nursing course, so she could help Ziricki when he gets his M.D."

"Pretty?"

"No. What difference does that make? The point is, she's so exactly right for where she is—big, and calm, with the whitest arms I ever saw."

There was a brief pause. "The old doctor, by the way, recommended Ziricki to Dean Kelly. That's why he's so anxious to have him in the medical school. Ever since he was a kid, Ziricki has worshiped this old country doctor, used to ride around with him on his calls, and so forth. It seems Ziricki has never wanted to be anything but a good doctor, and to stay right there in his own countryside. Rather an old-fashioned idea, but there's something fine about it, in a way."

NORTON nodded. "How was the examination?"

"Awful. So I had a last drink of Papa Ziricki's red wine, and drove away.

"I read it carefully when I got to my room. It was hopeless. Ziricki knows nothing about the Victorian Novel. Absolutely nothing. I sat there, staring at his muddled answers—you could see he had tried desperately hard—and after a while all I could see was the table under the grape arbor, with Papa and Mamma Ziricki beaming at me, and old Doctor Sevitzky, passing over his practice, and—"

"The white arms of Helen?"

"They were part of it," Ernest said angrily. "A right and natural part."

"I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter," said the instructor, getting to his feet. "Of course, when I pulled myself together, I realized that I shouldn't take things like that into account. All I had to do was mark 'Failure' after Ziricki's name, and go on to something more important."

"Such as resigning?"

"I've already offered you my resignation."

Norton felt a cold anger rising in his throat. "It's accepted," he snapped. "You blockhead! What do you suppose we're turning out at this university? Nuts and bolts? Anyone with an ounce of brains should know that Ziricki's a man in a thousand. And you flunk him!"

"I didn't flunk him," Ernest shouted. "I passed him. That's why I'm resigning. If I can't use my common sense, if being a teacher is just a matter of adding up mistakes, I say the hell with it!"

Norton sat down suddenly. "There's no need for profanity, Ernest," he said mildly. "Your resignation is declined. We'll make a professor out of you yet."

Someone to Need Him

By Susan Ertz

She will always think of him as the man who saved her. She'll never know that he was the one who needed saving

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

THE Greeks, of course, had a word for it. So had Freud. So, indeed, had some of the neighbors, but none of these words would have seemed, to the Cawstons themselves, applicable. When Mrs. Cawston said of her only son, "I don't believe Edward will ever marry. He says he'll never find a girl he likes half as well as his mother; and, besides, he'd simply hate to leave this home I've made for him"—she said it with a little glow of pride and pleasure. And to Edward, these utterances seemed perfectly accurate and perfectly natural.

He was devoted to his widowed mother; he was devoted to his home. The complications that so often arise from tender relations with the opposite sex were practically unknown to him.

It would have been unfair to say that Edward was effeminate. He was a good man on a horse, swam well, played squash, and had even rowed for his college. He had more than average masculine good looks. But he was afraid of women; he seemed to have been born with a mistrust of them, and in their presence he immediately put up defenses.

This was probably due to a feeling of inadequacy, of shyness, that went very deep; a feeling that he confessed to no one, that he barely admitted to himself. In consequence, when he danced, he talked about pictures or music; when girls showed him that they found him attractive, he discussed politics; when they leaned against him going home in cars, he told them how perfectly congenial to each other he and his mother were. And yet he was not lacking in physical courage. In a national emergency, he would have been one of the first to enlist, and he would have made an excellent soldier.

It was rarely that any of the young men he knew in London could persuade him to stay in town, dine and go to a show instead of catching the six-thirty train back to the country. He liked to think of the good dinner that awaited him in that prettiest of dining rooms, of the brightly burning wood fire, of the game of cribbage with his mother—who, if he didn't come back, would be quite alone—and of the frantic welcome of his red retriever, Amanda.

Certainly Edward had nothing to complain of, for he lived in a model home. And now that he was nearing thirty he was becoming more and more settled in his habits, more and more content with his way of life.

Curiously enough, his best friend was a young man named David Penlove, and this friendship was the one thing about Edward of which Mrs. Cawston disapproved. David was a feckless, impractical fellow, always in and out of jobs, always in difficulties which were more or less his own fault, and he was burdened besides with a delicate wife and three not very attractive children. They lived only a few miles from the Cawstons, but near the railway station, as they couldn't afford a car. Edward had frequently helped David with small loans, without hope of being repaid, and David's devotion to him was dog-like.

One morning the two met on the station platform, and David's woebegone face proclaimed, plainly enough, that there was trouble again at the Penlove home. They were about to sell everything they had, Edward learned, and were going away to live with Mrs. Penlove's father, a prospect extremely depressing to David.

"It's that or starve," he said. "I was chucked out of Orson and Gilligan's last week. They're cutting down the staff." (Why was it, Edward wondered, that when staffs were cut down it was always David who had to go?) "And Mary's ill, and one of the kids has to have an operation. What I've got to find somehow is the money to pay the butcher and the baker, so that we can get away."

EDWARD, who was genuinely sorry for his friend, asked how much was owing, but for some time David refused to tell him. At last he said, "Look here, Eddie, I'm not going to borrow any more money from you, but if you're good enough to want to help me again, how about buying my wife's four-poster bed? It belonged to her grandmother, and we'd awfully like to find a good home for it."

At once Edward said, "All right, how much? I expect we can find a corner for it somewhere."

In spite of his misery, David grinned. "It'll want more than a corner," he said. "It's one of those big, solid four-posters. Mary's pretty sick at having to part with it, but if you don't buy it, it'll have to be auctioned off with the rest of the stuff. We'd like to know you had it. Maybe we could even buy it back from you sometime."

Edward privately thought this so unlikely as not to be worth considering. "Name your price," he said.

"Would twenty-five pounds . . . ?"

Twenty-five pounds was a great deal of money to Edward, but he wrote out the check on his knee, in the train.

"You don't know what a weight you've taken off my mind," said David. "I can never thank you enough, old chap. And this time, thank goodness, you've got something for your money."

Two days later, when Edward drove himself back from the station, he had difficulty in getting his car into the garage, and he perceived that the reason for this was the presence of the four-poster bed, which, though partly taken to pieces, occupied as much space as a large car. It was a monster, a Victorian piece of heavily carved, highly polished mahogany, cumbersome and solid. He decided, after inspecting it, that it was big enough for four people, gave a whistle of dismay, and went into the house. His mother, for the first time in many years, was ruffled and indignant.

"IT'S just like that wretched David to unload a Victorian horror on you," she said. "What on earth made you say you'd take it? We can't keep it. The men could hardly get it into the garage."

"Surely we can find room for it somewhere, can't we?" he asked.

"Would you kindly tell me where?" she demanded.

He thought about it for a moment. "I suppose we could put it up in my room in the place of the single bed . . ."

Ruin that most perfect of Georgian houses, she thought, with a Victorian atrocity? People would think she had gone mad. She wouldn't have it at any price. Then, seeing Edward's crestfallen expression, she said, "You didn't *pay* him anything for it, I hope?"

She got the story out of him, and her indignation grew. It was high time he dropped David altogether. He was nothing but a parasite, a hanger-on, just clever enough to take advantage of Edward's good nature. It was a blessing, she said, that he was leaving the place for good. She said rather more than she meant to say, and it rankled. She knew that it did, but was too angry to care. It was time, she told herself, that he heard the truth about the Penloves.

There was no game of cribbage that evening, and Edward went to bed feeling exactly as Amanda looked when she was punished for getting on the best sofa. It left some resentment at the back of his mind, a resentment that lasted all the next day, so that when George Hopper, who worked in the same office, asked him to dine and go to a play, he readily agreed.

Before dining, they went back to Hopper's little flat to wash, and Edward looked about him with a thoughtful and interested eye. Hopper's taste was commonplace enough; he had a fondness for the worst types of modern furniture, all chromium steel and glass, so that the place suggested a surgery rather than a home. But it was not the furniture that occupied Edward's attention. For the first time it struck him that if he felt so inclined, there was nothing to prevent his having a flat very like it, and that if he wanted to find a place for his newly acquired four-poster bed, he might have to get one.

THE idea returned to him several times during the evening. He supposed he could just about afford it, but it would be a tremendous step, a tremendous break with his old life, as he had lived it up to now. He wondered what his mother would say.

He went home, slept on the idea and felt doubtful on waking, but later when he was getting the car out of the garage, he scratched the mahogany of the bed. Something would have to be done about it. It certainly couldn't stay there. Neither could he sell it; neither could he give it away; and he didn't feel inclined to pay storage on it for an indefinite period. A flat seemed to be the only solution. Then and there he made up his mind.

His mother, when she heard of his intention, was dismayed. What had come over him? She had never imagined that such a thing could happen, and the foundations of her well-ordered, satisfactory little world were badly shaken. When he said he would only sleep in London occasionally, she felt happier. He'd probably be bored to death anyway, she thought, alone in his absurd little flat. It was only a whim.

A week later Edward had chosen the flat, and the bed was sent up to London. Nothing happened, the heaven's didn't fall, and Mrs. Cawston began to breathe more freely. Occasionally he went without lunch and slipped away to a sale or an auction room—for he was a canny and cautious buyer—and one day he bought himself some extra large sheets and blankets. Later he acquired an electric toaster, an electric coffee percolater and some china, so that he could get his own breakfasts. Having gone so far he could bear it no longer. He had to sleep in that bed. He announced to his mother that he meant to stay in London the following night and take George Hopper to a play.

"I suppose now that you've got that flat you'll have it on your conscience if you don't use it," she remarked, and made no other comment.

George expressed a wish to go to a certain musical comedy because a girl he knew had just been given a tiny part in it, so Edward bought seats. After the second act, George insisted on taking him around to the dressing room she shared with another girl, and Edward went very reluctantly. He mistrusted actresses, and believed they lived chiefly by blackmailing young men.

George's friend, Marjorie Vyner, was a pretty, vivacious girl who presently came out of her dressing room to speak to them, wearing a tall Russian headdress.

"Hello, George," she said. "Was I all right?"

AFTER the usual compliments had been paid, sincere enough on George's part, a little halfhearted on Edward's, she said:

"Listen, I know you two boys want to take me out to supper, but will you be good scouts and take my kid sister too?"

"Is she here? Why of course, if she wants to come," George answered.

"You remember, I told you about the poor kid. She got here yesterday. She practically ran away from home, just as I did four years ago. I got her a seat for the show tonight because I hoped it would cheer her up."

"Why, what's the matter?" George asked.

"Oh, she's out of luck. She lost her purse and saw a woman run over."

"Hadn't she better go home to bed?" George inquired.

"She hasn't got a bed."

"What do you mean?"

"There are people, you know, George, who haven't got beds," said Miss Vyner with sarcasm. "Two years ago, I was one of them myself for about a month. She's sleeping on the floor in my room, and my landlady threatens to double the rent, the old hag."

"What is your sister like?" asked George.

"You'll see her when the show's over. She's all right." And she ran back to the dressing room.

Edward's heart sank. Supper with two girls he didn't know, one of them an actress, the other probably a runaway schoolgirl, was more than he'd bargained for. He made no protest, however, because supper was George's part of the entertainment, and if he felt like it, he could slip away early.

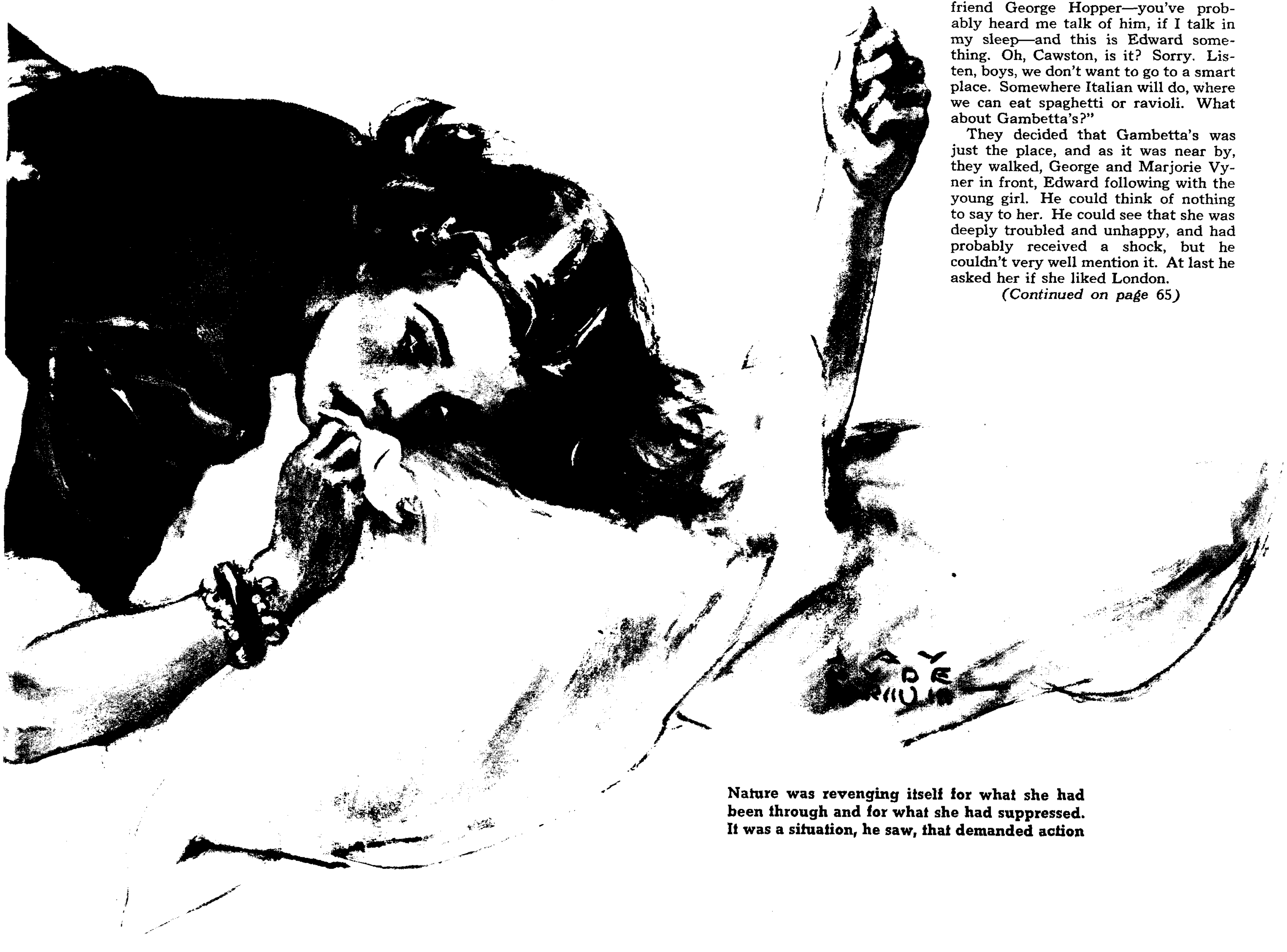
When the show was over, they went to the stage door and waited, and Edward felt still more out of his element. His idea of an agreeable evening was a good concert, or an interesting play, and the performance he had just seen had left him cold. Then he spied a young girl in a black coat and hat standing shyly apart, her hands hanging at her sides, watching the stage door, and he decided at once that she was Miss Vyner's sister. For one thing she had no purse; for another she looked as a girl would look who had no bed, who had lost her purse, and who had seen a woman run over. In fact he had never looked on a more dejected little face.

When Marjorie Vyner came out, wearing a becoming red cloth coat and hat, both fur-trimmed, she saw the girl and went straight to her. Edward could see that the child was very reluctant to join them, but she presently followed her sister with a sort of resigned docility. She probably, Edward thought, felt very much as he did.

"Here is Charlotte. Come on, Char, we're going out to supper. This is my friend George Hopper—you've probably heard me talk of him, if I talk in my sleep—and this is Edward something. Oh, Cawston, is it? Sorry. Listen, boys, we don't want to go to a smart place. Somewhere Italian will do, where we can eat spaghetti or ravioli. What about Gambetta's?"

They decided that Gambetta's was just the place, and as it was near by, they walked, George and Marjorie Vyner in front, Edward following with the young girl. He could think of nothing to say to her. He could see that she was deeply troubled and unhappy, and had probably received a shock, but he couldn't very well mention it. At last he asked her if she liked London.

(Continued on page 65)

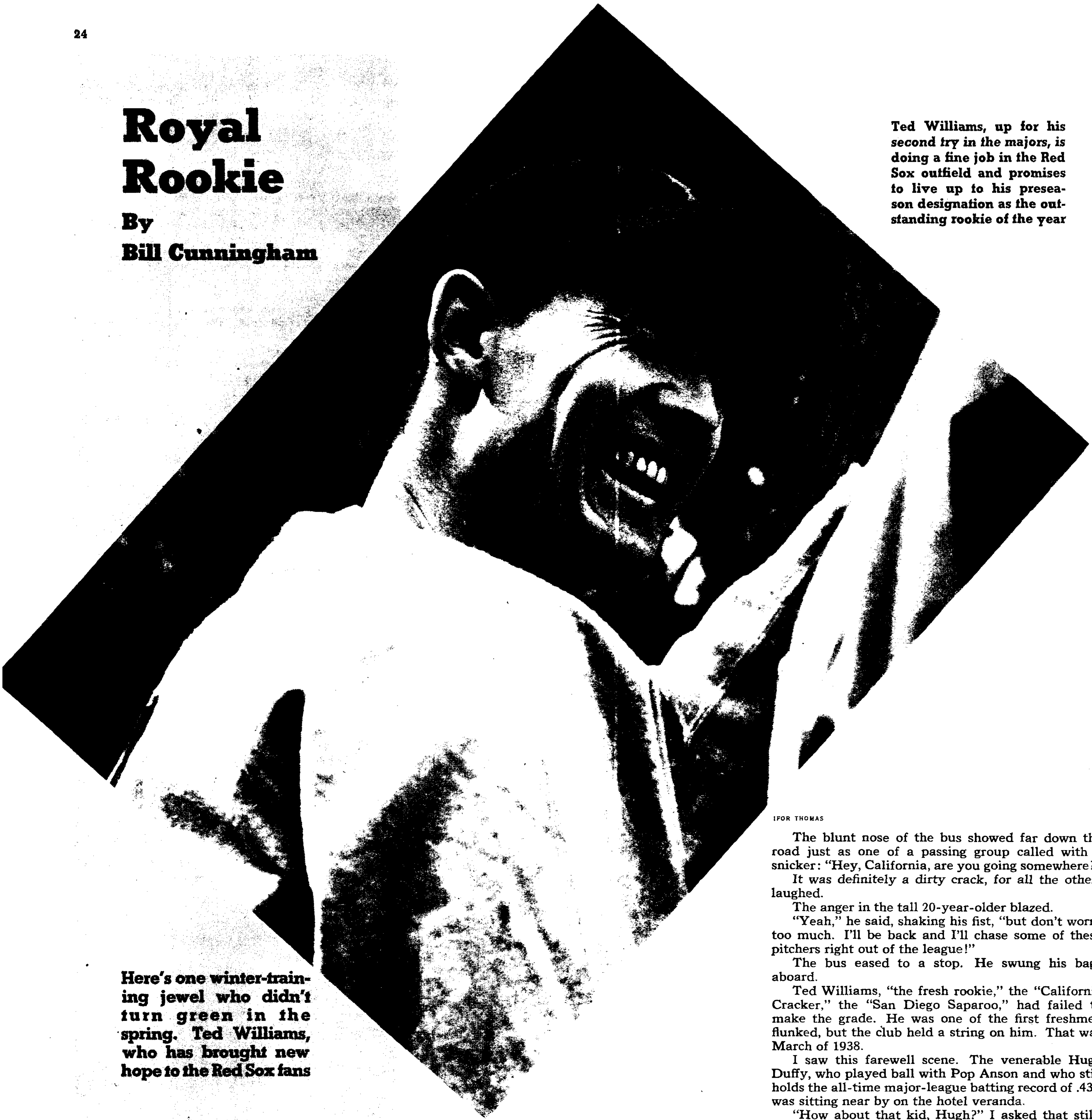


Nature was revenging itself for what she had been through and for what she had suppressed. It was a situation, he saw, that demanded action

Royal Rookie

By Bill Cunningham

Ted Williams, up for his *second try in the majors,* is doing a fine job in the Red Sox outfield and promises to live up to his preseason designation as the outstanding rookie of the year



IFOR THOMAS

Here's one winter-training jewel who didn't turn green in the spring. Ted Williams, who has brought new hope to the Red Sox fans

THE hibiscus nodded brightly in the lot across the street. A mocking bird spilled melody from the gently nodding palm. Florida's copyrighted sun was banging down in full crescendo. It was a beautiful afternoon, even for a Florida March, one fit for beautiful thoughts and all-absorbing peace of mind.

Yet the tall young kid standing out there on the sidewalk with his luggage was bitter. Pugnacious were his thoughts, and rebellious was his soul. He probably was close to tears. A show of braggadocio is usually the transparent shield of an inferiority complex. That's what he'd shown 'em from the first—these Red Sox. Somehow, it hadn't gone over. They hadn't understood—they and their sports writers and the elderly Boston fans who arranged their winter vacations so they could spend them in the Red Sox training camp at Sarasota, calling themselves the Royal Rooters.

The ballplayers had ridden him. The Royal Rooters had taken keen delight in twitting him about a natural and almost exclusive subject with him—California. Naturally, he'd stood up for his home state, and the baseball of the Coast League. That had got him branded "fresh," when he told them a thing or two. A fresh rookie, a popper-offer. And now they'd told him he wasn't enough ballplayer.

They'd called him that noon after practice and told him they felt he was too young and too green for the majors, that they were sending him to Minneapolis where another year of seasoning might bring him along all right, provided he tried, and listened to what he was told. They'd handed him his bus fare to the Millers' training camp, and here he stood with his belongings waiting for the big blue carryall to come along.

And there was no way to duck the ignominy of it all. That's where the bus stopped. That's where he had to stand—right exactly in front of the team's hotel. The blunt nose of the bus showed far down the road just as one of a passing group called with a snicker: "Hey, California, are you going somewhere?"

It was definitely a dirty crack, for all the others laughed.

The anger in the tall 20-year-older blazed.

"Yeah," he said, shaking his fist, "but don't worry too much. I'll be back and I'll chase some of these pitchers right out of the league!"

The bus eased to a stop. He swung his bags aboard.

Ted Williams, "the fresh rookie," the "California Cracker," the "San Diego Saparoo," had failed to make the grade. He was one of the first freshmen flunked, but the club held a string on him. That was March of 1938.

I saw this farewell scene. The venerable Hugh Duffy, who played ball with Pop Anson and who still holds the all-time major-league batting record of .438, was sitting near by on the hotel veranda.

"How about that kid, Hugh?" I asked that still-chipper gentleman who coaches and scouts for the Boston Americans.

"I like him," said Hugh, "he's got all the natural motions. He's got a great swing. Takes a neat cut at the ball. He throws well and has plenty of savvy. He's only a high-spirited kid who needs some intelligent handling. He's not quite ready for the big show yet, but he looks as if he'd make a great ballplayer.

"Of course," he continued, "the boys rode him a little, but that ought to be good for him, too. You know how it is with rookies. They have to take a certain amount of hazing. The only trouble with him was that he tried to haze back. And he did a pretty good job, occasionally," laughed Hugh. "Did you hear about him and Moe Berg?"

It seems that word had been quietly passed around to whittle this youngster down to size, and Mr. Berg, a faithful team man, was merely carrying out orders. Young Williams was in the batting cage taking his cuts. The professional

(Continued on page 76)

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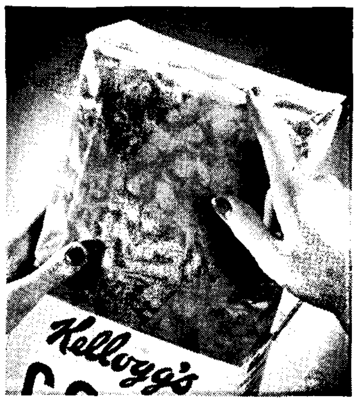
Moisture is the enemy of cereal freshness! Every woman knows that dampness and exposure to air can rob a ready-to-eat cereal of its flavor and freshness—make it limp and flat-tasting. Unless it's effectively protected against the weather on the way from the maker to you, a cereal can quickly lose its original crispness and taste. You know from experience that this sometimes happens!

For years Kellogg has been experimenting. In 1920, Kellogg introduced the original "wax-tite inner wrap" to guard the famous flavor of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. It was highly effective! But still Kellogg was not satisfied. Countless experiments and tests have been constantly in progress to find a *still better* wrap!



Greatest improvement in 20 years! Now, Kellogg introduces the sensational new "WEATHER-PROOF WRAP." Made of a newly-discovered material up to *ten times more effective than ordinary cereal wrappers* in keeping moisture *out* and flavor *in!* The only inner container *heat-sealed* at *both* top and bottom!

MY! LOOK AT NANCY DIGGING IN!
NO WONDER! I NEVER TASTED ANY CEREAL SO FRESH AND CRISP!

Super-fresh in the "WEATHER-PROOF WRAP." Once you've tasted Kellogg's toasted Corn Flakes in the new "Weather-Proof Wrap"—exclusive with Kellogg—you'll never again be satisfied with *any* cereal packed the ordinary way! It's an entirely new flavor sensation. These famous, golden-brown corn flakes now reach you at the very peak of their goodness . . . crisp, tender and more delicious than ever! So delicious that they're eaten up *fast*—instead of wastefully remaining on your pantry shelf. Order a package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tomorrow . . . enjoy them *frequently* for breakfast, for lunch, for a light, bedtime snack.

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ground
want this new gasoline

IN the air his hand commands smooth-flowing power never marred by troublesome knock or ping.

Of course he wants the same kind of smooth responsive power in his car . . . as do you, and every other motorist who seeks the best.

Now comes *SKY CHIEF*. . . the answer to this wish. You, yourself, will say there has never been a gasoline like it . . . so brilliantly eager . . . so effortless in its acceleration and pull.

This gasoline is a triumph of high anti-knock quality, instant volatility and surging power adroitly merged to give you a maximum of road enjoyment.

SKY CHIEF is waiting for you now. It costs no more than other premium gasolines. Look for it now beside the famous *Fire-Chief* pump . . . at Texaco Dealers all over America.

★ ★ ★

FACTS (*for the technically minded*) VOLATILITY: *SKY CHIEF combines an instant and sustained volatility which gives record quick-starting and acceleration . . . without tendency to vapor lock.* ANTI-KNOCK: *Its extremely high anti-knock quality permits a higher peak of efficiency and power without knock or ping.* ECONOMY: *Because you get more work from a given amount of gasoline, there's a distinct saving. SKY CHIEF shortens miles, stretches gallons, flattens hills.*

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

★ ★ ★

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

TEXACO *Sky Chief*

. . . for those who want the best

Sky Chief
TEXACO
TEXACO
REG. T. M.

Photographed in Hawaii by Granccl Fitz for Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.

PINEAPPLE JUICE

"You ride on and enjoy the view while I go home and see that lunch is ready. I know that you will be hungry when you arrive."

"Of course, they'll want some nice cold Dole Pineapple Juice before lunch. I'm thirsty, myself, for a glassful right now."

From sun-ripened pineapples in Hawaii comes Dole Pineapple Juice — pure, zestful, unsweetened—rich in fruit sugars. A good source of vitamins A, B, C.

DOLE

PINEAPPLE JUICE

FROM HAWAII

Tall, cool glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice . . . golden in color—alluring in tropical fragrance. That's a *view* of Hawaii that you can enjoy in *your* home daily . . . with your family—with your friends—after work—after play.

HI-HO HAWAII!

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT... FOR THAT CRISP "OVER THE HILLS" FEELING —ASK FOR DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE AT YOUR GROCERY STORE!

Singing Girl

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

England had its Arthur and his knights, and Russia its Don Cossacks. Here is a tale of two of them, Kalyan and Arky—stout fellows who fought like the heroes they were

ULUGH the fisherman nursed a fire of bark and twigs. He rocked on his knees in his smoke-filled hut and sighed. Around him the wind whined like an animal, eddying the smoke and rattling the skins that covered Ulugh's body.

Outside the hut snow blanketed the steppe. Ice bound the river Don from bank to bank. And Ulugh, being a Kalmuk Tatar and weather-wise, knew that more snow was coming.

Then he heard, through the voice of the wind, the jangle of bit chains and the stamp of a horse's hoof.

Thrusting his head out of the horsehide flap of his hut, he grunted in dismay. Two riders were trotting down from the trail to the river bank. The taller of the two carried a jug fondly in the crook of his arm and he sang with a full throat as he dismounted.

"*Ai*," Ulugh exclaimed. "*Kosaki!*"

The tall man staggered as if his legs were unwieldy. "Yes, Dog's-mug," he snorted, "we're Cossacks. And we've come to look for those two sons of dogs, those Muscovites. Where are they?"

"Shut up, Arky," said the other Cossack. "And stop licking the jug." He was younger; his voice quiet. He wore his sword girdle high, like a Tatar, and Ulugh noticed that his broad belt had silver settings for jewels and that the settings were empty. After examining the hut the young Cossack led in the horses and roped them, lifting off the saddles and saddlebags.

These, Ulugh knew, were no wandering settlers. They were *stiepniks*, men born on the steppe. He watched them as a cornered wolf eyes a pair of hunting dogs.

The one called Arky—Wine—seated himself on his heels by the fire. Taking a last swallow from the jug, he tipped it up and tossed it aside.

"If it hadn't been for you, Arky," Kalyan grumbled, "we'd be asleep in the barracks at Sarai now. You told the Starosta you could find those two missing Muscovites."

Arky grinned, and yawned. In another moment he was asleep in his sheepskin.

Kalyan looked at Ulugh across the fire and spoke sharply in the Kalmuk dialect. The great lord of Sarai-town, he explained, the Starosta himself, was very angry. Many travelers had been lost on the river road that winter. And now a courier coming down from Moscow had passed two Muscovite merchants with horses and a sledge, near here. The merchants had not appeared in Sarai, twenty versts away. What had happened to them?

Ulugh swore by Allah the All-Wise that he did not know. True, he had seen the sledge standing in the trail. But the men and the horses were gone.

"*Yarou—yarou!*" Ulugh whined. "Take heed. The noble Cossacks must not go near that sledge."

"Why not?" Kalyan demanded.

"Three nights ago a flame moved in the trees as if a demon danced. A wolf howled."

Ulugh would say nothing more, although Arky threatened to put hot coals up his nostrils. And before sunrise the fisherman took himself off to the river.

The Cossacks mounted and went on up the trail. They found the sledge abandoned in the road, its shafts empty.

Kalyan pointed to the ground. A line of tracks left the trail behind the sledge, going toward the fir wood. Dismounting, he led his horse along this fresh trail.

It headed down into the wooded ravine, descending to the river. And the prints in the snow were still clear enough for Kalyan to make out that the two merchants had walked, leading the horses. They had kept to a straight line through the brush, into the first fir growth.

Here the light was dim, and the Cossacks could barely see the tracks. At one place the horses of the Muscovites had circled and plunged, and the men seemed to have followed them about. Suddenly Kalyan's piebald pony reared.

Arky swore fervently. His sorrel had shied, throwing up its head. "Be still, sire of devils!"

Using his whip, he brought the sorrel to a stand, its ears twitching. He took the rein of Kalyan's piebald, wrapping it around his wrist. "Eh, what's biting them?"

Then he became aware of a third track, a lance length to the side.

"A wolf," he grunted, leaning down to stare at it in the near darkness. "Nay, a grandfather of wolves!"

From pad to claw points the track seemed as large as his clenched fist. Certainly it moved after the boot prints of the men.

As Kalyan followed, in the heart of the wood ahead of them a light flashed up. It burned steadily, as if sheltered from the wind.

"A house," muttered Arky. "Glory to good Saint Nicholas!"

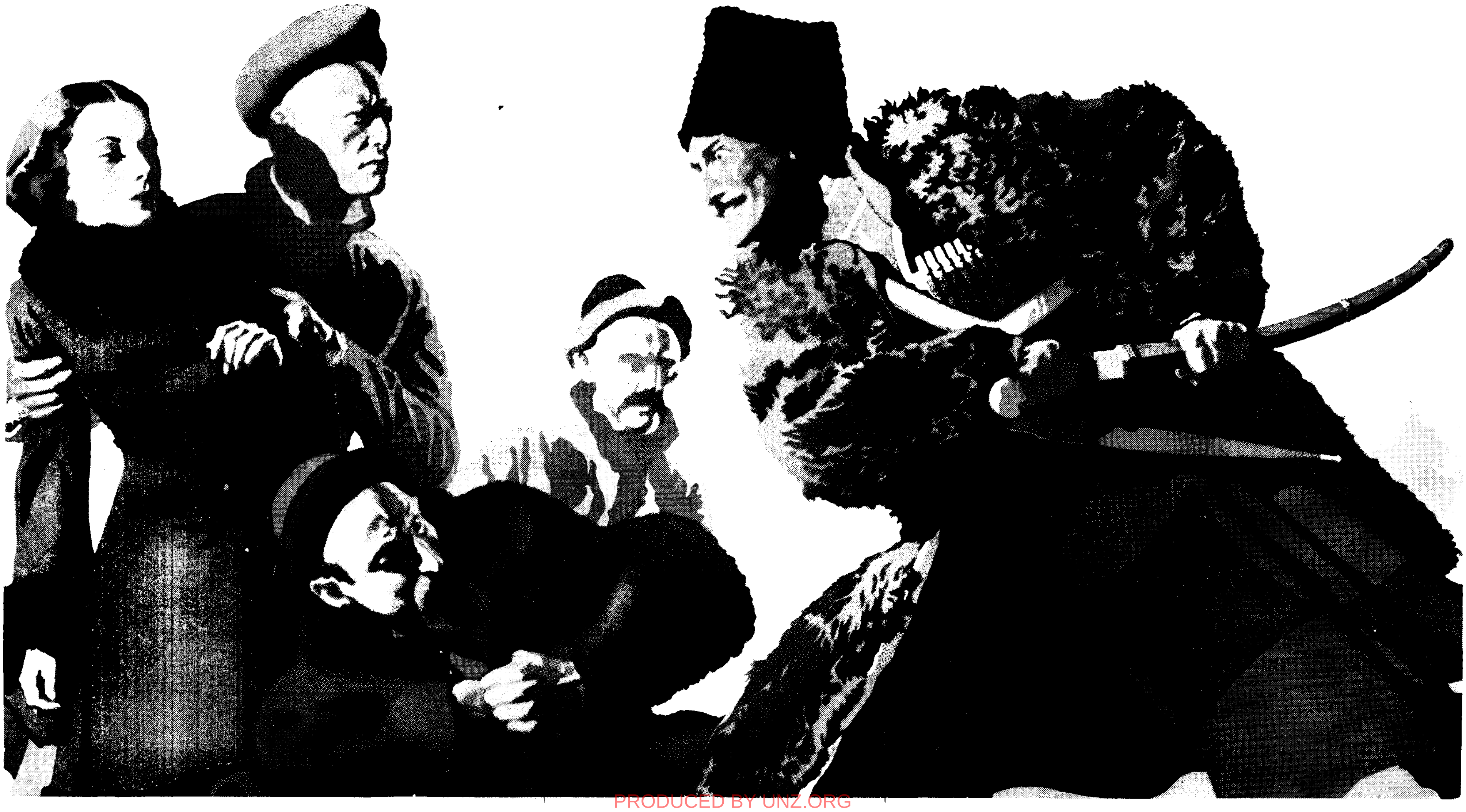
THE gate in the dark line of the log palisade stood open. The yard inside was like a hundred other *choutars*—border farms. At one side a stable shed. On the other rose the gaunt arms of a windmill. But Kalyan saw no haystack or manure pile, and no dogs rushed out to snarl at the Cossacks. The place might have been deserted, except for the light—the gleam of a candle in the mass of the log house.

When they tethered the horses and strode in, Arky closed the door carefully behind him.

"Bad luck to us," he explained, "if the candle goes out."

And he grunted, pleased. He was standing on a Persian flower-carpet; a tiled stove warmed the long room; silver

(Continued on page 46)



Whipping out his saber, he turned on the Muscovite. "The wolf was braver than you," he cried. "Will you die like a pig?"

Putting AIR *in the n*

makes the TREAD RUB

WE wanted to star the One Hundredth Anniversary of Rubber with a tire that would run rings around anything we'd built before.

We knew it wasn't a question of better materials because we were already using the best money could buy. It had to be more than a rehash of old designs.

So we started over from scratch, experimented with new cord angles and mold shapes, tried out new techniques, seeking a better way to combine brains with rubber—and we hit upon something grand.

Forging ahead into new engineering realms, we finally wound up with this marvel Centennial tire — the new streamlined "G-100" All-Weather that is giving us 33% *longer tread mileage.*

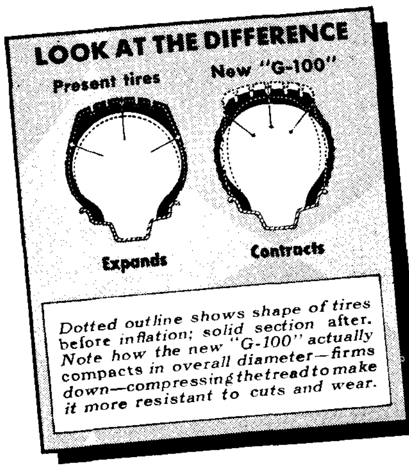
A new kind of tire

This amazing stepup in wear comes from an entirely new principle in tire engineering employed in the "G-100" All-Weather.

Up to now, the usual way to improve mileage has been to "beef up" tires by piling on tread stock, making a heavier, stiff-riding tire.

Moreover, ordinary tires expand —g-r-o-w in size—when inflated, stretching even the thickest tread. And stretched rubber is easier to cut and scuff as you can easily prove with a rubber band.

But in the "G-100" All-Weather we get longer wear without any excess "beef" by building a tire that *compacts* vertically, *firms down* with inflation.



Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter—firms down—compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.

It "makes a muscle"

We do this by a new carcass shape and a new cord angle that not only combine to keep the tire from "growing" under pressure, but actually *compress* the tread.

Thus as air goes in, the "G-100" tread *contracts* instead of stretching. It literally "makes a muscle"—becomes tougher, harder, more resistant to wear!

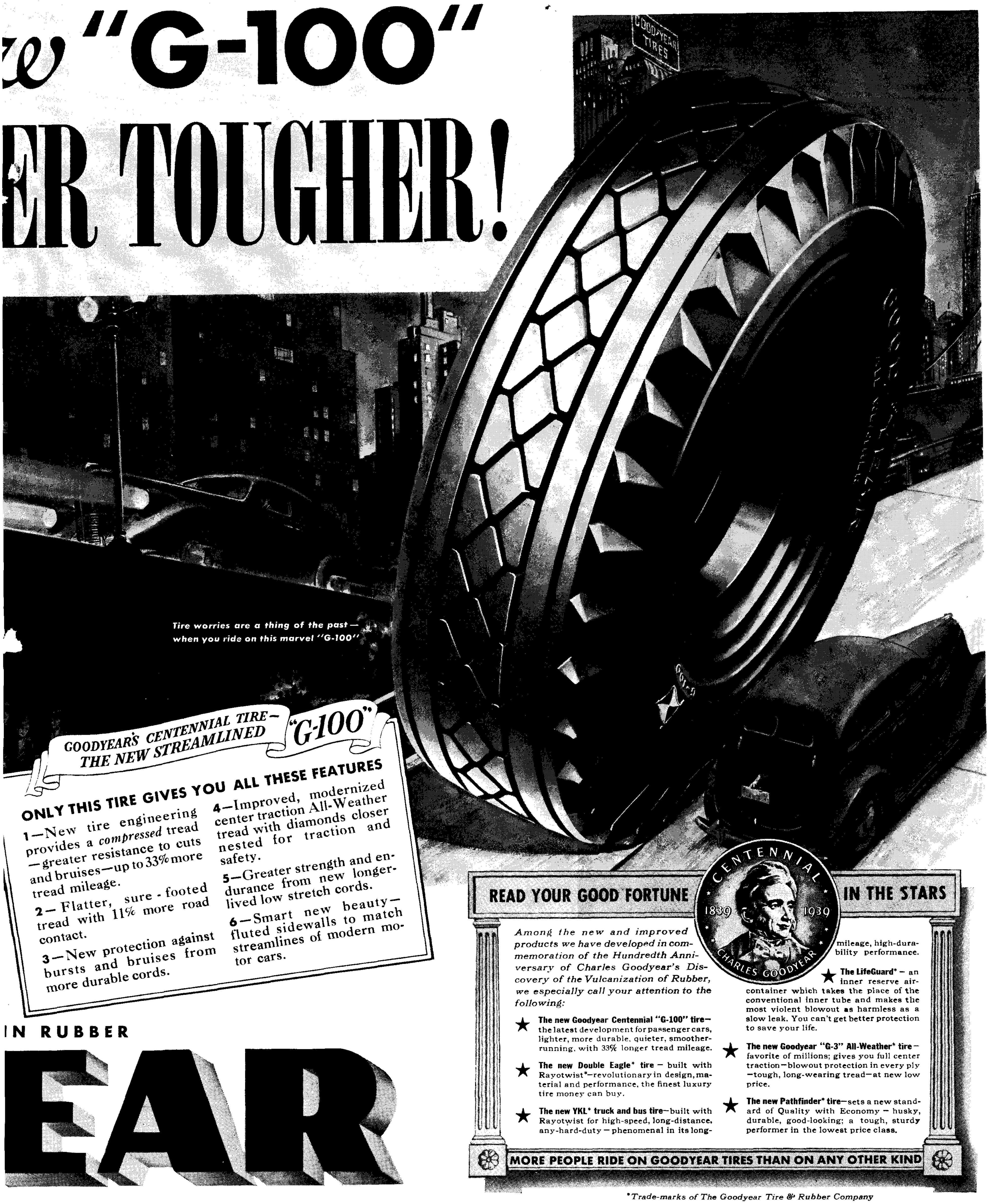
As a result you get 33% more tread miles from a lighter tire—a smoother-rolling, easier-riding tire that runs silent as a prayer—a sure-footed tire with 11% more road contact.

And within the "G-100's" sleek sculptured sidewalls more durable cords magnificently armor it against bruises and blowouts.

If you want the most for your money you want this mile-defying Centennial tire that highlights a century of rubber progress. Your Goodyear dealer has the "G-100" All-Weather in all popular sizes —now.

THE GREATEST NAME

GOODY



Tire worries are a thing of the past—
when you ride on this marvel "G-100"

GOODYEAR'S CENTENNIAL TIRE—
THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

1—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

2—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

3—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

4—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6—Smart new beauty—fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire—** the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% longer tread mileage.

★ **The new Double Eagle* tire** — built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.

★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty — phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

★ **The LifeGuard*** — an inner reserve air-container which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

★ **The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather* tire** — favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.

★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy — husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

**Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company*

Refreshing!
IT'S NATURAL-TANG PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII
Libby's
UNSWEETENED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! *See Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco*

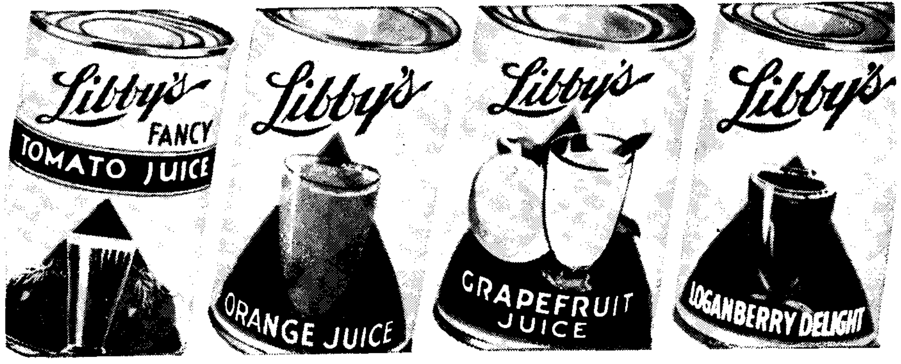
NO SWEETENING ADDED!

No sugar—no sweetening of any kind—is added to Libby's Pineapple Juice. It's the pure juice of fine Hawaiian "pines," pressed just when full field-ripe and packed at once in on-the-spot Libby kitchens.

Try this natural-tang juice of Libby's . . . see if it doesn't make a grand refresher. It's a mighty fine appetizer before any meal, too. And in addition to tangy flavor, Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple Juice has the vitamins and minerals you depend on fruit juice to supply.

Jot it down on your grocery list now—Libby's, the natural-tang Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. Keep some always on hand, and you'll be ready with a flavor fillip for your meals, a quick picker-upper between times.

LOOK! A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES



The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 20

protection of the swift-falling wall of the pass. East and west the broken rocks marched directly to this summit, and up the east side the smaller group of Apaches now patiently crawled. To the north, where the mounted Indians maneuvered, a casual depression made a cleared spot of perhaps two hundred feet between the summit and the next rim of broken ground. That yonder elevation was as high as this summit, and Antone's riders were masked by it until they arrived at the cleared spot. Thence onward, they would be in the open if they chose to rush in with their horses.

Suddenly Nachee stooped in the dust, patted his palm against the ground and began to sing a tuneless chant that came out of his throat as an "Ahhhhh—eeeeeah—Ahhhh." This was beyond six o'clock, with the sun almost touching the eastern rim of hills. Al Hazel fed shells into his carbine and hung it over his arm, like a hunter; Benteen lifted his revolver, looked at the loads, and laid it on the rock in front of him. And it was then that the long-spaced line of Antone's larger party broke from shelter, riding to the top of the near-by rim.

They were mostly stripped down to breechclouts, leggings and a few daubs of paint, though some wore shirts whose tails dangled against their thighs. Part of them had lances and bows; part of them carried guns as good as anything the American cavalry used. Their legs curved against the bare flanks of the horses; their toes dangled down; and at this distance, which was not more than seventy yards, Benteen saw the shoulder straps of an American captain pinned to one brave's shirt sleeves—the relic of some old battle. Poised against the sky line, they made a startling, barbaric show; they were the hardest, craftiest, most merciless fighters in the world. This, he thought, in the moment before he closed his mind against that kind of thinking, was what lay in the back of every trooper's mind on the frontier—this final picture. And here it was.

Al Hazel drawled: "See that little feller in the middle with the face like an old dried potato. The one with the shoulder straps on his shirt. That's your friend Antone, Lieutenant. That's the Injun you been chasin' all summer. There he is."

Antone moved his horse forward from the straggling skirmish line and turned a circle in a kind of insolent invitation, in a kind of feinting suggestion. But Benteen, all the while remembering the Indians creeping up through the rocks on the east, saw the shape of something cross the edge of his vision, and hauled around in time to discover an Apache make a long jump from rock to rock, not thirty feet removed. Benteen threw up his gun, took a snap shot and caught the Apache in the middle of his leap.

Antone yelled across the clear space and the horses began to bunch up, on the edge of a run. Al Hazel's carbine roared against Benteen's ear. The warrior adjoining Antone sagged and caught at his pony's mane, and dropped. Hazel's second bullet killed a horse. Antone wheeled back and carried his party over the ridge and out of sight.

The party of Apaches who had spent all this hot afternoon creeping up the eastern slope, suddenly raised from the rocks and rushed on, ducking from cover to cover, low-bent and evasive and howling. Benteen steadied his arm, carefully firing. Al Hazel jumped beside him, the carbine laying hard echoes into the last bright glare of the day. A bullet struck a rock surface and screamed all through the hills as it ricocheted on.

The sun was suddenly gone and purple shadows began to flow along the ridge slopes, through the pass, into all the pockets and barricades and arroyos of this broken country. Antone's main party had faded behind the hilltop on the north, but dust still moved there and now and then a warrior came to the summit and cut little dogtrotting maneuvers before the watching three, as though tempting them to come out. Al Hazel watched these antics carefully.

"A little show, fer our benefit. Hopin' to keep us cheerful whilst the rest of that bunch circle this point and come up the sides. Which they will now be doing. This spot ain't exactly good fer an invalid, Lieutenant."

Benteen crossed the small depression of the summit and pushed him self through a break in the rocks, looking down upon the pass. This rock wall fell in stiff grades for a matter of three or four hundred feet before leveling off. The pass itself was hardly a hundred yards wide; and its far wall rose into the hills at a less difficult angle. The original problem, Benteen thought, was to take a horse down this first wall.

He traced a zigzag course with his eyes, trying to memorize the lay of the slope before the swift-falling shadows blotted it out. There were, as yet, no Indians down in the pass; or seemed to be none. That way was open, if they could get to it quickly enough.

"Lieutenant," murmured Al Hazel in his unhurried way, "we had better watch sharp. Hard to tell an Injun from a rock in another ten minutes."

"As soon as it is dark enough," said Benteen, "we'll risk the slope." He took Al Hazel's place by the barricade while the guide went over to have his look. Presently Hazel called to Nachee, who remained all this time by the east edge of the rocks, as patient as fate; he trotted to Hazel and the two of them talked a moment, Hazel pointing into the pass. Hazel called: "Better be pretty soon, Lieutenant. When we pull out of here they'll be right on us."

Benteen stared at the rocks beyond this little area. There was no sound in the deepening twilight and no visible motion. All the shadows began to blend until he found it impossible to distinguish between boulder and moving shape. He called over his shoulder: "We may get separated when we leave here. Tell Nachee to pull out by himself and go find Major Warren. Have him tell Warren to wait for our arrival at the butte. We'll keep a lookout on Antone. We will also keep a lookout on the butte—and close in as soon as we see the troops."

He crossed to the west angle, hearing Al Hazel translate the instructions in a voice that quickened and grew blunt and was at last touched by something very close to excitement. The situation, Benteen thought, was bad when it could swing the guide out of his consistent calm. The shape of the rocks directly beyond this small clearing at last blurred entirely and he found himself straining forward, the revolver pushed ahead and half lifted; he found his legs hardened and all his muscles drawn tight. These shadows were tricky. They moved, they pulsed, they had an odd bulk that drifted toward him; and out of them suddenly emerged the sibilance of sound. Al Hazel yelled: "Watch!" His carbine cracked the creeping quiet. The shadows before Benteen ceased to be shadows and became rising shapes half vague before him. On these he placed his shots, seeing one shadow and another drop—until they had all dropped. Indians hated to face this kind of fire, they hated running against anything solid. So they had dropped and were elusively crawling forward, deep-buried in the rocks. Al Hazel's gun blasted the night again.

Benteen turned from the rock parapet. He said: "Al, come on," and stepped beside his horse. He waited a moment until Hazel and Nachee had reached him, until they were ready to rise to the saddle and run. Blackness dropped, with the reddish stain of moonlight diluting it. Al Hazel murmured: "Better make this fast, Lieutenant. They'll be crawlin' between us and the pass."

BENTEEN said: "Nachee goes first," and listened to Al Hazel repeat it to the Indian. Then he said, "I'll be the tail end. Let's go."

He was in the saddle. He laid a shot back of him, as a diversion that would keep Antone's men low in the rocks for a moment. Nachee faded through the narrow break on the pass side and Al Hazel faded through it, both dropping at once from Benteen's view. When he followed and got beyond the rocks he saw the two ahead of him, whirling zigzag with the descending slope, making a great racket on the stony ground. Behind him was the rising yell of Antone's men and an interval in which he waited, as he pushed the horse recklessly downward, for the first crack of a shot. That interval grew longer and harder; it grew more and more painful. He heard his horse grunt at each descending plunge; he saw Nachee and Al Hazel's shape wheel right and left, run and stop and turn, and run again. Low in the saddle, he felt a bullet breathe by him. After that Antone's men searched for him with their guns. Slugs hit the rocks. A fragment of splintered stone stung his face and he rode in the smell of heavy dust.

He was half down the slope when his horse, misjudging the grade, stumbled and threw him forward from the saddle; he landed flat on the gelding's neck and balanced this way, seizing the animal's mane to keep from falling, and in such a manner he fought for his seat all across the last hundred feet of the decline and came at last to the bottom; the sudden pitch of the horse on level ground threw him completely off. He lighted on his knees, holding to a stirrup with his hand. Al Hazel galloped back from the darkness, calling: "All right—Tom!"

The horse stopped the moment weight went from its back. Bullets slashed the ground and as he rose, still clinging to the stirrup, he had one backward and upward glance, seeing the firefly dance of muzzle light from the rocks above him. He jumped into the saddle and raced southward across the pass with Al Hazel beside him. The firing had ceased.

"Where's Nachee?"

"Faded. He's all right—he'll meet Warren in the mornin'."

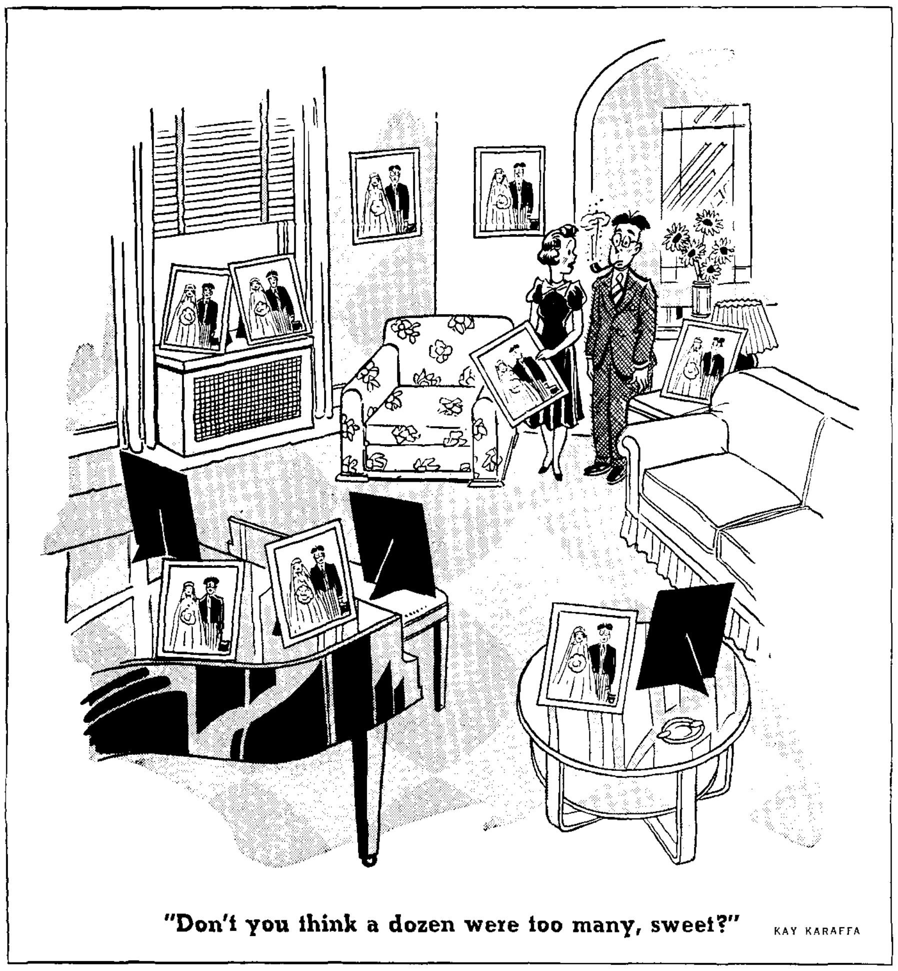
Behind them now was the rattle and clatter of Antone's horses on the hillside; Antone was following down the slope. At the far side of the pass Benteen turned again and made out the weave of shadows behind him, but Al Hazel was laughing in the dark, pleased with his luck. "I reckon that's close enough to brag about, Lieutenant."

He took the lead, finding some kind of an open way up the side of the ridge, talking to his horse as he pushed it: "Git on, Star! You better pull for yore breakfast, too! Them's Injuns you smell."

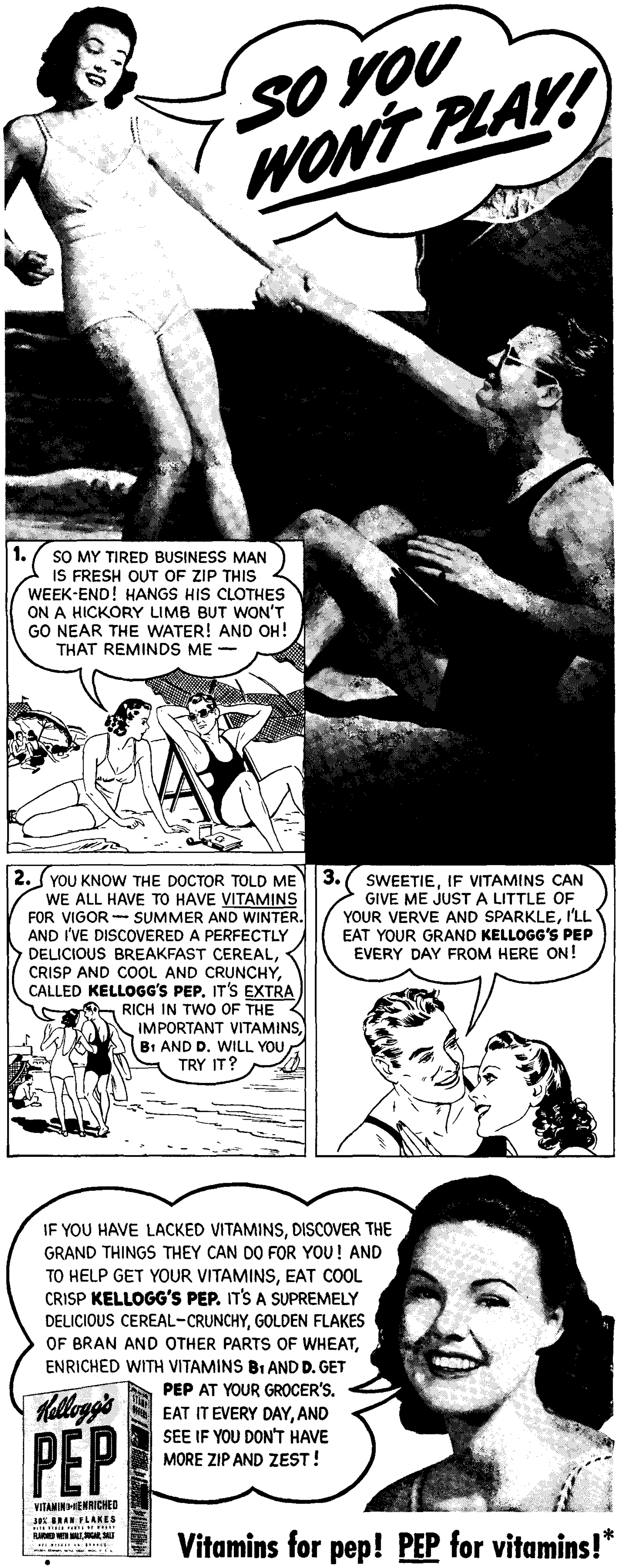
THEY were half up the stiff slope, with Antone's men somewhere at the bottom of the pass, all scattered in the dark. Turned, Benteen made out those tangled shapes and was tempted to chance a shot, but did not. At the top of the ridge, Al Hazel swung to the left, raced forward at a dangerous tilt, and shot into an arroyo. They followed to its blind end, clawed out of it and swung right. In this fashion, seesawing from one direction to another, they rode for a mile or more before pulling down. They heard nothing behind.

"Shook 'em for a little while," decided Al Hazel. "Ridin' like this at night we got all the best of it, though they will track us by the smell of dust. So we walk slow."

Benteen's horse showed the effect of the run. She limped increasingly as they went along; traveling head down, all steam gone, unsteadied by its need for

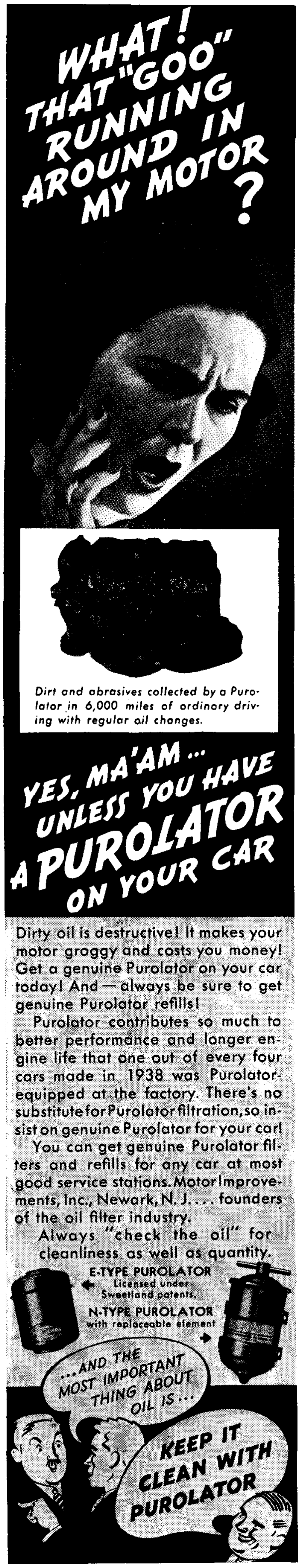


"Don't you think a dozen were too many, sweet?" KAY KARAFFA



SO YOU WON'T PLAY!
1. SO MY TIRED BUSINESS MAN IS FRESH OUT OF ZIP THIS WEEK-END! HANGS HIS CLOTHES ON A HICKORY LIMB BUT WON'T GO NEAR THE WATER! AND OH! THAT REMINDS ME —
2. YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR TOLD ME WE ALL HAVE TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR VIGOR — SUMMER AND WINTER. AND I'VE DISCOVERED A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL, CRISP AND COOL AND CRUNCHY, CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WILL YOU TRY IT?
3. SWEETIE, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME JUST A LITTLE OF YOUR VERVE AND SPARKLE, I'LL EAT YOUR GRAND KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FROM HERE ON!
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY, GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES
Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.


WHAT! THAT "GOO" RUNNING AROUND IN MY MOTOR?

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wind, its heart mauling in the big chest and sending hard reverberations up its frame. They drifted up the side of a ridge through an open pine stand whose needle-carpeted flooring left little dust smell, bearing westward and gently higher with the contour of the hills until, two hours or more from the time of their brush with Antone, Al Hazel halted and got down.

This was some kind of clearing in a gulch. Al Hazel said: "Castle and Butler's old mine," and walked forward, leading his horse. Benteen followed, seeing the square shape of a log house lift from the shadows. Hazel hauled back a door whose rusty hinges squalled in the silence, and stopped on the threshold, listening and smelling. He threw some rocks inside. "Guess there ain't no snakes or skunks," he decided and led his horse into the place. Benteen, loosening the cinches of his saddle, also put his horse through the door. Al Hazel came back, closing the door, and led Benteen across the remains of an old dump, past the dismembered skeleton of a mill and on to the faintly cool breath of a mine's mouth. Here again Al Hazel gingerly poked around the ground with his feet and threw a stone or two into the tunnel.

"Never sleep with a snake unless there's worse things to choose from," he said, and went into the tunnel, dropping at once. "Lieutenant, I'm tired enough to be an old man." Benteen heard him suck greedily on his canteen, grunting his relief at each gulp.

The floor of the tunnel was solid rock, overlaid with a scatter of loose stones. Benteen brushed them half-heartedly out of the way before settling, took a pull on his canteen and felt no relief from the stale water. He lay back, sore in every joint, and so tired that when he thought of saying something to Al Hazel about taking turn at guard the words were too heavy for his throat. They were in a hard spot, but weariness outweighed everything else, even the need of safety; and so he fell asleep, at once indifferent to anything.

BENTEEN woke in the first grayness of morning to find Al Hazel coming back from a scout. Hazel had a can of water and a few pine branches; he started a small blaze in the tunnel and boiled up some coffee. By the firelight Benteen saw the guide's taciturn face marked by fatigue. Al Hazel said, in a cranky voice: "A little risky, but I got to have my coffee."

They drank the coffee, hot and strong and black, from the can; and broiled bacon over the fire points and killed the fire. This was the first approach to a meal Benteen had had since the noon of two days ago, and the effect of it was like a jolt of whisky.

"Major Warren ought to be pretty near the butte by now," he said. "As soon as we have a look at the country we'll go that way."

He went to the mouth of the cave, followed by Al Hazel's cautioning voice: "Wait a minute, Tom." The black shadows were breaking away from the hillslope, from the pine thickets, from the rough pockets. The pearl-luminous twilight of morning drifted in. All this was a kind of motion along the earth. A dump ran out from the tunnel fifty feet or more and broke off on the descending slope; there was the one cabin standing in the clearing and the faint trace of the ground where other buildings had been. Across the gulch the hill ran up into pines; behind him a similar hill rose to a broken summit. In all directions beyond the gulch, trees made a scattered screen.

Al Hazel was beside him, studying the trees with a troubled attention. Afterward he shrugged his shoulders. "Never can tell," he grumbled. "They're not fur away now."

They turned about, climbing the slope. At the top, a flat crest extended fifty or sixty yards eastward and dropped away again. From that margin Benteen saw the land roll north and east and south, potted by arroyos and pine clusters and slashed by crisscross ridges. The butte at which he was to meet Warren lay about four miles behind him. The light kept growing brighter in the east; and on a peak close by a wisp of smoke raveled up to the sky.

Al Hazel nodded at it. "There's your Injun camp, Tom."

"All right," decided Benteen, "that's what I wanted to see. Now we'll go find Major Warren." He was pleased with the way all this had turned out, and said so. "The trip's been a little bit tough, Al, but we've got Antone spotted."

"Maybe," murmured Al Hazel. "An Injun is a shadow, Tom. The women and kids are yonder, and part of the warriors. But all of 'em ain't. The rest are closer to us, I'd bet my shirt on it."

They recrossed the flat and walked down the slope. At the dump, Al Hazel held back while Benteen pulled the horses from the small cabin. He led them to Hazel, noting how still-placed Hazel was; the guide's eyes, narrower and brighter, searched the tree thickets. He took his horse, swinging up with Benteen. Double lines cut quickly across his forehead and he moved his shoulders in a gesture of discontent. "Let's get out of here."

They crossed the dump and fell into the bottom of the gulch, riding up its shallowing trough. This was northward, generally back toward the pass. The land rose beneath them, reaching into the hill slope. They quartered the slope, the pines lying in front. Benteen's horse kept favoring its off front foot; it moved at a stiff, jaded pace.

"Take the left side of that hump," Al Hazel said. "Which—"

Benteen, turning to look at Al Hazel, caught the tag end of motion in the trees even before he was sure of his sight. Al Hazel had also seen it.

"Hurry!" he grunted. "Git out of here, Tom! Up—go on up!"

Benteen hit his horse with his heels hard enough to break the gelding into a grunting, climbing run. He had his head turned and now saw four Apaches come out of the timber at a dead gallop, angling down the slope to intercept them. The stillness of the morning echoed their sudden shouting, and echoed as well Al Hazel's quick gunshot. Hazel yelled, "Keep goin', Tom!" and fired again.

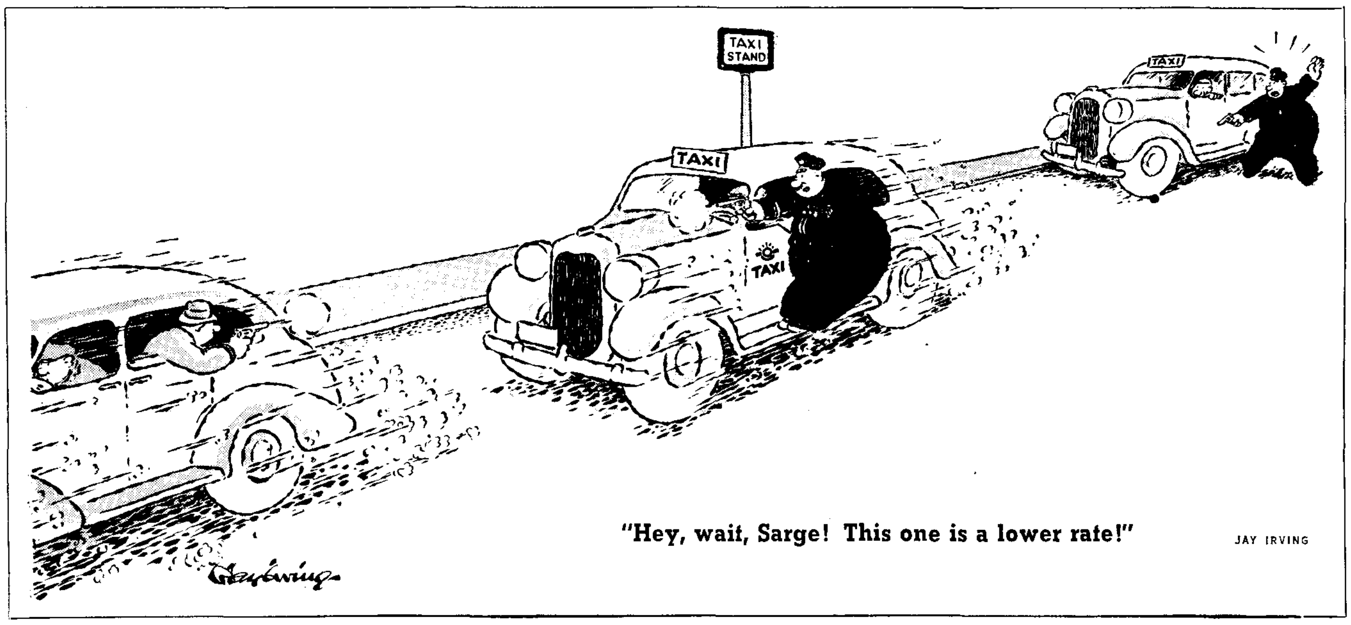
BENTEEN swung away from the slope, shooting off toward nearer trees. The grade kept lifting him; he felt the strain of it on the horse. Its pace faltered until he used his spurs again, so rushing up to the lip of the ravine and arriving at level ground. In front of him lay the scattered pines and the wrinkled contours of broken earth. Looking behind, he noticed that Al Hazel had dropped back and at once he slowed his pace and drew his revolver.

Hazel had tried another shot from the saddle. It knocked a horse down, throwing one of the four Apaches. The other three came on at a circling sweep, lowbent on their ponies, and still howling. Benteen fired and called, "Come on, Al—" and threw his glance to the front and suddenly hauled the gelding half around. For at this moment half a dozen warriors rose out of the little pitted hollows of the pine forest and rushed straight at him, all dismounted.

He yelled, "Al!"

Al Hazel's voice came robustly back to him. Thereafter he had no time to look around. The Apaches before him were dropping on the ground; they were taking aim while one tall warrior rushed straight for the head of the gelding. Benteen wheeled again, made a snap aim and knocked the Apache down. He was broadside to the others, a plain target; and suddenly he knew this was fatal, and wheeled to charge them. They were thirty feet away, brown-shaped on the earth. He saw their rifles rise at him and, in rushing forward, he watched the gun muzzles shift as they rolled aside to get clear of the gelding's hoofs. The gelding yawed away to keep from stepping on the nearest. A gun, lifted straight up, roared in his face, and then he was past the line, rushing away from it. Swinging to cover his rear he saw them wheel around at him; but behind them was a sight that made him rein in.

Al Hazel's horse was down. Al Hazel



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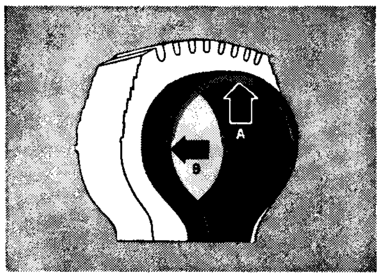

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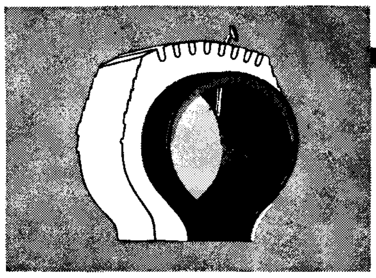

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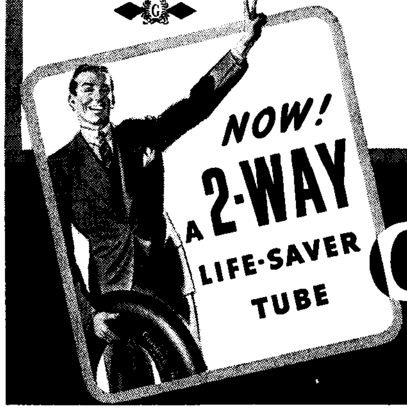

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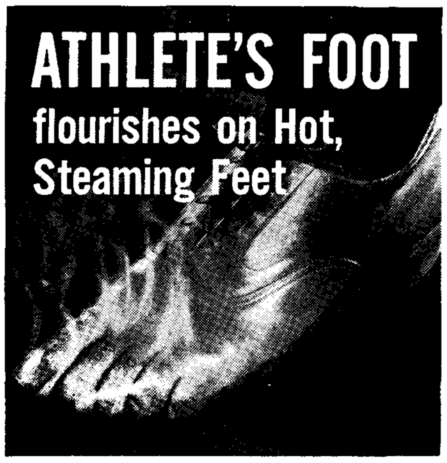

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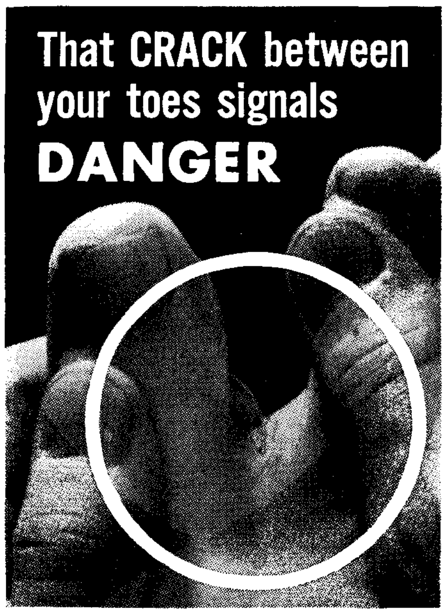

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stood with his back to a pine, holding his gun against the three mounted Apaches who came at him in full halloo. Al Hazel fired and killed the nearest, and then, raising both arms, he threw the gun at the other two. There was a louder and louder yelling and a pair of the dismounted Apaches swung around and ran for Hazel. Benteen wheeled his mare, firing at the Apaches blocking his way. He yelled, "Al—get behind the tree!"

It was then too late. A bullet caught Hazel and turned him until he faced the tree. He caught at its bark, painfully trying to swing back and he was like that, slowly pushing himself around when one of the foot-racing Apaches reached him, swung the barrel of his carbine crushingly against Hazel's head.

BENTEEN howled, "Al!" firing point-blank at the warriors coming toward him. Al Hazel was dead at the foot of the tree and the sound of gunfire rocketed into the morning and dust began to shimmer in the piney shadows—and the head of another column of Antone's men reared up from the mining-camp ravine and charged forward. There was nothing left Benteen but to run and so he slashed on through the pines with the hark of guns behind him and the faint whispering of lead at his ears. There was another pocket in front of him. He raced into it, escaping their fire, and climbed out of its far side, galloping deeper and deeper into the timber.

He was beyond the effective reach of their shooting, with sweat pouring across his face. The big gelding was slogging along, fighting for wind, and slowly losing speed; one backward glance showed him a flickering pattern of Apaches cutting through the trees, spreading as they followed.

This flight had carried him northward and now, through the trees, he caught an occasional sight of the pass and its open ground. The butte was out there at no great distance, with a pretty effective rimrock shelter if the horse could carry him to it; otherwise he had only the protection of the trees and the possibility of jumping into some shallow pit and making his fight.

This was what he debated in a hundred yards of dead run, and came to his conclusion and at once swung toward the pass. Another hundred yards brought him to its rim, the pine trees behind him. The slope pitched steeply into the pass and after he took it he looked up the clear sweep of the pass and saw the butte jutting against its end like the battlement of a castle. He saw something more as well—and this was a sight he never forgot afterward to the end of his life.

Out around the pass, riding in double file, came Major Warren's command. Dust boiled around the horses; the figures of the troopers made a solidness against the dun earth and metal flashed against the sunlight and the troop guidons fluttered to the small breeze created by the forward riding of the column.

This was a mile or less away. He saw them and raised an arm—and was seen at once as he came rocketing down the slope. The column stirred and the dust rose in whirling clouds and the guidons whipped straight to the immediate run of the command. Benteen rushed off the last of the grade and halted to look above him; one Indian stood high on the lip of the wall, staring at the advancing troopers; a moment later he faded from view.

Warren's big body rolled backward in the saddle, bringing the detail to a halt before Benteen. Benteen saw the rouge red surface of the major's face break expressively. Warren's voice bawled out:

"Where, Mr. Benteen?"

Benteen slipped off his horse. Warren said: "That beast is about dead. Hannevy, give Mr. Benteen your horse and drop back with the pack mules."

Hannevy spurred forward and dropped out of the saddle, running back with Benteen's horse. The column sat dark and eager under the bright-hot sunlight. Benteen mounted Hannevy's horse as he spoke:

"There's part of Antone's band on the rim, behind me. They will be falling back to the main camp. That's three or four miles down this pass—up on the rough ground to the right."

"How many in front of us?"

"Twenty or so. More coming up, though."

Warren called: "Harrison, take a platoon up this slope. Push right on! We will parallel you and cut in!"

Harrison bawled a few words. A platoon of I Troop swung from the line, trailing Captain Harrison up the stiff pitches of the slope. Warren swung his arm overhead and the rest of the column fell into a steady gallop down the open floor of the pass. Benteen said: "They will retreat along the edge of this pass. There's an old mine about a mile on, and a clearing they might cross when they fall back."

Warren said: "Anything over on the north of the pass now, Mr. Benteen?"

"Antone had his camp there last night. This morning he shifted to the south."

Warren said: "Mr. Lankerwell should be over there somewhere. Where is Antone's main camp from here?"

Benteen pointed to a round black butte top in the southeast; this lay perhaps four miles distant by crow flight. Warren, heavily rolling to the long forward pitch of his horse, studied the butte top at a considerable interval. Afterward he called back: "Mr. Castleton," and waited for Castleton to ride up. He said then:

"You will take fifteen men from your troop, with Sergeant Hanna, and continue down this pass when we swing out of it. Keep on until you are approximately abreast that butte, then swing into the hills, approaching it. You are to block any retreat from that direction until we come up. Do you understand—you are not to make an attack. Should you see Mr. Lankerwell coming out of the north, dispatch a messenger to bring him up."

CASTLETON dropped back to the column. There was, over the rattle and run of the column, the muffled scatter of firing on top of the ridge. A trooper came to view on its rim and plunged down the slope at a long angling descent. He rushed at Major Warren: "Captain Harrison's respects, sir, and the Indians are givin' ground in front of him, but not fast. They are collecting in the timber. More are drifting in from the southwest."

Benteen said: "Then the rest of the warriors from the camp have come along. There will be fifty of them. Maybe more."

Sweat rolled freely along the major's empurpling face; sweat began to stain his shirt. He rolled around in the saddle, shouting back: "Mr. Castleton—never mind!" His blue eyes were brilliant bright. "It looks like a fight. If he does not give ground rapidly he is waiting for his chance to attack." The headlong run of the column had carried it well down the pass. Major Warren's eyes considered the slope they paralleled and he pointed his arm at an irregular break in its rim. "A convenient spot. We have pretty well gotten behind them. We turn up!"

The column swung over the pass floor, straight at the grade. Major Warren grunted as his horse hit the slope and started upward; they were at a climbing walk, zigzagging with the contours. Benteen forced his horse forward, making an advance point, and so arrived at the rim

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first. In front of him the land showed its potted surface and its scatter of pine trees; through a long, erratic defile he saw the scar of the mine dump. A show of dust hung around that spot, raised by recent passage of horses. Now and then, from the west, where Harrison was, an occasional shot signaled a running action between troops and the Apaches. Warren heaved up the slope and the column came on and halted at his arm signal. He was breathing out of the very bottom of his lungs; the points of his white mustache drooped down, sodden with sweat. But he cocked an ear to the west, listening to the shots and making up his mind.

"They're givin' way before Harrison. Coming this way. That dust over there in the clearing?"

"Antone's warriors coming up from the east to join this fight. They have been thick around here since daylight."

WARREN led the column forward again, following the defile as it slanted irregularly toward the mining dump. "I want to get on that hill above the mine."

They came out of the defile, swinging away from the mine gulch and striking the ridge in a more heavily timbered part, climbing up by hard stages. "I wish to God," said Major Warren bitterly, "I wasn't such a hearty eater. It is hell to carry the weight of two men on one pair of buttocks. Where's Hazel?"

"Dead," said Benteen.

"Ah," sighed Warren.

The column scrambled over the last rocky folds of the hillside, horses sliding and scrambling through the loose layers of crumbling stone. Sweat smell grew rank. Mixler, at the rear of the column, was calling at his men to close up. Hanna's thick Irish voice cursed Trumpeter Patch: "Ye damned little whelp—move on—move on!"

They reached the piney flat on the ridge top and trotted along it until they came at last to a spot directly above the mine dump. Here Warren halted the column to study the canyon bottom and the ridge beyond. Firing thickened over there and grew considerably nearer. Major Warren let the moments run on while he weighed it all in his mind. He said presently:

"Mr. Castleton, take six men and go left along this ridge top. It seems to curve around into those trees. Scout the trees. If you see anything in that direction, send word—but do not bring on a fight and do not charge into any timber. Hanna, go along."

Castleton whirled away with his detail. Mixler came up and reached out to shake Benteen's hand. "Looks like you had an active time." These two officers stood by while Warren quietly talked out his mind.

"That firing is not pronounced, so I think Harrison is in no trouble yet. We could ride into it, but that would scatter the Apaches. If they are withdrawing in front of Harrison it is likely they will come into this clearing. In such case we shall fight on foot. But if they avoid the clearing and try to slide around us then we must stick to the horses. It is like seining fish—you've got to find which way the fish propose to swim or else you scoop up nothing but water. We shall wait a moment or two longer."

Carbines scattered long echoes through the timber across the ravine. The sun threw its hard yellow glare against this waiting column, burning wherever it struck. The troopers held double-ranked formation, loose in their seats, but black-jawed and showing the flash of excitement in the rounds of their eyes. Benteen studied these men carefully, noting how calmly the old-timers, like McSween and Conrad Reicherts, held themselves. Trumpeter Patch had never been in a fight before; he kept rolling his eyes around him, watching his companions, as if seeking some sort of comfort from them, as if trying to discover some of his own uncertainty in them. Benteen understood what was in the boy's mind. He could remember back to his own first engagements, catching again the rush of blood, the quick squirming fear and the still greater fear of showing fear. This was what Trumpeter Patch would be going through now, and Harry Jackson who sat with his head down, staring at the knuckles of his hands. This was the silence of the column; behind that silence were the crowding hopes and fears and the back-reaching memories. Mixler pulled his horse over to be beside Benteen. Benteen grinned at him and Mixler nodded gently, and turned his glance to the pines on the far ridge.

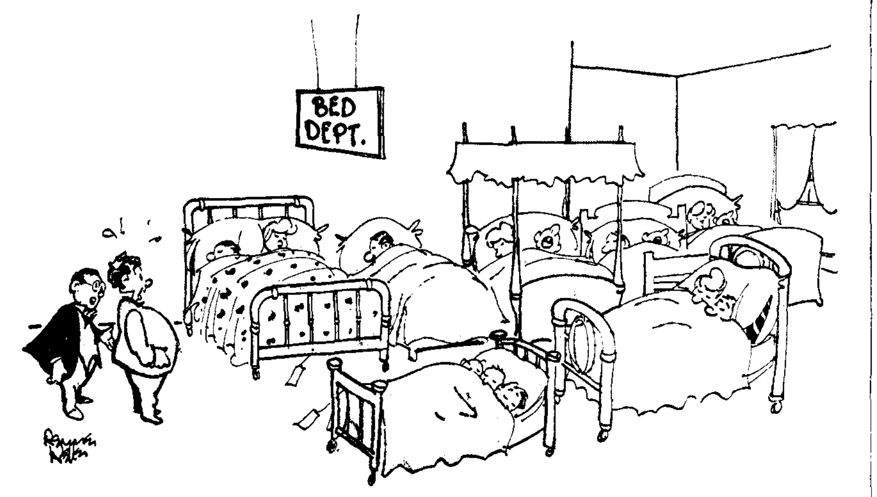
SUDDENLY the yonder firing strengthened and dust began to show. Benteen murmured: "They're coming out of the trees."

Major Warren spoke conversationally: "We will fight on foot," and gestured with his arm. The column stirred into front line without further command; men sprang off, ducking under the heads of their horses, three men handing their reins to the fourth, who was the horse holder. The horse holders, Corporal Oldbuck in charge, trotted out of the line of skirmishers.

Warren said: "You will take the right, Mr. Benteen. Mr. Mixler, the left."

The troopers scattered thinly along the brow of the rim, crouching among the rocks, resting behind the base of the pines. McSween walked along the line grumbling: "Ye've got nawthin' to hurry about, either. And mind the orders. I will beat the ears off the man who fires before he's told."

Benteen walked to the right side of



"They're relatives of the boss—here for the World's Fair"

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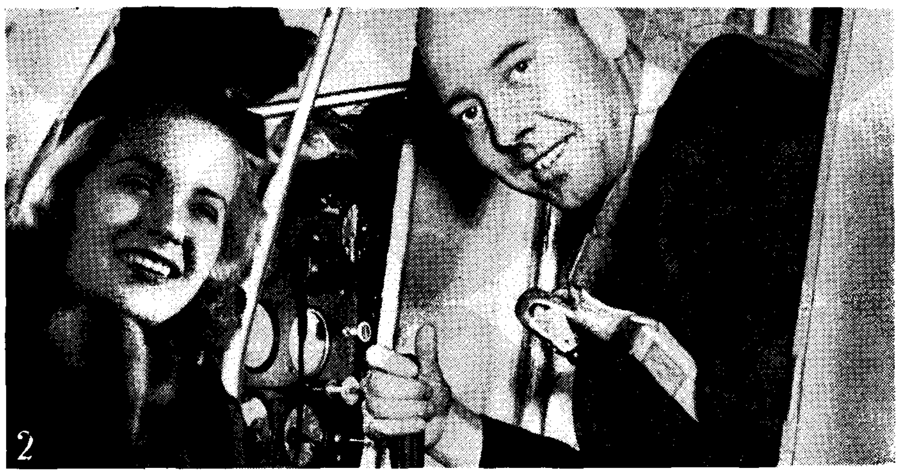

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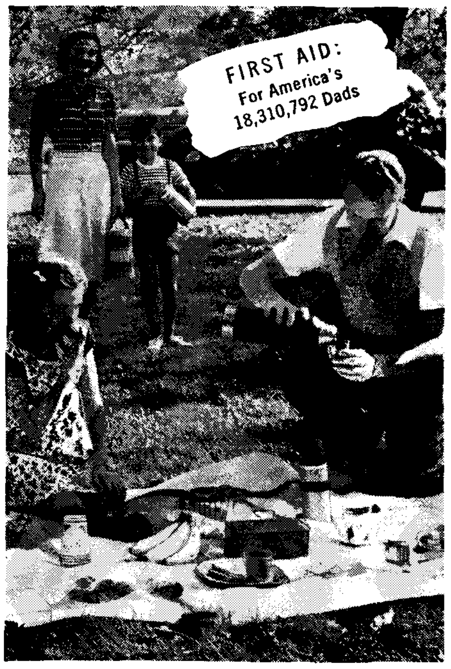
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**The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

1 LB. NET
Cocomalt
MALTED FOOD DRINK
FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS A & D
IRON, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS

the line, taking position behind a tree. From this position, he looked across the ravine to the opposite rim and saw Antone's band break out of the timber and trot into the clearing; they came in a straggling, reluctant wave, and as he watched them break into sight he realized that the full force of Antone's warriors was represented here. There were more Indians than troopers.

Warren said, still even-voiced: "Take aim on the horses."

Meanwhile Phil Castleton, sweeping down the spine of the ridge, reached a point where that ridge curved westward and joined the other ridge girting the mining-camp gulch. Trees thickened here and the junction of the ridges made a chopped-up area that cut off any very definite view ahead. All he clearly saw was the margin of the gulch on his right hand. There was a freshening fire somewhere ahead of him, which was Harrison pushing in against the Apaches. Hanna rode beside him and the other five troopers came behind. Van Rhyn was here and Canreen, and Lefferts the Hollander, and the two inseparable partners of I Troop, Gordon and Maris.

THEY turned with the rough ground, keeping out of the hollows as much as possible. His first tangible sight of the fight was a smoky curling of dust through the trees, marking the quick passage of horsemen and this, he judged, was a fresh party of Antone's men coming out of the south to join the main band. He knew then that it was a serious fight, for it was not customary for Apaches to bunch up and throw themselves against cavalry unless they were extremely certain of their ground. He was remembering now the talk of old-timers around the post. They had said that Antone would fade like a shadow until his own prestige forced him to a fight; or until support came out of these hills to join him. This was the way it stood.

He debated sending back a messenger to tell Warren of the new Indians drifting in; and dismissed the impulse, not wanting to cut the strength of his detail down. He had his hard moment then in realizing he was out of the main fight. Warren had put him here to act only as a flank guard. Knowing it, knowing that he stood aside as the engagement swept around him and left him high and dry, he had his bitter wish for twenty men behind his back. With that many he had no doubt of his ability to drive into the timber and roll the Apaches back against Harrison, or throw them pell-mell into the ravine for Warren to handle.

Dust thickened as he went along and the firing was quite close, so close that a stray shot clipped a pine's high branch directly ahead of him. Then, staring along the rugged up-and-down earth, he saw Apaches drifting into the timber. At once he threw his arms outward as a deploying signal. It brought his men into line abreast of him and here he stopped for a moment, standing in his stirrups with his body thrown forward and all his wild eagerness coming up.

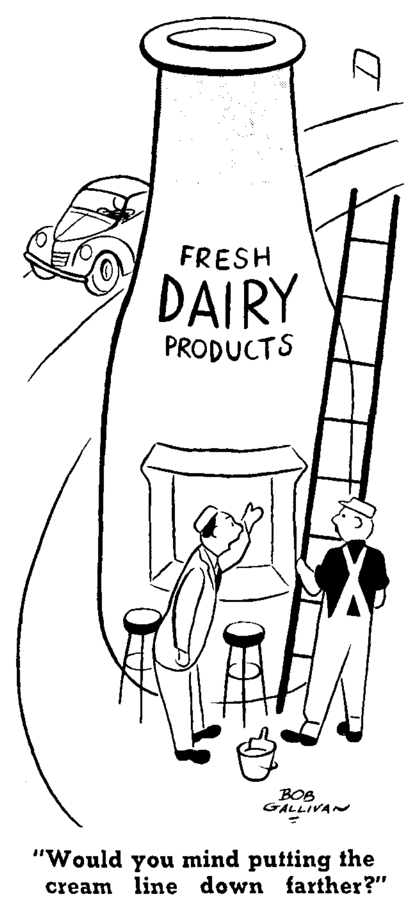
Hanna murmured: "Driftin' this way."

The Apaches eddied toward Castleton; they were loosely scattered through the trees and they were in no hurry. Now and then some of them wheeled back and disappeared, as though testing the strength of Harrison's men, as though guilefully drawing Harrison's men deeper into the trees. The dust boiled up more and more and the shot echoes beat out harder. There was, he thought, increased activity farther to the north, near the pass; the main fighting seemed to be over there. These Indians in front of him formed the elusive flank of Antone's band. He saw only seven or eight of them in the dust.

He looked down at his closed fists, he drew his deep-reaching breath, and settled in the saddle. He glanced to either side, his cheeks tight and his long chin hardened. Hanna's black old-soldier eyes were taciturn, but he knew what Hanna was thinking, even as he spoke: "Come on!"

He rushed ahead, lifting his revolver. Hanna spurred near, carbine coming up, and all the others rose and fell with the shifting terrain. They drove out of the potholes, straight into the trees and into the whirling dust, straight into this shadowy confusion. Apaches shifted before him and he began firing at the slipping shapes and he began calling: "Come on—come on!" Around him suddenly was the blast of the troopers' guns.

The trees surrounded him on all sides. He saw an Apache capsize from the saddle, and saw another rush across his path, low and fast, firing as he raced. They dissolved before him. As he pushed through the pines, it was as if he reached out his hand for a sure grip and closed his fingers on nothing but air. But they were around him. He felt the whip of their lead, close and strong; and at once, snarled in the timber, he found himself caught in a swift attack. They were closing around him thicker than he had ever thought they could be. In these shadows they were lesser shadows, their fire cross-ripping him.



"Would you mind putting the cream line down farther?"

BOB GALLIVAN

HE PLUNGED on, firing at these shadows, and calling: "Come on—keep together—come on!" A pine branch cut him across the face, carrying away his hat and blinding him momentarily. He heard Hanna's horse grunt and go down; he heard Canreen cry: "Ah—!" He was ahead of his men, too far ahead, and in the cloudy dust there was nothing he could lay a shot on. Wheeling around he saw Hanna standing over his dead horse, tall and spraddle-legged, firing and cursing and firing again. Canreen was crawling forward on his hands, his head lobbing down. Lefferts sprang out of his saddle and plunged against a tree for shelter. Hanna bawled: "Get down—get down—'tis another trap!" Gordon lumbered forward on foot, scrambling over a deadfall and dropping behind it. Maris followed. Van Rhyn charged his horse straight at this shelter and then reeled back, vainly grabbing for the swell of his saddle; he was down, at once lost to sight.

Castleton remained on his horse. He continued to turn the horse, he slashed his shots at the blur of Apaches ringing him. They were like the insubstantial visions of a dream, unreachable, yet thickening constantly. Antone's men were all rushing up to this spot for the kill. Hanna looked up at him, his black, wise eyes full of things that he couldn't mention. All he said was: "Ye had better get off that hawrss—we'll be here awhile." Firing swelled and crashed into this spot; there was a steady fall of pine needles on Castleton's head.

FROM the east ridge Benteen watched the Apaches come down the far slope into the mine ravine, still unaware of the soldiers before them. He murmured: "Aim at the horses, and wait for the command to fire." Harrison's men were putting a steady pressure on Antone's band, forcing them out of the timber. But there was a growing rattle of carbines off to the southwest. The center of the fight swung that way, quickly and in surprising volume. Benteen turned to Warren, seeing the major's face veer in the same direction. An Indian spurred out of the timber and shouted something to the Apaches now in the gulch, whereupon part of the band swung back up the side of the gulch. Suddenly Warren bawled out: "That's Castleton in a fight! Benteen, take your men around there!"

Benteen rushed for his horse, followed by the whole right half of the line. The horse holders rushed up. Warren yelled at his own section: "All right—fire!" They let go on the mounted warriors in the ravine. From his saddle, galloping along the spine of the ridge, Benteen watched the Apache horses fall, he watched Indians race back for shelter, he saw them lie low on their ponies and break in all directions.

He came down to the junction of the ridges with his men hard on his heels, struck the potholes and heard the full force of the fight in front of him. Smoke and dust rolled up from the trees; the Apaches were howling full-throated in there. He could see them weave through the timber and he thought he saw one trooper still in the saddle.

"On foot!"

He was on the ground, with McSween trotting beside him. Troopers fanned out, lumbering in and out of the potholes, dismounted. They hit the trees, they went on through, taking shelter and firing and slipping forward again. Smoke smell and dust smell were rank underneath the pine boughs and the Apache horses made a confused flitter through all this. Benteen saw Castleton wheel his horse and rush deeper into the pines, headlong and crazed and thoughtless. He yelled at Castleton. The troopers drove away at the Apaches. One little warrior, flat on the bare back of his pony skimmed in front of Benteen, trying for a shot. Benteen knocked him down. Gordon and Maris raised their heads over a deadfall, saw Benteen come up, and rose to join the line.

Benteen jumped over the deadfall and stumbled against the small shape of Van Rhyn dead on the ground. Canreen sat with his back to a tree; he held a hand across his belly and stared at Benteen, shaking his head. Sergeant Hanna lay curled up on the pine needles with one big fist still gripping his revolver. He had his eyes open but he was dead.

Harrison's men were coming near, pinching in the Apaches from the other side. Benteen heard Harrison's crusty voice calling; and he saw the Apache horses wheeling back toward the mine ravine. This was a quick turn in the fight, and immediately he called to his men, bringing them around toward the ravine: "Come up—follow me!"

(To be concluded next week)

香檳撲六

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

ZAPALOVACÍ SVÍČKA CHAMPION

МОТОРНИ СВѢЩИ ШАМПИОНЪ

CHAMPION SÜÜTEKÜÜNAL

หัวเทียน "แชมเปี้ยน"

VELA CHAMPION

CHAMPION TÆNDSTIFT

ΜΠΟΥΖΙ ΤΣΑΜΠΙΟΝ

BUJIAS CHAMPION

ŚWIECA ZAPŁONOWA CHAMPION

CHAMPION SYTYTYSTULPPA

“[illegible]” [illegible]

CHAMPION TENDPLUGGER

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

ચૅમ્પિઅન પ્લગ

[illegible]

BOUGIE
CHAMPION

CANDELE
CHAMPION

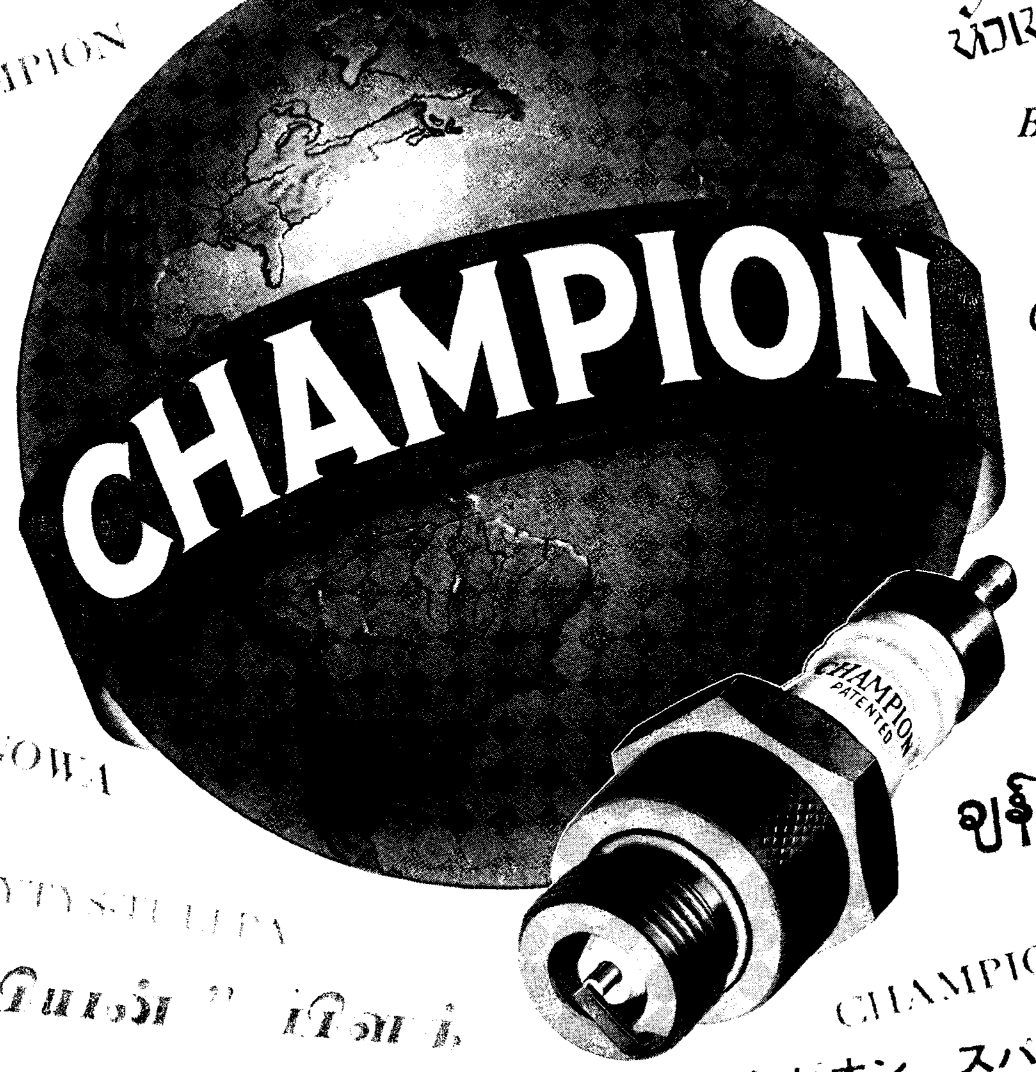
CHAMPION
SVEČU

CHAMPION
BUJILERI

ချန်ပီရန်။ မီးပလတ်။

CHAMPION ZÜNDKERZE

チャンピオン、スパークプラグ



*If you are curious about the identity of these various foreign languages, write the Champion Spark Plug Co., 907 Upton Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, and an identifying sheet will be sent you.

Symbol of Better Engine Performance *in ANY language*

Wherever modern internal combustion engines are engaged in serving humanity, either on highways, waterways or airways, on the farms, in the homes or in industry, Champion Spark Plugs are recognized and preferred for the better performance they exact from every engine. Now Sillment-sealed against troublesome gas or compression leakage, common to ordinary spark plugs, new Champions with their exclusive Sillimanite insulators set *new* and *unequaled* performance standards. Demand Champions for your car because you can depend on them.

MORE POWER
MORE SPEED
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PLUGS
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SERVICE

The Sign of Dependable Service

IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS *Demand* CHAMPIONS

● Put 'em through their paces! Your feet will take it and bounce back for more if you're wearing *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians . . . fitted to your feet *in action!*

Bostonians' foot-form inner-soles are built to fit every moving part of your feet . . . support and cushion you every step of the way. Make no mistake—only fitted feet can be *active* feet. Only when shoes *feel* right do they *look* right!

Be *Walk-Fitted* today in good-looking, good-feeling Bostonians . . . you'll be on your toes all Summer long.

Bostonian Shoes . . . Whitman, Mass.

$7.50 to $11.00

Keep 'Em Cool this Summer in *Clayton;* classic, all-white buck (left, above). Also in ventilated white Tropical calf and tan; (right, above).

Refreshing Close-up (right) *Clayton;* good-looking, all-white Bostonian, or *Rivoli;* breezily ventilated, white and tan.

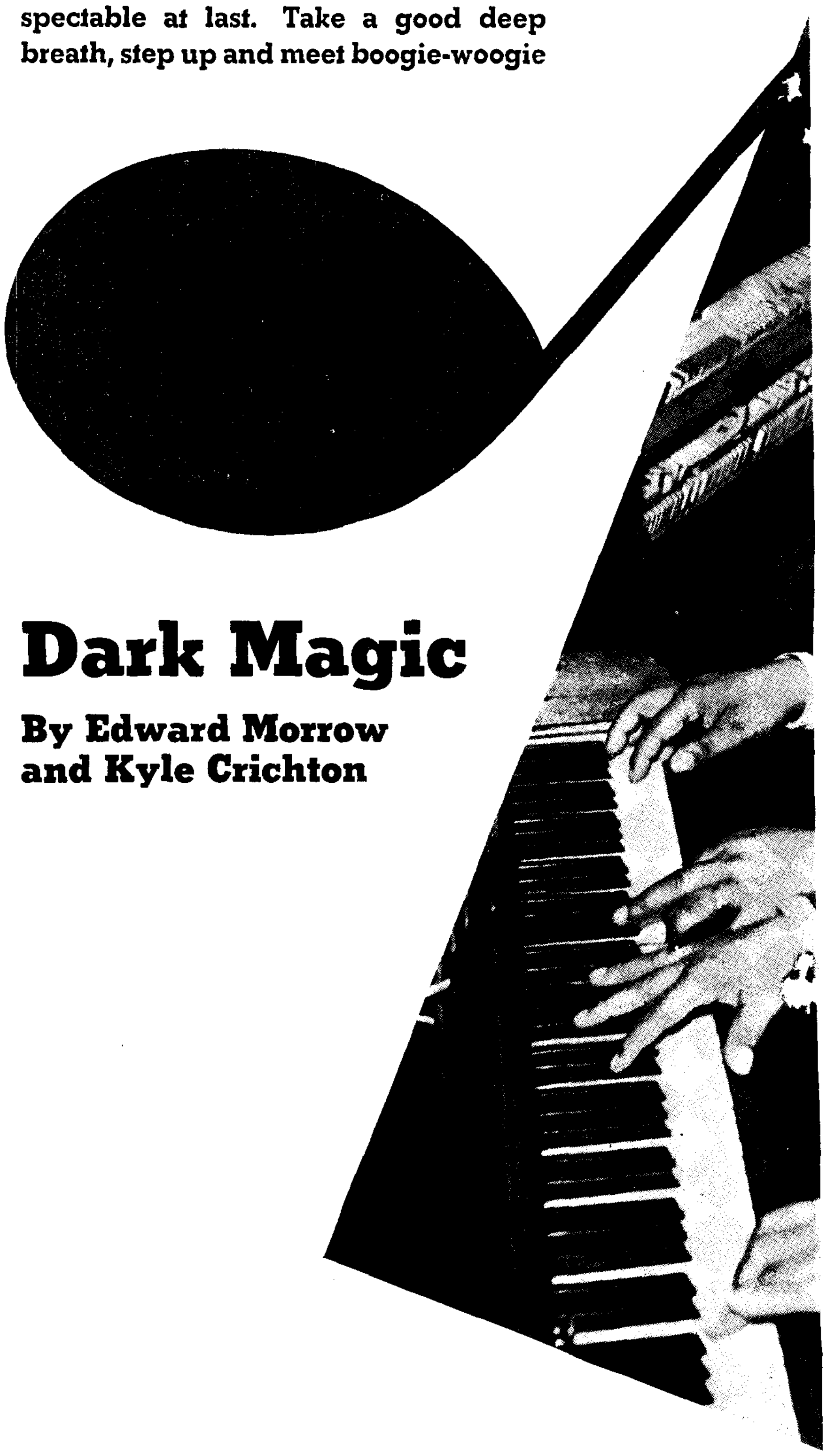
Take it easy in Rivoli! — smart, ventilated Bostonian Tropical, left above. Center: *Monk;* grand-feeling sports moccasin. Right: *Malvern*—cool, comfortable, handsome!

At Leisure or Play you'll look and feel like a million this Summer in good-looking, *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT •• *they're Walk-Fitted*

Gay and disreputable from the word go, swing's latest and liveliest child has crossed the tracks and become respectable at last. Take a good deep breath, step up and meet boogie-woogie



Dark Magic

By Edward Morrow and Kyle Crichton

JUST when we were settling down to a season of world fairs, world wars, snake bites and woe, we are confronted by a new form of malevolence answering to the name of boogie-woogie. Since it is impossible to explain boogie-woogie to any decent citizen over the age of thirty, it can be recognized only by its symptoms. If at the sound of a strange kind of music, your offspring begin to twist mysteriously about on one spot, wriggling such portions of the anatomy as are not likely to be exercised again until the last Swede hurls the last calisthenic, you will have conclusive proof that boogie-woogie has entered the youthful blood stream.

This particular species of apoplexy has been known to a few connoisseurs around Chicago for years but it was only at Christmastime last year at Carnegie Hall that New York experienced its first stroke. It was, to be exact, around 10:15 on the night of December 23, 1938, that three colored pianists named Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson sat down at their respective instruments and proceeded to engage themselves in what is familiarly known as a "cutting" session. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lewis were seated before the customary grand pianos. Mr. Ammons

IFOR THOMAS

confronted a battered upright contrivance which had a banjo and drum accompaniment. The excitement mounted at such a pace that by the time the gentlemen had finished it was necessary for the management to request the guests to come down off the chandeliers. Boogie-woogie, swing's newest child, was "in."

Nightly since then the three have carried on their internecine activities at the new night club in Greenwich Village called Café Society. Boogie-woogie is really a thirty-third degree of gut-bucket (low swing) and is shown at its best when the boys engage in competition. They go in for hot riffs (improvised musical phrases) in a way that has the patrons standing on the tables and kicking waiters under the chin as they pass. What distinguishes it from other forms of swing piano playing is the steady bass, the complicated hammering, intricate bass that never stops. Since that Carnegie Hall debut, the excitement has mounted steadily, with boogie-woogie records heading best-seller lists and white pianists struggling valiantly to master this quaint form of dementia lest the parade rush right on past them.

In that cockeyed world that is known as swingdom, boogie-woogie comes close to being the most American, the most elemental. It comes straight from the honky-tonks, the holes-in-the-wall, the little dives along the water front. That it is now the subject of erudite articles by critics is a trifle bewildering to such as Meade Lux Lewis. After two months at Café Society, he was heard to say: "This is the first time we ever played in a spot where the boss wasn't a gorilla and we didn't have to keep one ear cocked for the cop's whistle."

The boogie-woogie piano probably had its roots at the fountainhead of jazz, New Orleans, and

(Continued on page 78)

Shirt Etiquette for Summer in one easy lesson

1. **SLEEVE-ROLLING** air-conditions your forearms . . . but a lightweight Arrow Summer Shirt, with its countless tiny pores, keeps *all* of you ventilated—wrist to shoulder, tummy to throat.

2. **SUMMER IS NO TIME** for tight collars, but that's no excuse for unhitching top-buttons. Arrow Summer Shirts *never* shrink out of fit. Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1%!

3. **WHEN YOU TAKE OFF** your coat, never expose a messy midriff. Arrow Summer Shirts have the exclusive Mitoga cut that eliminates excess fabric, that is shaped the way a man is built.

4. **ARROW SUMMER SHIRTS** (smart patterns as well as white), have the finest of all collars—Arrows! Get some at your Arrow dealer's now for a cool Summer. $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

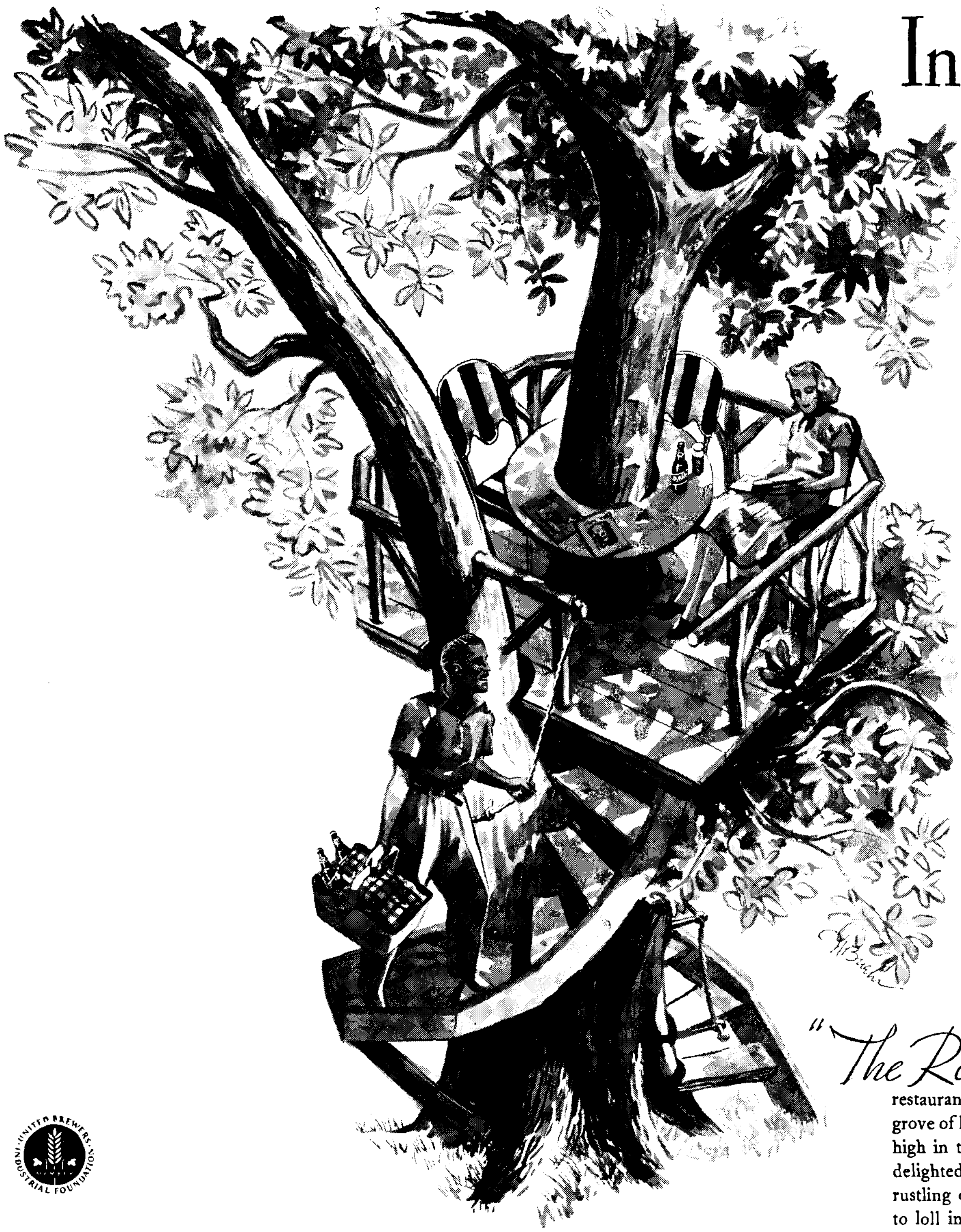
ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Informal Hospitalit

in settings ide

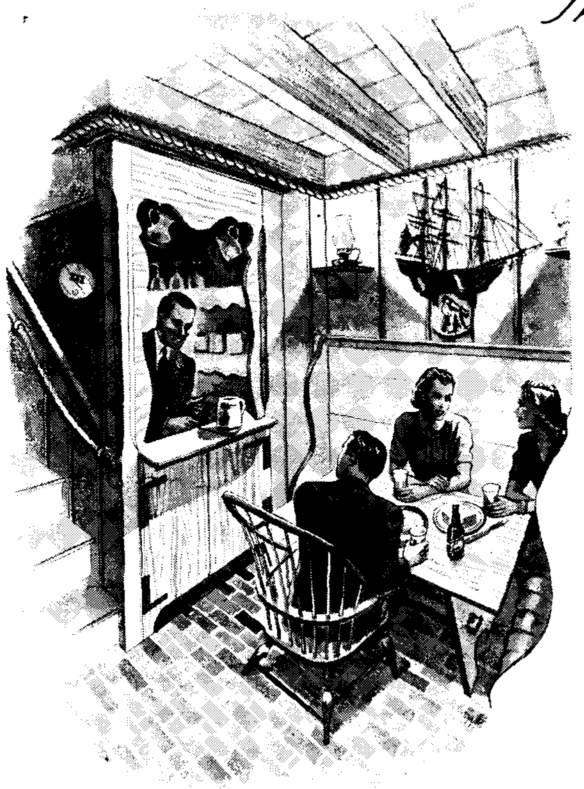


Upstairs — downstairs — *somewhere* around t
house is a place for an informal "hospitality cc
ner." Its purpose is to make entertaining easic
more enjoyable. When gatherings of congeni
couples are planned, or when neighbors drop i
this friendly spot is a perfect background.

Here, too, is the place for the midnight snac
the Dutch lunch, the brimming glasses of pal
gold Schlitz. The brewers of the beer that mac
Milwaukee famous have asked an outstandir
authority on home design — a prominent contril
utor to home decorating magazines — to sugge
a few of the many possible treatments for "ho
pitality corners." His sketches and comments a
found on these two pages.

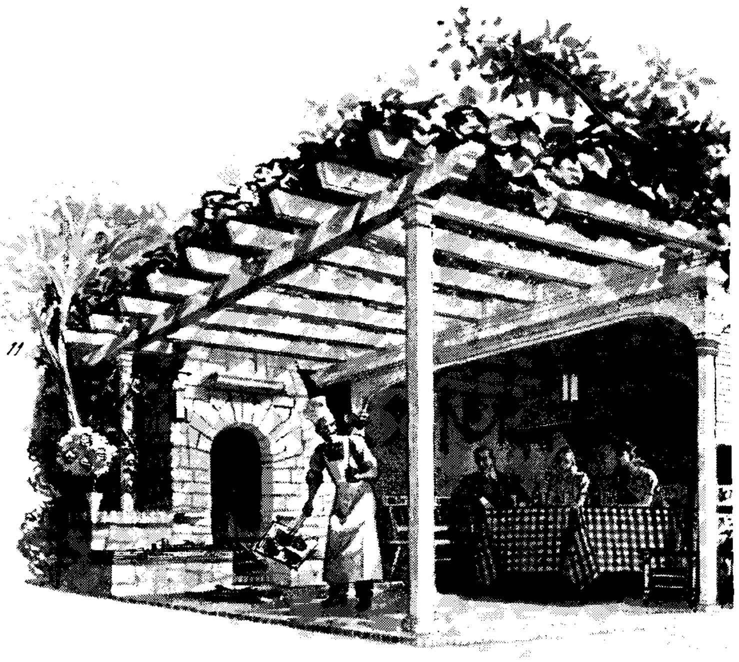
These suggestions are intended, not as con
plete plans, but merely as basic ideas — leavin
you free to work out your own adaptation to yo
particular home. It's a world of fun to make
"hospitality corner" and an endless source c
pleasure after it's finished.

"*The Roost*" — *a platform buried in the foliage of a big tree.* There is
restaurant in a suburb outside Paris, called "Robinson," which is set in
grove of huge old trees. The patron has built dining platforms at various leve
high in the branches of the trees, reached by winding rustic stairs. Here th
delighted guests are served their dinners amid the twitter of birds and th
rustling of the wind through the leaves. What could be more pleasant tha
to loll in a deck chair on a hot summer day, cool in the privacy of a leaf
green cave, with a picnic lunch and a cold brown bottle?

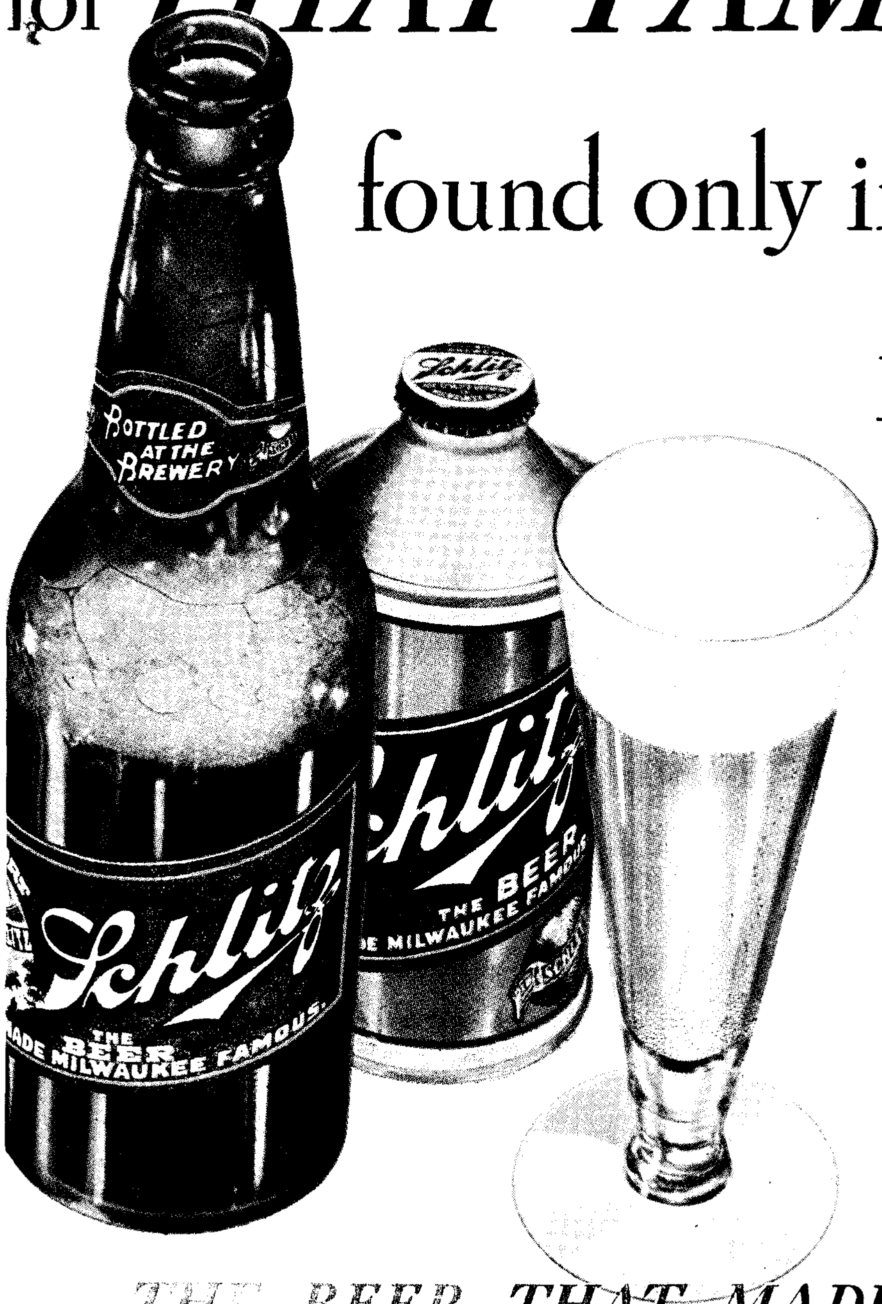


"*The Bo'sun's Rest*" — *an English Seaside Inn.* An unused corner of the basement, partitioned with random width pine boards lightly stained. Existing cellar beams sprayed with stain to make the inn ceiling. High backed settles with leatherette cushions in bright red or green — ship models, hurricane lamps and other nautical equipment on brackets — linoleum in a brick pattern on the floor. A quaint swing-door bar carved out of the space under the stairs, with rows of pewter mugs, musty kegs, and gleaming pilsner glasses on the shelves. Furnished with simple oak tavern tables and sturdy windsor chairs.

"*Al Fresco*" — *a Dining Terrace with a Shelter House.* The shelter, which may either be attached to the home or built in some picturesque spot in the grounds, can be very simple — merely a framework roofed with roofing paper and with the back boarded up. Or it can have a brick or rough stone wall with venetian blinds at the ends and front for shelter. The interior might be whitewashed and a high shelf could be decked with bright colored peasant pottery and copper as well as potted plants. It should contain a long settle, a trestle table, some iron or wooden chairs and several deck chairs. The arbor to have grapevines trained over it and an outdoor fireplace at one end for cooking.



for THAT FAMOUS FLAVOR found only in SCHLITZ


BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

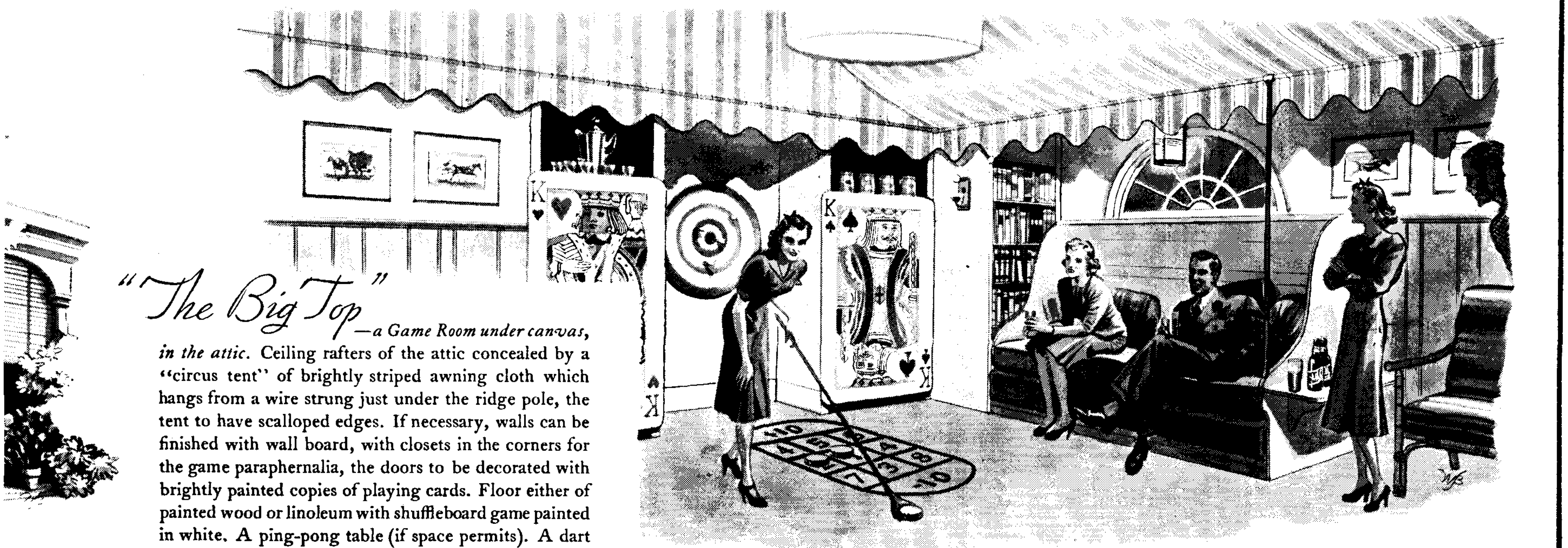
Dry... *not sweet... neither is it bitter*

People who like real beer invariably love Schlitz. Its fragrant, distinctive bouquet is proof of its true-beer goodness. This great brew captures the piquant tang of the hops, yet it is not bitter; the full-bodied richness of the malt, yet it is not sweet. That famous flavor is cherished around the world.

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle*. *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN*. An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always*. Schlitz pioneers again!

Copr. 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

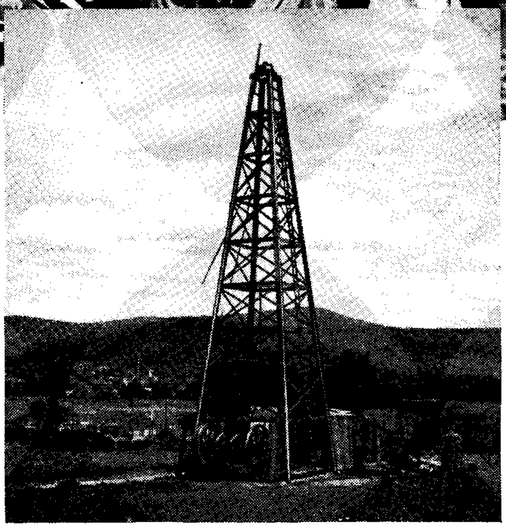
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"*The Big Top*"—*a Game Room under canvas, in the attic.* Ceiling rafters of the attic concealed by a "circus tent" of brightly striped awning cloth which hangs from a wire strung just under the ridge pole, the tent to have scalloped edges. If necessary, walls can be finished with wall board, with closets in the corners for the game paraphernalia, the doors to be decorated with brightly painted copies of playing cards. Floor either of painted wood or linoleum with shuffleboard game painted in white. A ping-pong table (if space permits). A dart game, broad comfortable settle with plenty of cushions and of course some bridge tables and chairs.

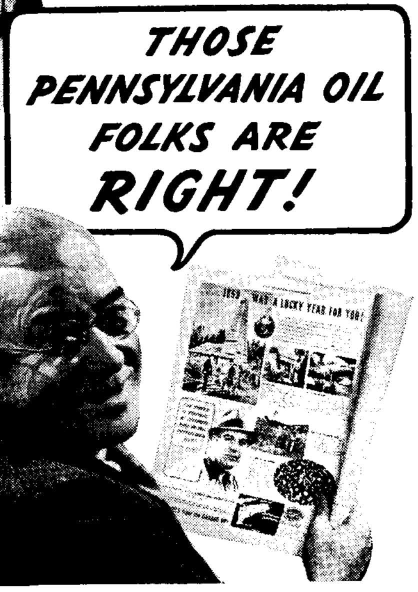
NEVER A SOUR NOTE...

A swing band of the early Pennsylvania oil days. A young rail clerk named Andrew Carnegie owned part of the Columbia Oil Company, sponsors of these gay trumpeters. Perhaps he doubled in brass — history doesn't say — but these are some of the world's first oil men, caught in a frivolous moment by an early day photographer. Despite these expressions and these uniforms a learned historian writes, "The word of a Pennsylvania oil man was as good as a U. S. bond." P. S. It still is.



The symbol of oil—an old-time drilling rig still in operation. Thousands of these derricks once dotted the hills and valleys of the Pennsylvania region. Today more modern equipment is usually employed to reach down into the treasure chest where Mother Nature keeps her most precious crude oil. But there are still a lot of these ancient rigs in service producing Pennsylvania Crude for you.

"Hi, old timer—don't ever let anybody tell you that So-and-So Oil is as good as Pennsylvania —our daddy says 'Pennsylvania first, last and always' — and believe us twins, he knows!"


THOSE PENNSYLVANIA OIL FOLKS ARE RIGHT!
1939 WAS A LUCKY YEAR FOR YOU!

There is no substitute for 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil in your crankcase — and you can bank on this fact whether your car is old or new. Stick to Pennsylvania. That's how to dodge oil trouble.

What does an engine do to your motor oil? Scientists at The Pennsylvania State College can tell you exactly what happens and exactly how the different oils react to relentless punishment. Here are bottled samples of various oils, after uniform hours of crankcase test, ready for analysis. No matter how gruelling the test, 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils clearly demonstrate their natural superiority.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
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MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
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Made from
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This is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this Association's rigid standard in every respect.

This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

Copyright 1939, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

It Isn't Natural

Continued from page 11

substance that can be thick and horny. But they also found, thinned out, it gives the ladies lovely pastel-colored raincoats, as diaphanous as clouds, that are rot-proof, will not wrinkle and are noninflammable. They process this substance, keroseal, over gingham, linen and silk, making them moisture- and sunproof, more durable and stainless even if the fountain pen leaks.

Two other manufacturers are processing natural fabrics with a similar coating. This is nothing like the waxy one we had several years ago that washed away. It means we have boys' shirts, summer suits, curtains, awnings, tennis dresses and a hundred and one other things that won't stain. Maybe Monday won't be washday in 1940!

Glass wool is the newest miracle. Glass fiber has been used as insulating material for some time. But someone in the laboratory began twisting even finer glass filaments into a thread, and now we have a heavy, lustrous cloth looking like the damask that came off French silk looms a generation or two ago. It is too heavy for dresses yet. The models who have worn the few frocks that have been made up say it itches. But, as an evening wrap, it shimmers like something out of the wardrobe of the Empress Eugénie.

Interior decorators have pounced upon the cloth for window drapes because there it hangs, month in and month out, shedding the dust and cheating moths of their dinner. The really stubborn part about this glass wool is that it won't take dye. The deep topaz and the wondrous blue that we get in our tumblers are only pale suspicions of tints when the glass is spun out into the delicate filaments that weave into cloth. But for the women who feel their personality is best set off against white drapes and white furnishings, there is now glass-wool jacquard and an open-weave marquisette for curtains.

Aluminum foil is a get-your-man material if ever there was one. There is nothing of the kitchen about it. It shines and gleams like lamé. It is a silver sheath for slippers and evening bags. Woven in a thick mesh, it makes a bodice a Valkyrie would wear on Sundays. If the luster grows dim, polish from the kitchen and a chamois will do the trick. Geologists say we can wear any amount of aluminum we like because of the extensive bauxite deposits in the United States.

Rubber, Rubber Everywhere

Rubber is important in our new scheme of clothing. Six years ago stylists conceded rubber yarn a place in women's undergarments. Two years later they admitted it would do also for bathing suits. Now they just look helpless when you ask how far this rubber-thread material is going. Several hundred manufacturers are making it into jackets, hosiery, lace and the backing for suède shoes. It goes into the woof of men's suitings to keep trousers from bagging. As the back of a waistcoat it is supposed to give every man that svelte-torso look. Jodhpurs and riding breeches cut from a material with rubber thread interwoven have a way of fitting snugly without binding.

If men can stifle their prejudices long enough to look closely at some of the hats women are wearing, they'll find that those appearing to be ultraglazed straw are actually opaque pliofilm, the rubber substitute the Goodyear Company makes as a side line to tires. But the sailors that look like wood will be exactly that—thin layers of wood cut into a brim and crown.

Plastics didn't cause a flutter in women's wear, except for buttons and buckles, until Du Pont engineers came along recently with lucite, a methyl something or other that manages to be water-clear, flexible, nonshattering and as strong as glass but only half as heavy. It straightway has become the darling of every accessory designer, so that now we're getting lucite on bag handles and for costume jewelry. Never mind whether lucite is good for surgical instruments and table tops, the point is that it makes exciting transparent heels and platform rims for evening slippers. For day wear the plastic molders give us scuffless heels, simulating leather or linen.

Milk yarn hasn't developed very far in this country yet for the pleasant reason that we have an ample supply of real wool. Italy's wool story, however, is entirely different, and the chemists there have worked hard to produce the milk-wool substitute that they call lanital. The process of making it is not difficult; instead of the wood pulp used for rayon, casein is treated with slightly different modifying agents and the result is a soft fluffy fabric for baby or you.

Rayon, the Old Reliable

All of these materials put together don't begin to bulk with the rayon we use every day. A recent survey in New York City shops indicated that sixty-four per cent of dresses selling up to forty dollars were of the two types of rayon, viscose or acetate. Each season these fibers are squirted out of their chemical state into filaments looking twice as natural as real linen, cotton, wool and silk.

Even the Eastman Company (whom we have always thought of as being busy with kodaks and films) is making people blink with its year-old crimped yarn, which is now being woven into women's dress materials as well as into downy blankets, hats, swank knitted sweaters and men's suitings. The brew that becomes film, it seems, needs no other magic than to be squirted through a pinhole nozzle and it is rayon filament.

Now men have made an organic textile fiber wholly and entirely from minerals; and we are asked to believe that a combination of coal, air and water will provide the gals with spider-web stockings more elastic than silk, as well as make brush bristles, fishing leaders, velvets and knitted underwear.

This is not a fairy tale with the Du Pont people; they have been working on the new product for ten years. They call it nylon, and are building an $8,000,000 plant where big-scale production of this fiber will begin next year. Meanwhile, in Virginia, the Celanese Corporation is putting up an equally substantial plant to manufacture what they mysteriously call "an entirely new synthetic yarn for use in every textile field."

The probability is that the test-tube wizards would have evolved all these new fabrics for us even if dearest friendship prevailed on all European frontiers. But with the international situation what it is, it is comforting to know that we will go right on digging into our vast mountains, our coal fields and our prairies, to make whatever fabrics we want. Not dreary, utilitarian materials, but ones with swank, luster and all the glamor a woman can conveniently use.

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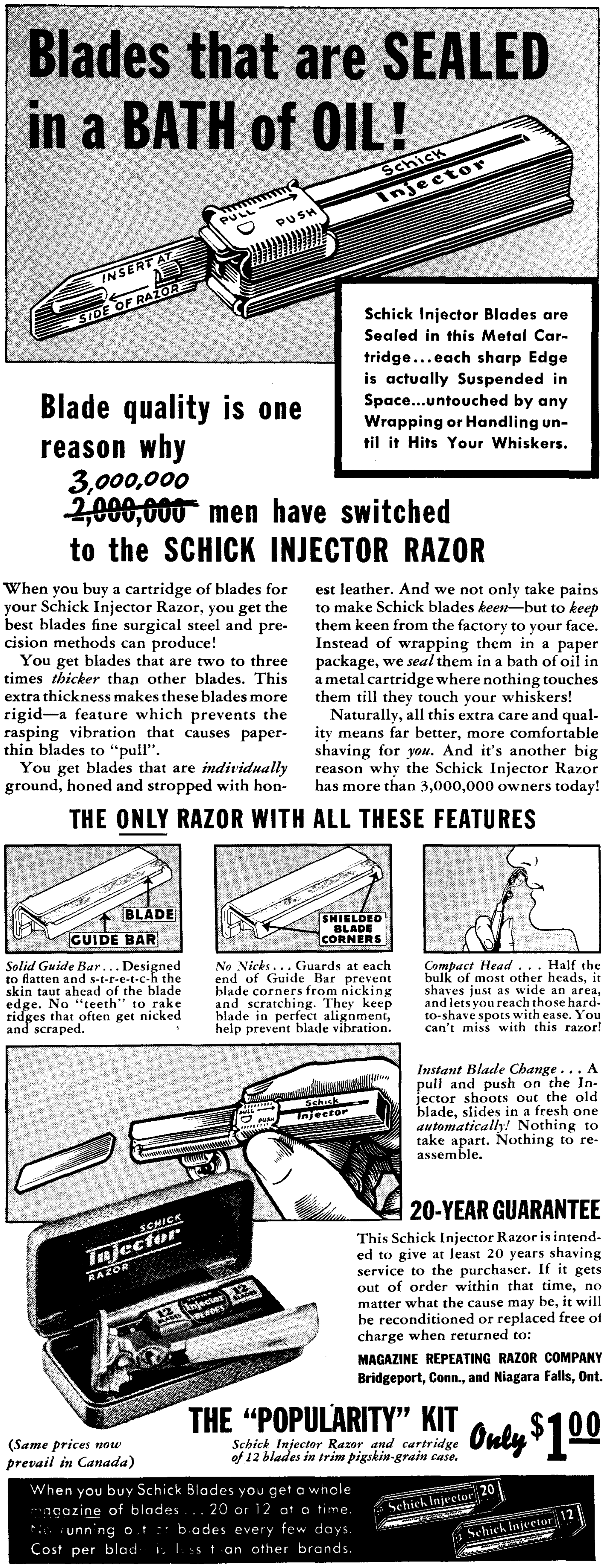

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Schick Injector Blades are Sealed in this Metal Cartridge...each sharp Edge is actually Suspended in Space...untouched by any Wrapping or Handling until it Hits Your Whiskers.

Blade quality is one reason why
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~~2,000,000~~ men have switched
to the SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

When you buy a cartridge of blades for your Schick Injector Razor, you get the best blades fine surgical steel and precision methods can produce!

You get blades that are two to three times *thicker* than other blades. This extra thickness makes these blades more rigid—a feature which prevents the rasping vibration that causes paper-thin blades to "pull".

You get blades that are *individually* ground, honed and stropped with honest leather. And we not only take pains to make Schick blades *keen*—but to *keep* them keen from the factory to your face. Instead of wrapping them in a paper package, we *seal* them in a bath of oil in a metal cartridge where nothing touches them till they touch your whiskers!

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Singing Girl

Continued from page 29

gleamed on the side table, and somewhere incense burned. The two doors at the ends of the room were closed.

"Hi, inside!" Arky bellowed.

One of the doors opened, and a girl appeared. Such a girl as Arky had not seen before on the border. A pearl-sewn mesh covered the dark hair that fell over her slight shoulders.

"*Chlieb sol!*" Her low voice greeted them. "Be welcome."

She had the large eyes and slim throat of a child. Her cheeks were touched with red, and the heavy silk sarafan was much too large for her small figure. Her feet were hidden in red Turkish slippers.

The two Cossacks pulled off their kalpaks and bowed low, their long scalplocks slipping down.

"What men are ye?" she asked.

Kalyan flushed, tongue-tied, but Arky answered readily: "Eh, we're Cossacks in from the snow road. Don't be frightened, lass—lady."

"What seek ye?" she asked quietly.

"Only two sons of dogs," Arky explained. "Two Muscovites who lost the way."

"They are not here, Cossack." She stared past him, frowning.

THE Cossacks were silent, pondering. Then a clear voice spoke from the shadow of the inner door: "Well, lads, you can't take the road in this storm. So you'll share my bread and salt."

They saw a man with unclipped beard. He was wrapped in a sable coat, with high pigskin boots, and his hands moved restlessly as he came into the light.

"Nay," he said, "I am no merchant of Muscovy such as ye seek. I am Sergey Okol, master of this choutar."

"If you know they are merchants," Kalyan answered, "you have seen them, Sergey Okol."

The master of the house shook his head. "Their sledge, yes. I found that. The men, no— I've seen nothing of them." He considered, rubbing his beard. "I know where they are. But you'll not want to follow there, lads."

After Kalyan had stabled the horses, Sergey Okol bade the girl serve them with food while he kept Arky's bowl filled with brandy and afterward honey mead.

Like a shadow the girl came and went bringing water in a basin to wash their hands and a linen cloth to dry them.

"Enough, Sana," said Sergey Okol.

Without a word she took a plate of food to a corner apart from them and began to eat.

"Now," Kalyan asked quietly, "where went the Muscovites?"

"To the devil, truly." Sergey Okol frowned. "The Tatars caught them."

"How caught them?" Arky demanded.

The fools, Sergey Okol explained, went down to the river to try the ice. They were weary of trudging on the trail. And the Tatars watched the river—the Kalmuk horde of Ghirei Khan had made its winter camp across the river. He had seen the gray devils come down to the bank, to fish through holes in the ice. They watched for human fish, as well.

"Look at that girl, Sana." He lowered his voice, touching his head significantly. "She's out of her mind. She's a *bayadere,* a singing girl of the towns, and she came out with a party of colonists. Poor sheep! They were attacked on the ice by the devils of the horde. Ay, after nightfall it was. Sana ran toward my wood, with the Kalmuks following. When she reached the trees, they turned back. By the Horned One—'tis a miracle she lived."

"Kalmuks can keep to a snow track in the dark," grunted Arky.

"Not in this wood." Sergey Okol smiled. "They won't come a pace into my trees. They think an evil spirit lives in this place. They say it howls at night when hunger gnaws it."

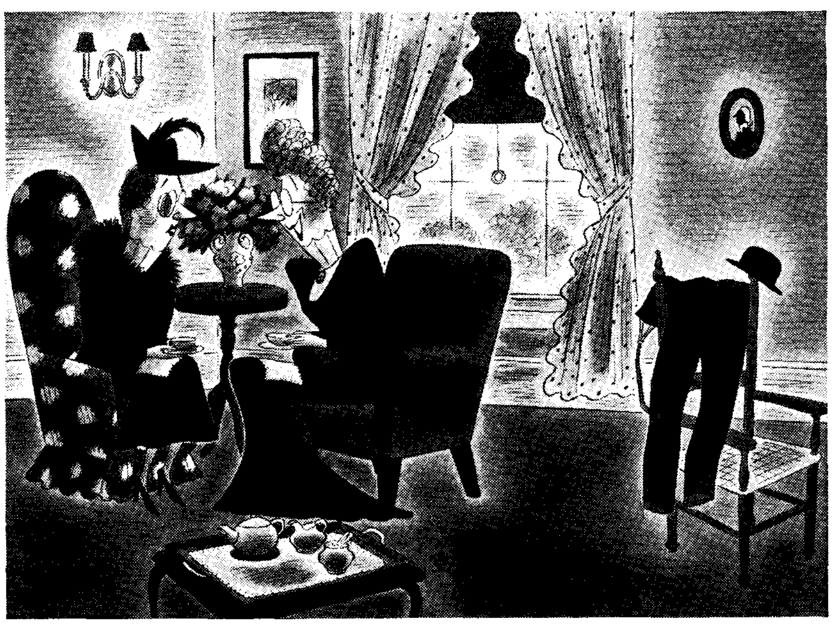
"Eh—that would be a vampire," announced Arky.

"Not a vampire. I don't know what it is. I found Sana lying in the snow." He hesitated, glancing toward the silent girl. "When I passed that place the next day I found the tracks of a wolf that circled the mark of her body. Now at times she talks about darkness that shuts her in like a prison. But, then," Sergey Okol sighed, "her mind is touched."

Sana had put aside her plate and had taken a doll upon her knee. It was a painted doll, of silk and rags, and her fingers worked at it without ceasing.

"You see how it is," Sergey Okol commented. "If she isn't dressing herself, it's the doll."

Stretching his long arms, Kalyan



"I picked them up in a secondhand store, and you've no idea what fun I've had with the girls!"

RICHARD TAYLOR

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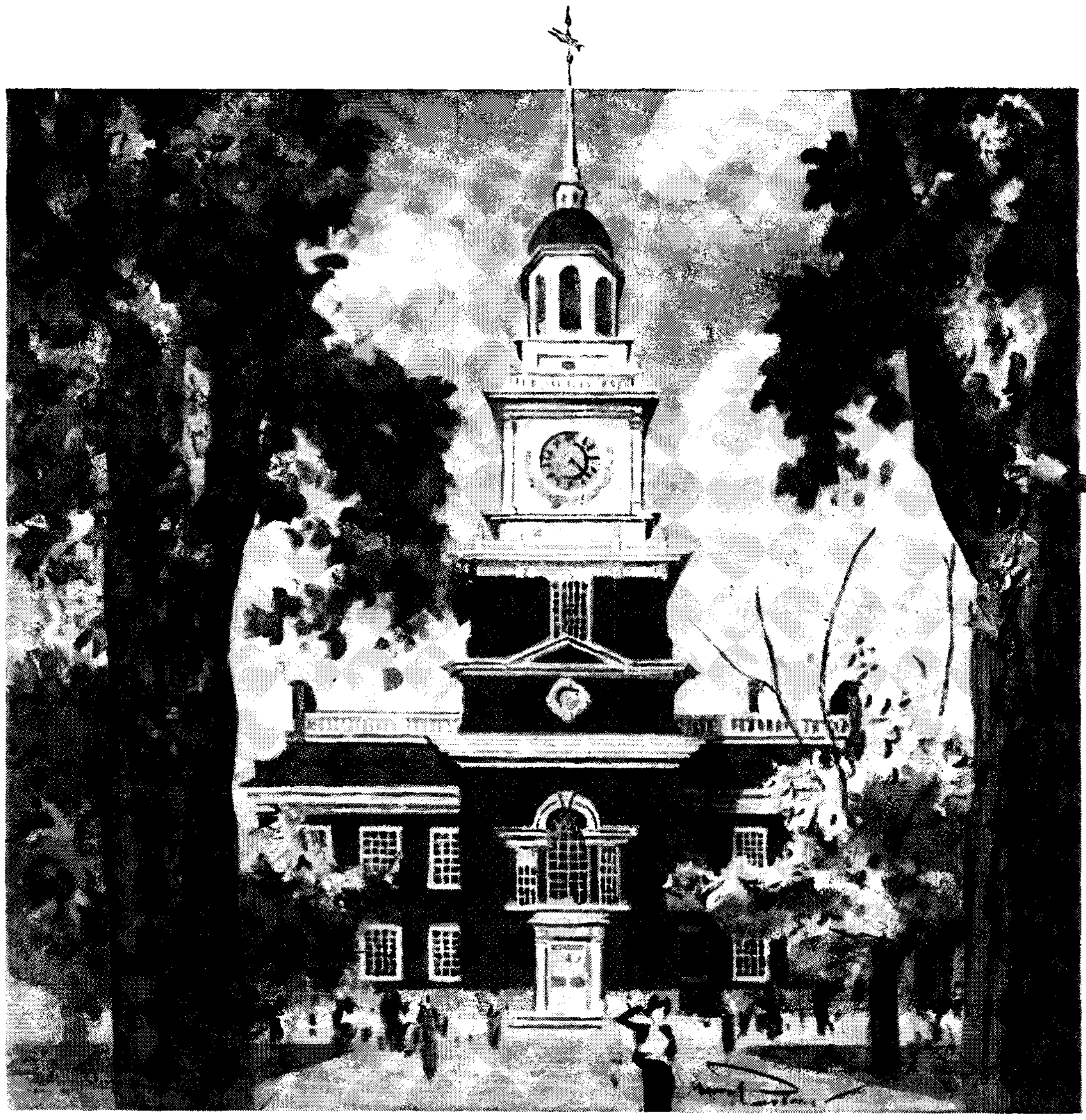
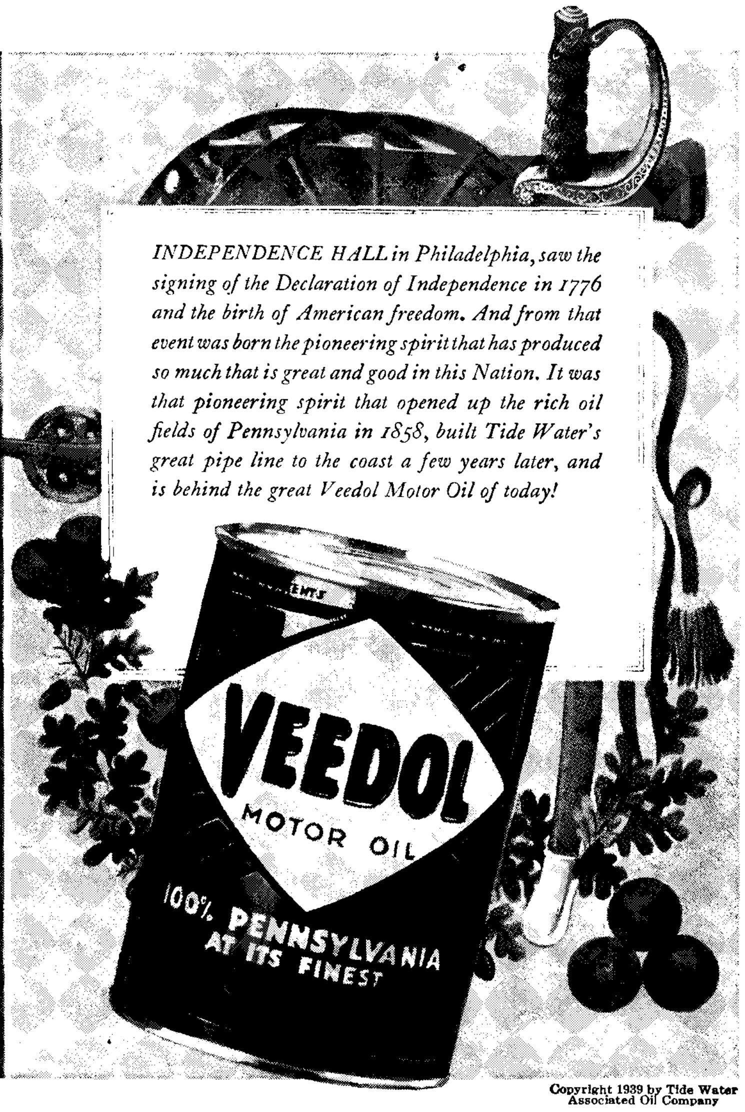
a Careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL





INDEPENDENCE HALL in Philadelphia, saw the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and the birth of American freedom. And from that event was born the pioneering spirit that has produced so much that is great and good in this Nation. It was that pioneering spirit that opened up the rich oil fields of Pennsylvania in 1858, built Tide Water's great pipe line to the coast a few years later, and is behind the great Veedol Motor Oil of today!

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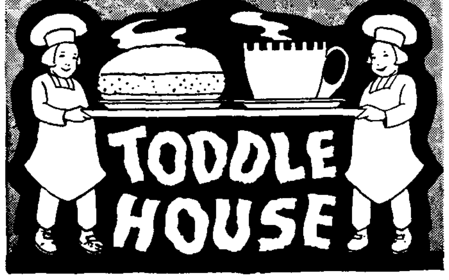

shoved back his bench and went over to the girl.

"What is wrong, lass?" he asked.

Her gray eyes, startled, fastened upon his.

"Go not from the house," she cried. "Go not from the light that burns, into the darkness!"

"Sana!"

With his head Sergey Okol motioned toward the inner room. The girl slipped through the door and Sergey Okol stepped after her, to draw the key from the inside. Closing the door, he locked it, thrusting the key into his sash.

KALYAN picked up his saddlebags and sheepskin and went to the far end of the room. Warily, Arky followed.

"What's biting you, Kalyan?"

"You fool," the young Cossack said softly, "that girl isn't out of her mind."

"Then why—"

"She's playing a part, like a gypsy. She's afraid."

"Well, why not? Isn't this a haunted place?"

"It may be that," Kalyan admitted. "But don't you see that Sergey Okol's lying?"

Arky rubbed his shaven head dubiously. "Don't think about the girl, just because she has eyes like a dove. Go to sleep, Kalyan."

Whereupon he got his own sheepskin, not too steadily. He put his hand on the stove, found it was comfortably warm, and stretched himself out on top of it. He looked around for the icon, and did not find it. So he made the sign of the cross on his forehead. The wind whirled around the house, and the storm raged. He yawned and rolled over in the sheepskin. . . .

By Sana's door lay Sergey Okol, a pistol, primed and cocked, ready to his hand.

Resting against his saddlebags, his eyes half closed, Kalyan was not asleep. He was trying to see with the eyes of his mind what was hidden in the choutar. He knew the river, and the evil that was wrought upon it by men. But he felt in this house an evil that was new to him.

The girl's silent appeal to him—as if she had had lifted a mask from her soul for his eyes alone—he did not know what to do about that.

What did she fear? Probably she had seen a wolf, a large wolf, in the ravine. But wolves did not prey upon men; rather, they fled from them. What was there to fear in a solitary wolf? Something that terrified Kalmuks?

Kalyan did not know. He stared at the great candle flickering above the mass of tallow. From the stove Arky's snores resounded. And by the far door Sergey Okol sighed heavily. As Kalyan watched, the candle flame danced and spread skyward, dancing like the souls of the unburied dead that throng the northern sky—howling like wolves—a rush of cold air chilled the Cossack.

SUDDENLY he woke. The room was dark except for the gray square that he knew was the open door.

Near him a man breathed gustily. "Hey, Kalyan!" Arky squatted down beside him, cold sober for once and blurting out words: "Sergey Okol's gone. *Ekh ma,* don't you see how it is, now? Mother of God, why didn't I think? There isn't a holy picture in the place—no servants—not a dog. Only listen to the horses! *They* know—"

"Stop whining."

Running across the room, Kalyan tried the girl's door. It was locked as before, but Sergey Okol had gone from the rug before it.

Outside the house the howl of a wolf quavered.

"It's him," Arky moaned. "It's the werewolf."

Kalyan stopped dead, the hair stirring up the back of his neck.

"In the hours of darkness the animal soul wakes in him, Kalyan. He goes out from the house and his shape changes. Then he cries out and he hunts. Didn't we see his tracks, larger than any wolf's."

Going to the door, Kalyan looked out. The snow had ceased, and a faint light came through where the clouds had broken overhead. By the feel of the air he judged it was a little before daylight.

"Those merchants ran from the werewolf," Arky muttered. "They never reached the house. Ay, the Kalmuks have heard him howling—they keep away. After sunup, he'll be back in his own shape, when his soul returns to him—"

"What's that light?" Kalyan asked.

Above the palisade and beyond the tops of the firs a flame flickered. It seemed to Kalyan that it might be a torch swinging in circles. But it was too far off to be sure.

Running out the palisade gate, he headed toward it, while Arky, unwilling to be left behind, followed panting.

Ahead of them, suddenly, yellow eyes gleamed, close to the ground. A deep snarl sounded, and a clashing of iron. Kalyan knew it was an animal, and probably a wolf. He drew his saber and went forward slowly.

"Don't—" Arky gasped.

Jaws clashed together, and the black shape of the animal sprang toward the Cossacks. Kalyan slashed down swiftly. The steel of his blade clanged strangely, and left his hand. He threw himself on the ground, beneath the wolf. Gripping its head in his arms, he rolled over—away from the mad thing that clawed his legs. His sword was gone, but an iron chain struck against his shoulders, pinning him down.

Over the rattling of iron and the wolf's snarling, he heard Arky's fighting yell. Steel whined in the air, and he caught a glimpse of Arky slashing at the writhing animal.

FREEING himself from the chain, Kalyan got to his feet. The blurred shape of the wolf was twitching in the snow.

"*Ekh ma,* you rolled like a stuck pig," Arky commented. He was trembling as he stared at the carcass.

Kalyan grunted, retrieving his saber. Investigating the chain, he found that one end was attached to an iron collar around the wolf's throat, the other to a tree trunk. So, the beast had been tied and, unable to escape, had attacked the men. His sword must have struck the chain, or collar—

"Eh, that ought to do for *him,*" Arky ventured. "Isn't it true if a werewolf is wounded the same wounds will be on the body of the man the next day?"

"Oxhead! This is no werewolf. How could a werewolf pick up a loaded pistol and walk off with it? Or light a torch in the forest? We'll find your Sergey Okol with a whole hide where that torch is. Come on."

The Cossacks pushed on through the firs, up a rise that overlooked the wooded ravine and the shore. But no light was visible.

"It was near here," Kalyan pondered. "Ay, it— Listen!"

Nothing moved near them. In the stillness of the snow-muffled shore, they heard a faint cry, a woman's voice. It came from the direction of the choutar.

Kalyan swore under his breath and plunged back down the slope. Coming into the yard, he headed straight through the door, heedless of what might be awaiting him in the darkness. Once inside he stopped dead, listening.

He heard Arky come in cautiously. The big Cossack went toward his saddlebags and in a moment began to strike

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sparks against tinder, carrying the flame to a lantern and lighting it.

"There, kunak," he grunted, surveying the room, "you see. He isn't here!"

The rug was empty, but the door behind it stood open. Taking the lantern, Kalyan examined the small sleeping room. The only trace of Sana was the impress of her body on the bed, and the painted doll lying askew.

"He's been here," Kalyan said.

The Cossacks tried the other door, which led into a storeroom where dried meat hung with herbs. While Kalyan threw the light behind sacks of grain and casks, Arky examined the liquor kegs with interest, sniffing at them and trying their weight. "It's no use, kunak," he grunted, "the man was a wolf, and now the girl's gone. This place is evil. Now after sunup the powers of darkness will cease, and we—" he shook a small keg close to his ear inquisitively, hearing the soft chink of metal that was not iron. "Hi, look at this!"

But Kalyan had gone from the storeroom, leaving the lantern. Outside the house, the sky was turning gray as he hastened to the stable. A horse whinnied behind him, and his piebald pony trotted up, its halter dragging. The two other horses were gone. The saddles, however, were on their pegs. Evidently Sergey Okol had not waited to saddle two mounts.

And he would not go far or fast, riding bareback through fresh snow. Kalyan could see the tracks of the missing horses clearly, in the growing light. To his surprise, they led through a break in the palisade, down toward the river.

"Hi, Kalyan—look!" Arky came shambling up, carrying the small keg. He had pried off the top, and he thrust it under his mate's nose gleefully. It was half full of coins, gleaming softly.

"Gold," Arky whispered. "Ducats, byzants, Arab miskals! Ay, and turquoise and silver bits. Tfu—all that didn't come from Moscow. It came over the river, from the east."

KALYAN hefted the keg thoughtfully. If these were Moslem coins, they had come from the Tatars, and surely Sergey Okol had not sold furs to the hunters of furs.

"That wolf-soul was rich as a Sultan," Arky whispered. "He hid it all in a brandy cask—that's how I found it. Where are the horses, Kalyan?"

Kalyan nodded at the tracks and stepped outside the palisade. In the east an orange streak was spreading, lighting the white channel of the river beneath them.

And out on the river a dozen riders waited, beyond the last firs.

"Tatars!" exclaimed Arky. "Ghirei Khan's men."

Evidently the riders of the horde had not observed the two Cossacks. They seemed to be intent on the wood. After a moment they moved closer together.

Out from the trees two other riders appeared, going toward the Tatars. One a tall man wrapped in black furs, the other a woman.

"Sergey Okol," said Kalyan, "hasn't turned up his toes. There he goes."

"On my horse," groaned Arky, "the son of a dog."

THE Muscovite and the girl headed straight across the river. After they had passed, the Tatars fell in behind them—as if expecting them. Another moment, and the riders had climbed the far bank and disappeared.

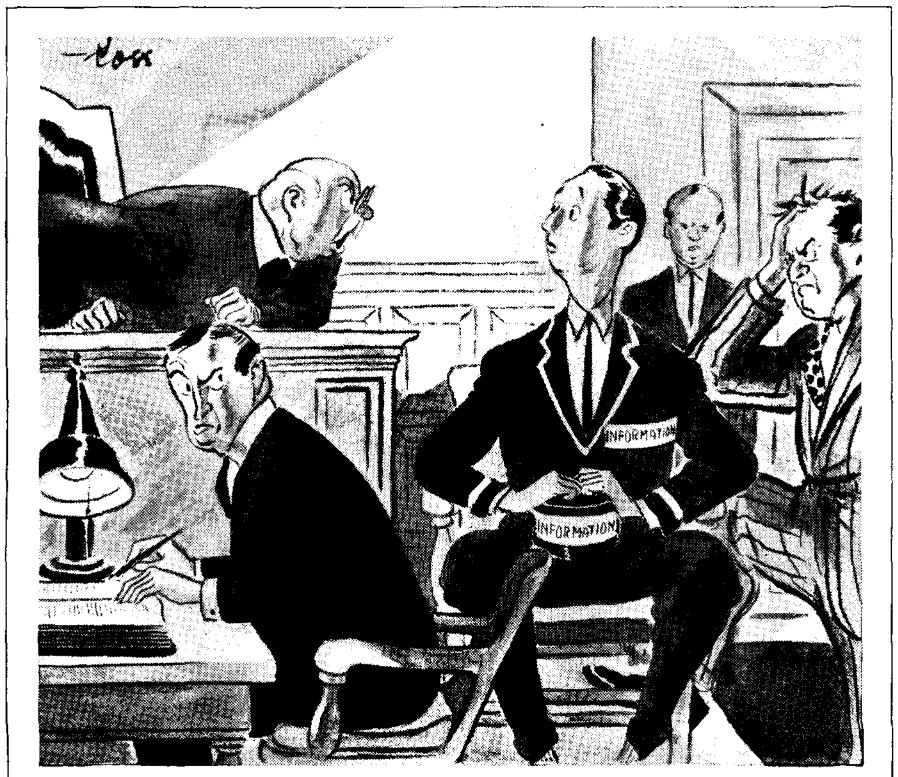
"*Ta virty, bratik,*" Arky exclaimed, "believe me, brother, he's a wolf. Look how the Kalmuks follow him, like a pack." He rattled the keg, lovingly. "Don't they pay him gold? They'd cut us out of our skins. Well, he's left us alive in our hides, Kalyan, and now the sun's up. Saddle your nag, and we'll go back. Eh, Kalyan?"

The young Cossack struck his clenched hands against his head. He had been blind. He, a hunter born on the steppe, had walked unknowing into a baited trap.

"The sledge was the bait upon the road," he muttered. "Ay, the candle was lighted to guide us to the open gate and the open door. And the girl bade us share bread and salt while that wolf-soul watched, to know what manner of men we were. And if we had been merchants of Moscow, new come to the steppe, we would be sold to the Tatars this dawn, with our gear and goods. Like the souls who came hither with Sana. And those others who vanished."

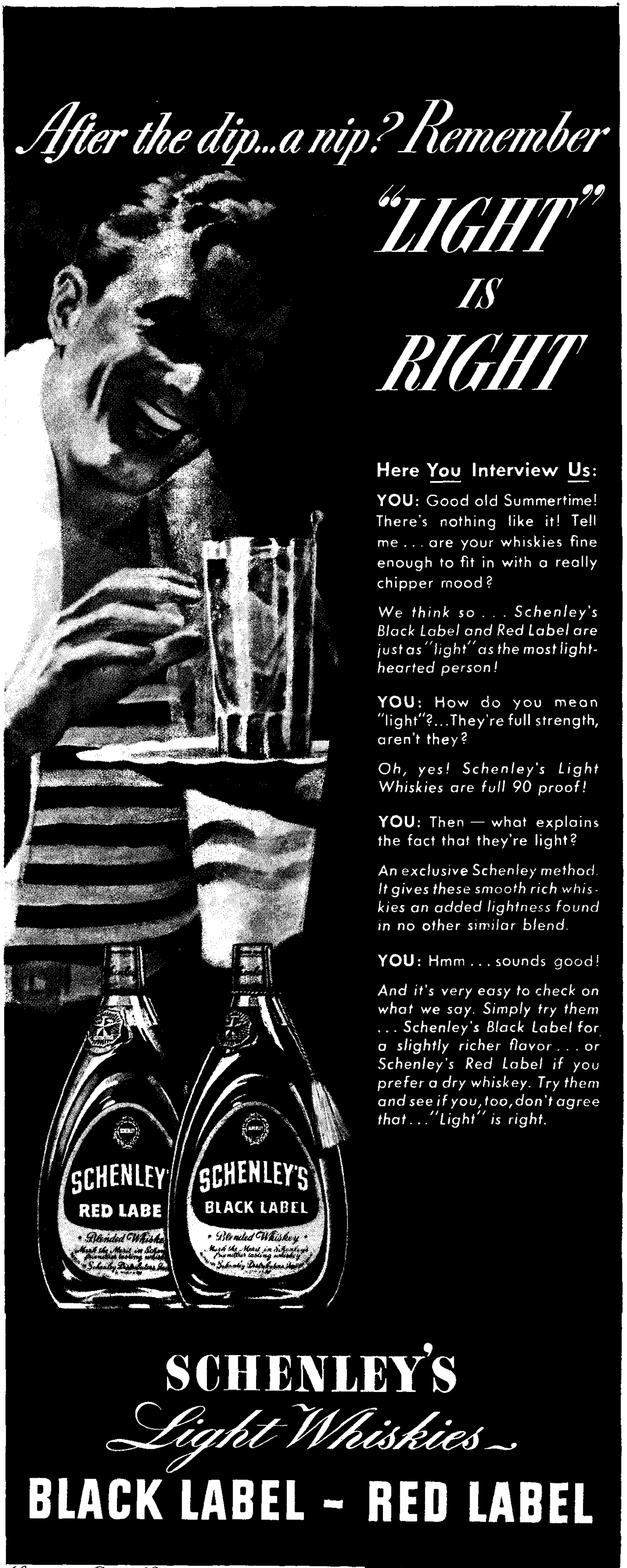
He nodded slowly. "But we were Cossacks, we fools. When Sergey Okol went to signal to the Kalmuks, we didn't sleep like hedgehogs. We slew the wolf and searched for him, and it may be that he felt fear in his heart. Ay, he feared that the girl would betray his secret then. So he bore her off with him—"

Sana had warned him. Her voice had



"Please! Just answer yes or no!"

A. ROSS



After the dip...a nip? Remember "LIGHT" IS RIGHT

Here You Interview Us:

YOU: Good old Summertime! There's nothing like it! Tell me . . . are your whiskies fine enough to fit in with a really chipper mood?

We think so . . . Schenley's Black Label and Red Label are just as "light" as the most lighthearted person!

YOU: How do you mean "light"? . . They're full strength, aren't they?

Oh, yes! Schenley's Light Whiskies are full 90 proof!

YOU: Then — what explains the fact that they're light?

An exclusive Schenley method. It gives these smooth rich whiskies an added lightness found in no other similar blend.

YOU: Hmm . . . sounds good!

And it's very easy to check on what we say. Simply try them . . . Schenley's Black Label for a slightly richer flavor . . . or Schenley's Red Label if you prefer a dry whiskey. Try them and see if you, too, don't agree that . . . "Light" is right.

SCHENLEY'S
Light Whiskies
BLACK LABEL - RED LABEL

Schenley's Black Label 65% grain neutral spirits—Schenley's Red Label 70% grain neutral spirits—both Blended Whiskey—Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

New VASSAR Swim Trunks
As Snug and Responsive as Your Own Hide

Vassar
COMFORT TO THE WEARER

$3.95 $2.95

Write for the name of the store nearest you, and for a complete descriptive folder.

Now! The ultimate in comfort and durability fashioned right into these revolutionary new Vassar Swim Trunks. They're brief, bright, and built for speedier swimming. Needless bulk is eliminated. There's not even a belt or athletic supporter... and you don't need either one of them! Scientific crotch construction and all-over support assure a complete absence of binding, crawling, slipping or readjusting *anywhere.*

Conservative or high-luster colors in a choice of two fabric-combinations: rayon and "Lastex" with soft lisle next to your body... or mercerized yarn and "Lastex" with fine wool against your skin.

Vassar Company • 2505 Diversey Parkway • Chicago, Illinois

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warned him against going out into the darkness.

The hot blood darkened his lean head as he turned on Arky. "Saddle my horse."

This Arky was willing enough to do. He thought Kalyan was coming to his senses, and would go back quietly now to Sarai, with enough gold to let them celebrate all winter. He was buckling the pony's headstall when Kalyan came striding back from the house. The young Cossack had the doll in one hand and a filled saddlebag in the other.

"Brother," Arky asked, with misgivings, "what have you got there?"

Kalyan swung himself into the saddle and laughed. "Sergey Okol's life."

Catching the bag, Arky loosed the thong and peered into it. His jaw dropped, and he choked. In the bag was the head of the wolf he had slain.

GHIREI KHAN, son of Ilbars Khan, Lord of the Little Kalmuk Horde, rocked gently on his heels on the white horseskin at the entrance of his tent. Impassively, he considered how much he would pay for the *ghiaur*—the infidel maid.

For Ghirei Khan had wealth beneath his hand. Uncounted oxen wandered between his gray yurts; his sheep herds stretched as far as his eye could see. Around him stood his chieftains and mirzas. They had gold in the hilts of their scimitars. It was profitable to sell as slaves the captives the Wolf sent out on the river ice, with Ulugh as a guide. On the mornings after the Wolf made signal with his torch. They had paid Ulugh the price of the captives.

Now they kept their distance from the Wolf, never having beheld him in human form before. They had heard him howl of nights when hunger gnawed him, over the river. Ulugh the fisher had told them how he went about in the form of a gray wolf dragging a long chain, when he crept out of his human body.

"She has cold blood in her," Ghirei Khan observed to the attentive Ulugh. "A gypsy would be better."

"It is because her skin is soft," Ulugh urged, "that her blood is cold, as the Lord hath said."

Sergey Okol moved impatiently where he sat on the edge of the horseskin. He wanted to get this business done with. The singing girl, he thought, was not lucky for him. She had managed to stir the suspicions of the Cossacks in spite of all the brandy he had given them.

And for the first time he had had to leave the shelter of his ravine to face these gnomelike Tatars in their encampment. He could not tell what they were thinking, and he had to trust to Ulugh to interpret his words.

"How much will he pay?" Sergey Okol demanded.

"*Ai,* master," the fisher said, "he has many herds, many handfuls of gold. Do not hurry him. Do not be angry."

Ulugh was afraid of this Muscovite who sold human souls. But more he feared Ghirei Khan, who might order the skin cut from his feet and hands if the fisherman displeased him.

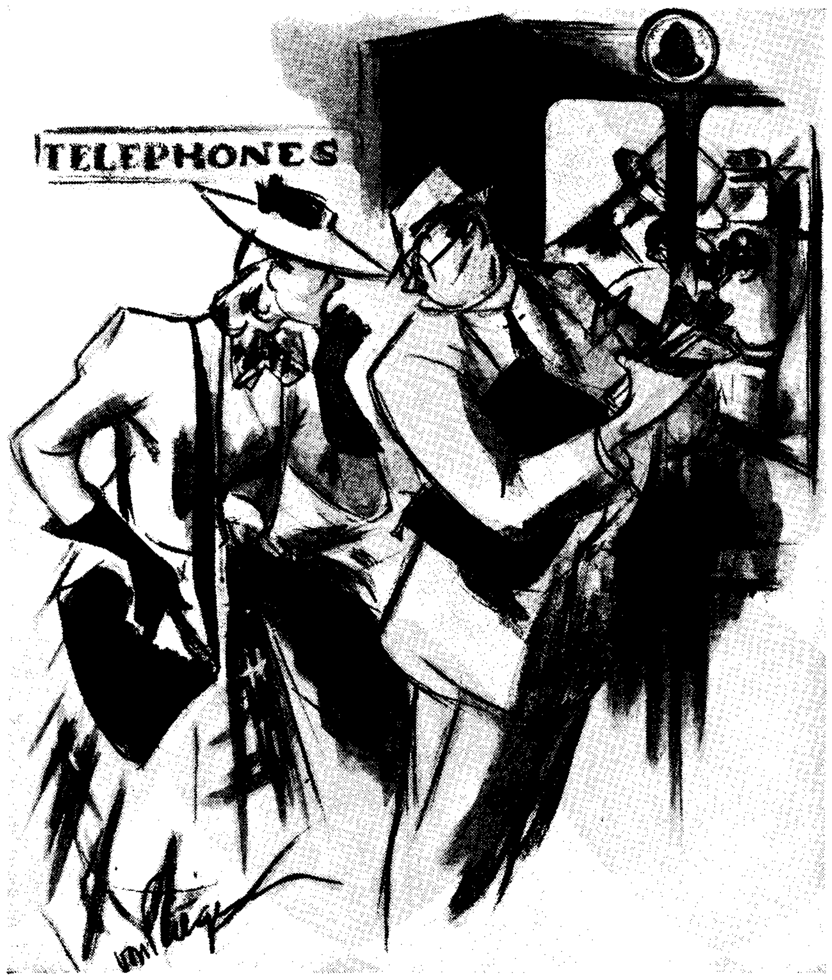
"Let him pay down the gold now," Sergey Okol insisted.

Ulugh said nothing. The Tatars around the yurt turned their heads with guttural exclamations. Some of them caught up the lances they had thrust into the snow. The circle of fur-clad heads broke, and through the opening an enemy of the Kalmuks paced his horse, a *ghiaur* Cossack. He was alone, he held a doll and a saddlebag in his hands, and his sword was sheathed at his hip.

"*W'allah!*" exclaimed Ghirei Khan, surprised, "what is this?"

The Cossack himself answered, swinging down from his saddle: "A gift for the son of Ilbars, Khan of the Kalmuks. A mighty gift."

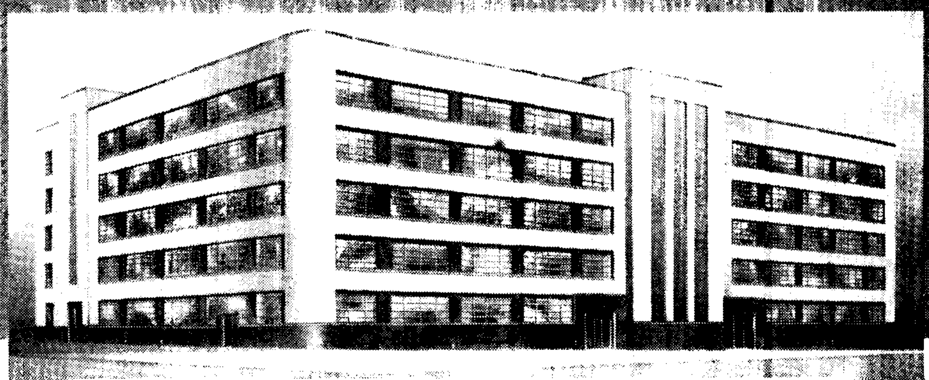
Curiosity kept the Tatars motionless as Kalyan stopped a lance length from Sergey Okol. Loosening the thong of



"Mind if I go in ahead of you? I just want to fix my garter"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

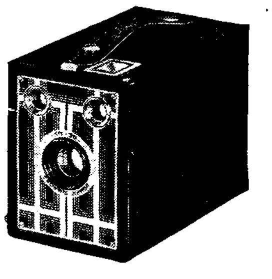
PICTURE MAKING SPURTS AHEAD WITH NEW LOW KODAK PRICES



NEW EASTMAN PLANT, extensive addition to camera factory already the largest in the world, as it will appear when completed. Here will be produced the finest precision cameras, made by the largest group of American craftsmen ever assembled in the photographic industry.

Your new camera costs less because Eastman is building an addition to the world's largest camera manufacturing plant

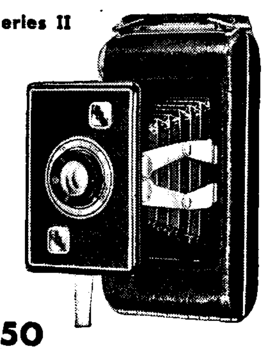
SIX-20 BROWNIE JUNIOR



Works by simplest of all picture-taking formulas—"load, aim, shoot." Anyone can make good snapshots from the very start. No adjustments necessary—and no experience. Tested meniscus lens and rotary shutter. Two extra-large ground-glass view finders. Levant-grain covering and decorative metal front. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures.

~~$2.25~~ *Now* **$2**

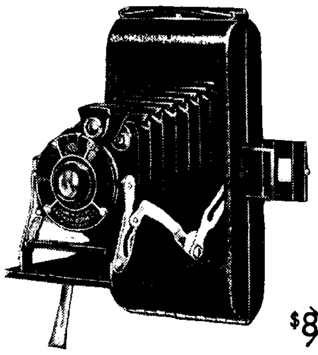
JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II



Combines box-camera simplicity with folding-camera style and convenience. Touch one button—"Pop"—Jiffy Kodak opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. A really good picture, and a big one—2¼ x 3¼ inches. Twindar lens, two crowned brilliant finders, easy two-way focusing, refinements that are up to the minute.

~~$8.50~~ *Now* **$7.50**

KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20, Series II (Single lens)



One of America's favorite folding cameras. Quick in action—opens at the touch of a button, closes at the touch of a one-finger release. Has both reflecting and direct-view finders—you "shoot" from either waist height or eye level. No focusing required. Smart black pin-grain covering. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

~~$8.75~~ *Now* **$7.75**

YOU'LL see more cameras than ever now. Everybody's taking pictures, everybody wants a new, better camera—and it seems that "Kodak prices down" was just the news to start a buying landslide.

Eastman's new camera plant will cut manufacturing costs. In a sweeping reduction, Kodak prices are now brought in line with the lower production costs to come. They come to you in time to prepare for the greatest picture-making year to date . . . this year of World's Fairs and unusual vacation opportunities.

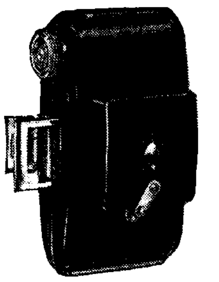
Newest, most popular cameras are included . . . these models constitute the Kodak line for 1939. You'll now get a brilliant, versatile, up-to-the-minute camera of Eastman quality at a price much lower than you thought. See your Kodak dealer today . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Any camera is a better camera loaded with Kodak Film. Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR? Be sure to take your Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the GREATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW ON EARTH. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it.

Only EASTMAN makes the KODAK

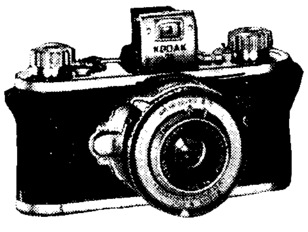
KODAK BANTAM (f.8)



One of the most convenient cameras ever designed. Gives you pictures bigger than itself. Kodak Bantam (*f*.8) is about the size of a pack of cigarettes, yet pictures are 2¾ x 4 inches—new finishing methods make it possible. Has Kodalinear *f*.8 lens, automatic film-centering device, folding eye-level finder, snapshot action. Loads with low-price 8-exposure Kodak Films.

~~$4.75~~ *Now* **$3.95**

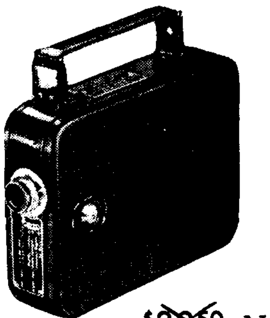
KODAK 35 (f.3.5)



Eastman's sensational new "miniature," with Kodak Anastigmat Special *f*.3.5 lens and 1/200 Kodamatic shutter. A new high value in 35-mm. cameras. Built to Eastman precision standards, for both black-and-white and Kodachrome (full-color) photography. Folding optical finder, exposure counter, film-centering device. Double-exposure prevention, automatic shutter setting, and delayed action.

~~$39.50~~ *Now* **$33.50**

CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT, MODEL 20



The economy movie maker—brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Modest in cost, but a thoroughly capable movie camera. Gives you 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show.* Also makes movies in gorgeous full color on Kodachrome Film.

~~$32.50~~ *Now* **$29.50**

EXAMPLES OF OTHER PRICE REDUCTIONS

BROWNIES	WAS	NOW
Six-20 Brownie	$3.10	**$2.85**
Six-16 Brownie	3.75	**3.25**
Six-20 Brownie Special	4.00	**3.75**
Six-16 Brownie Special	4.50	**4.25**
KODAKS		
Jiffy Kodak Six-16, Series II	$9.50	**$8.25**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.8.8 lens	13.50	**12.50**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	16.00	**14.50**
Kodak Junior Six-20, Series III, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	25.00	**22.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.8.8 lens	15.50	**14.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	18.00	**16.00**
Kodak Junior Six-16, Series III, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	29.50	**25.00**
Kodak Senior Six-20, K.A. *f*.7.7 lens	17.00	**15.00**

	WAS	NOW
Kodak Senior Six-20, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens, Diomatic shutter	$21.00	**$19.00**
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Kodak Senior Six-16, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens, Diomatic shutter	24.50	**22.50**
Kodak Senior Six-16, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	32.00	**29.00**
MINIATURES		
Kodak Bantam, K.A. *f*.6.3 lens	$9.50	**$8.50**
Kodak Bantam, K.A. *f*.5.6 lens	16.50	**14.00**
Kodak Bantam, K.A. Special *f*.4.5 lens	27.50	**22.50**
Kodak 35, K.A. *f*.5.6 lens	18.50	**14.50**
Kodak 35, K.A. *f*.4.5 lens	29.50	**24.50**

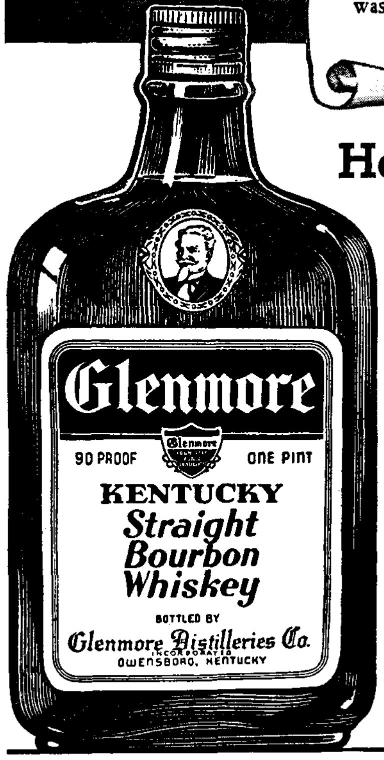
NO. 14 *of a series:* FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS

Do you know why

WE DRAW STRAWS?

The Neanderthal Man, legend has it, solved the problem of dividing the spoils of a hunt by a method that was fair to all. Offering animal bones of different lengths, he gave each partner a draw and the man receiving the longest bone got the largest chunk of meat. This old custom was the forerunner of "drawing straws" today!

• *A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.*



Here's Another Custom Based on Fact:

When you choose GLENMORE you take your place in the traditionally long line of knowing men who are discriminating judges of fine whiskey. This Kentucky Straight Bourbon is a *famous* whiskey, distilled *with pride* from choice grains and deep-well limestone water—aged *with patience* for 3 full years in *new* barrels of white mountain oak.

Pour
Glenmore
...you get more

Copr. 1939, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

• OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS •

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100 PROOF
GLENMORE'S
Kentucky Tavern
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

2 YEARS OLD
90 PROOF
GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

the saddlebag, he flung it down on the snow, and the massive gray head of a wolf rolled out.

Ulugh cried out and drew himself away from it, and even the Khan started to his feet.

"Look!" cried Kalyan. "I have slain the spirit of the Wolf. In the hours of darkness I searched for him. For I have the spirit of a great devil in me. I followed the Wolf because he took from me this woman slave. He fled from me, and covered himself with iron—"

The Tatars, drawing back, listened with amazement.

"He sprang at me after he bound himself with iron," Kalyan shouted, "and I strove with him, overpowering him, and cutting off his head. *W'allah!* Still, he lived. He changed again into human form, and he fled from me, taking the woman with him. Like a serpent he tried to hide himself among the people of the Khan. Look at him, how he draws his strength together, to save himself."

Unable to understand, Sergey Okol was glaring about him, his fists clenched at his sides.

"Wah!" cried Ghirei Khan, putting his hand to his mouth.

"But he has lost his power," Kalyan went on. "His spirit is dead. And now he has no place to flee."

Whipping out his saber, he turned on the Muscovite. "The wolf was braver than you. Will you die like a pig?"

The hand that Sergey Okol had thrust inside his coat came out clutching the long pistol. Powder flashed and roared, and the Tatars heard the dull sound of a bullet striking. Kalyan felt a blow against his side. Steadying himself, he leaped forward.

Scrambling to his feet, Sergey Okol snatched at the scimitar hilt in the girdle of the nearest Kalmuk. He flung up the blade, snarling, as Kalyan slashed at his head.

"*Hai!*" the Cossack shouted, "he feels his death."

THEIR boots thudded in the hard-packed snow as the two whirled together—Kalyan circling, his blade making rings of steel about the head of the Muscovite.

"True," muttered Ghirei Khan, "now he feels the end of his power."

Lightly the Cossack's blade slid past the other. The curved edge cut deep into the Muscovite's throat, and Sergey Okol moaned, the strength going from his hand. As he staggered, Kalyan slashed down savagely. Sergey Okol's head fell into the snow.

The eyes of the Khan gleamed green at this marvelous sight. He bent over the two heads. "*Allah 'im barabat yik saftir,*" he murmured. "God is just and merciful."

Kalyan strode toward the girl, who had hid her face in her arm. Seizing her black hair, he pulled her close to him. "Don't speak," he whispered. Aloud he shouted triumphantly, "The strength of a great devil is in me. Ye have seen! Now am I angered, and my anger will break hard rock asunder and turn aside rushing water—"

Held by his voice, the throng of Tatars moved uneasily, grunting like cattle. For this youth possessed by a spirit spoke words they understood. Moreover, they had heard a bullet strike him, yet he did not bleed like an ordinary soul.

"This maiden is mine," Kalyan roared. "She is no woman of white bones and blood. I made her, for my slave. *Aya,* I fashioned first a doll of silk—" stooping swiftly, he picked up the doll and tossed it to the feet of Ghirei Khan—"then I breathed upon the doll, and gave life to this elf-maid. The wolf-man carried her off upon his back, leaping over the treetops in the hours of darkness—"

"*Kai!*" exclaimed Ghirei Khan, stepping back from the doll with the painted cheeks.

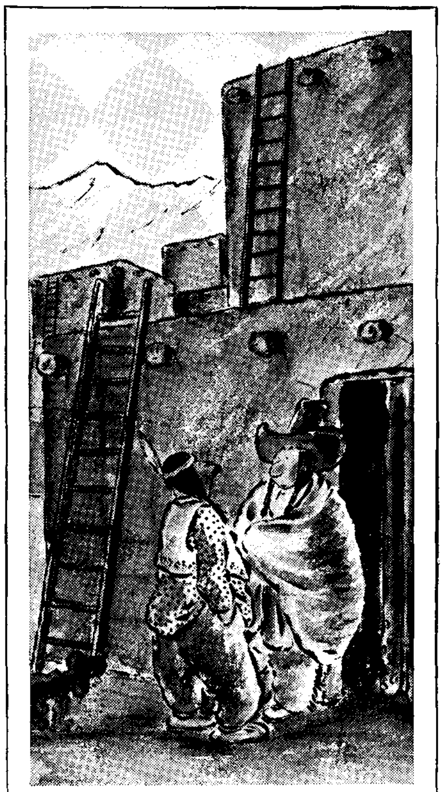
"—and if you lay hand on her, a blight will fall on your oxen, and blindness upon your sheep—"

"By Allah," exclaimed the Tatar, "I do not want her. Take her away quickly!"

Kalyan swung her upon the saddle of Arky's sorrel and took the rein of the choutar pony, as he mounted his own horse. Lashing the beasts into a gallop, he sped away from the staring Tatars toward the river. He did not look back or rein in until he came to the river bank.

Then he relaxed and his words were awkward, shy. "Forgive me, little Sana, that I hauled you about like a slave. I was playing a game with the Kalmuks. I know their minds—like children's. But Sergey Okol didn't, the fool."

Sana's gray eyes were wet with tears. "Nay, he was a hard man, and shrewd. He tried to make you afraid, so that you would steal and fly away; then he could go to Sarai and make complaint to the Starosta—"



"We decided not to move . . . they're going to repaper the living room and give us an electric refrigerator. . . ."

JAY IRVING

"Ay," said Kalyan gently. His side ached where the Muscovite's bullet had scraped a rib. But his dark eyes glowed as he looked up and down the white frozen river. "He did not know the steppe." Timidly his hand caressed the girl's dark hair—for Kalyan was afraid of her. So white and beautiful she was, like an elf-maid, with tears like pearls upon her cheeks.

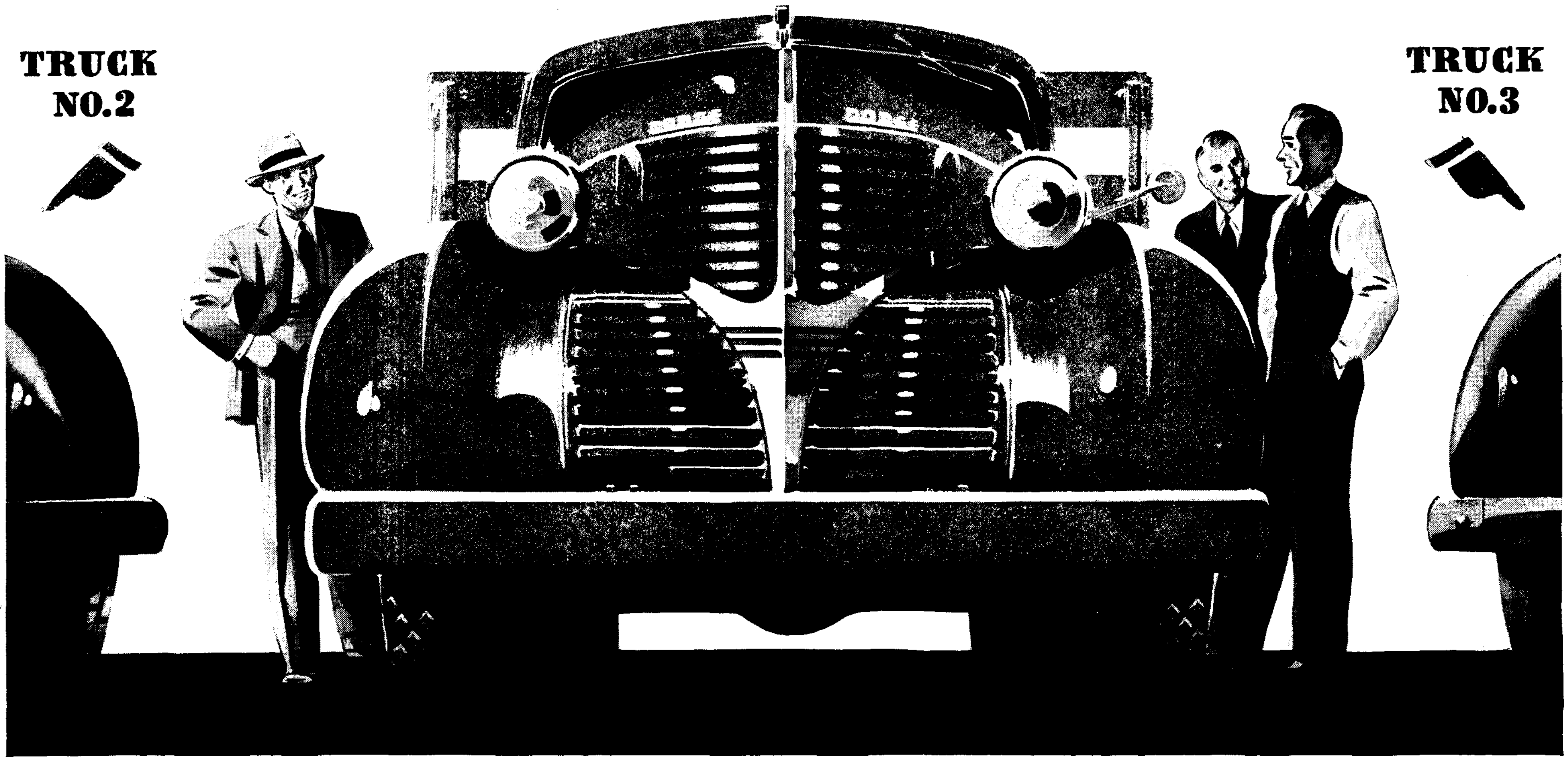
Suddenly Sana caught his hand, pressing it against her lips. And her lips were warm as those of any flesh-and-blood girl. . . .

Ulugh, the fisher, saw them ride away—watching from the dead tree behind his hut. The choutar pony was harnessed to the sledge. On the sledge load, upon a Persian carpet, rested a brandy keg. And on this sat the long-legged Arky, swaying, and shouting a song. Behind the sledge rode Kalyan and the mad girl, their heads close together, their hands clasped.

Ulugh watched them out of sight. Then, with a grunt of relief, he climbed down to his hut, to build up his fire again, and sort out his nets.

SIDE-BY-SIDE COMPARISON

With Other 2 Lowest Priced Trucks Piles Up Proof of Dodge Extra Value!



"THE SIDE-BY-SIDE COMPARISON SOLD ME ON DODGE TRUCKS!"

"I always thought all low-priced trucks were about alike. But this year I made a careful comparison and I certainly found a lot of big advantages in Dodge that I couldn't get in 'the other 2'. That's why I bought Dodge, and I can truthfully say—it's the greatest truck I ever owned!"—Joseph Burkhardt, 606 W. 18th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

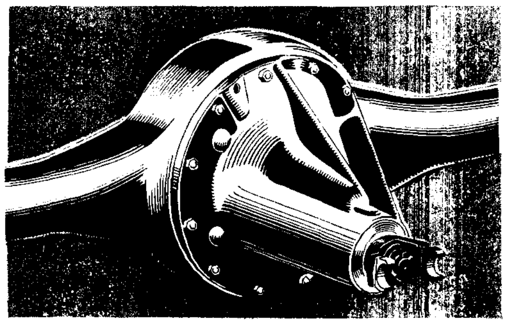
MOST TRUCK FOR LOW PRICE...BIGGEST VALUE AT ANY PRICE...PROVE IT BY ACTUAL SIDE-BY-SIDE COMPARISON WITH THE TWO OTHER LOWEST-PRICED TRUCKS!...

You're buying blind in 1939 when you do not compare "all 3" lowest-priced trucks before you sign the order. Put the "other 2" alongside the rugged new 1939 Dodge and you'll recognize immediately the *extra value,* extra *serviceability* and extra *dependability* of the Dodge!

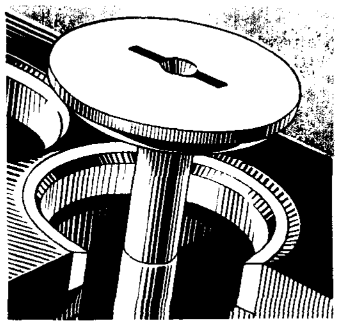
Notice the extra strength of the Dodge chassis and frame. Only Dodge has that powerful X-cross-member to prevent weaving and frame distortion. Dodge has a rear axle that is the talk of the trucking industry. And to save you costly breakdowns and repairs, the axle shafts are made of tough, shock-resistant Amola Steel! Dodge springs, too, are built of this new and more durable alloy.

And Dodge alone provides complete rustproofing to preserve the finish and protect trade-in value. Bodies and cabs, fenders, hoods, aprons, running boards—*all* are rustproofed *under the enamel* by the modern Bonderizing process.

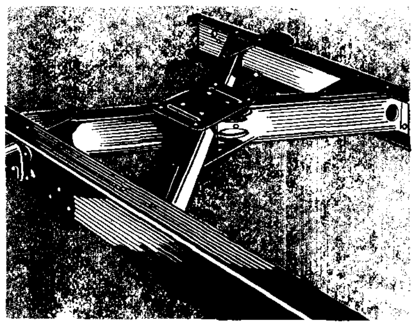
Ask your Dodge dealer for an appraisal on your present truck today!



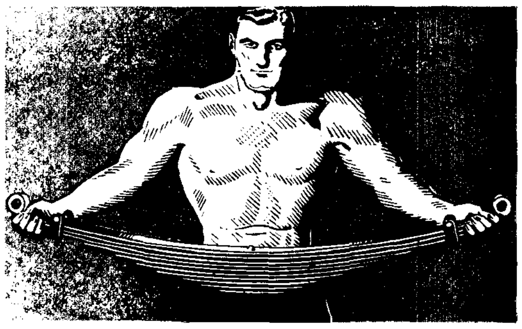
Dodge axles are engineered to cut maintenance expense. Most accessible design—entire differential assembly on any 1½, 2, or 3-ton Dodge can be removed without even jacking up the wheels. Tapered roller bearings for long life.



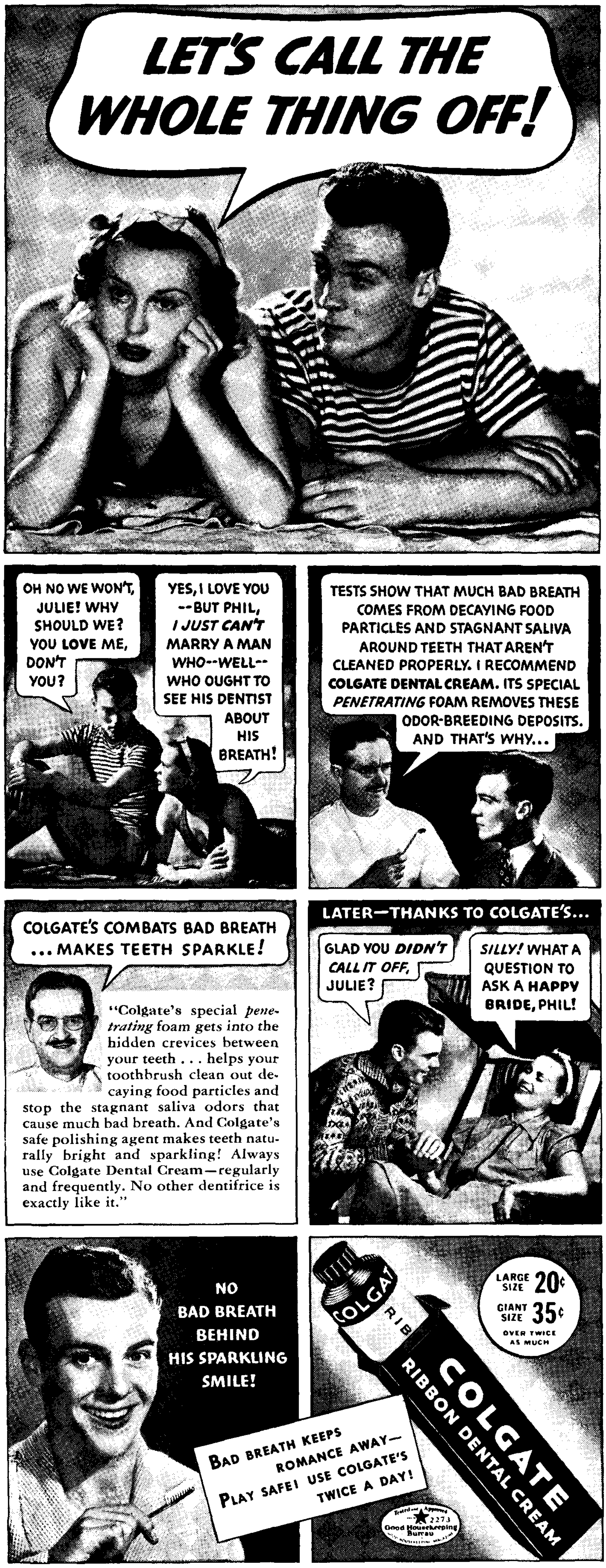
Dodge introduced valve seat inserts in trucks. Dodge also gives you 4-ring pistons, full-pressure lubrication, many more features to save fuel, oil, repairs.



Strongest type of chassis frame. 1½-ton frame shown has X-member to prevent weaving and increase body life. Frame side-members are made of steel that tests 42,000 lbs. per sq. in. min. elastic limit.



New super-tough Amola Steel. An exclusive Dodge advantage in lowest-priced trucks. Hardness and toughness far in excess of ordinary alloys. Amazing shock-resistant strength for vital units, to prevent failure and save you costly repair bills.


LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!
OH NO WE WON'T, JULIE! WHY SHOULD WE? YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
YES, I LOVE YOU --BUT PHIL, *I JUST CAN'T* MARRY A MAN WHO--WELL-- WHO OUGHT TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
GLAD YOU *DIDN'T CALL IT OFF*, JULIE?
SILLY! WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK A HAPPY BRIDE, PHIL!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

It's Poison

Continued from page 17

Birds knock holes in wings. An engine failure on a turn can cause a crash, and county telephone lines are always waiting to foul the undercarriage and drag a plane from the air.

All these things are accepted as normal hazards of the most hazardous business in the world. Although mortality figures are far from complete, they indicate that this work, limited as it is in scope, takes at least half as many pilot lives as commercial lines take in flying over 30,000,000 annual miles.

Only the most competent crop-dusting pilots, working for the best-equipped companies, can get life insurance. Even then, their premiums are six times as high as those paid by a commercial airline pilot.

But a job is a job these days and the plane is agriculture's newest adjunct.

Planes Chase Mosquitoes Too

In a few hours vast areas of swamp can be salted down with Paris green to control malaria mosquitoes—a job that would take weeks or months done from boats. Grassless and treeless land that has eroded can be seeded from the air; and foresters in slow-moving autogiros can spot diseased trees.

The giro, note in passing, undoubtedly possesses safety features for these various jobs that the plane lacks. But their high initial cost, and a shortage of pilots trained to operate them, has to a large extent kept them out of the field.

Planting crops by plane is a practice of rising importance. Floodgates that admit water to rice fields are usually opened after the seed has been placed on dry ground. Using a plane, seed may be planted directly into flooded fields—thus insuring quick germination. Vetch, and other crops that return nitrogen to the soil, can be planted from the air while soil-exhausting crops like cotton are still standing.

Orchards, cranberry bogs, blueberry patches and vegetable crops can be dusted from the air to kill insects. But cotton receives most attention for the simple reason that it is the most pest-ridden of all crops.

The plane is fast and can work immediately after a downpour—when ground equipment would bog down. It is after such rains that boll weevils, army worms, and flea hoppers—cotton pests all—are most destructive.

Elementary physics explains the completeness of the job the plane accomplishes. The dust from the hopper is agitated and projected outward by the slip stream of the propeller at a speed of about 300 miles per hour.

Highly agitated, and lacking contact with the ground, each particle in this cloud takes on a positive electric charge and is thus repellent to every other particle. Cotton, in contact with the earth, carries a negative charge and actually attracts the particles.

One duster offered to buy drinks for a group of planters if they could find a *single* leaf in a field without its quota of poison.

Most of the time the farmer himself furnishes the insecticide and pays the plane company to apply it. The more safe-and-sane operators charge about five cents a pound to apply poison; and an acre of cotton requires about six pounds.

Shoestring operators—who probably do over half of all dusting—charge as little as 2 cents a pound and their chief interest, as one of these men expressed it, is "to get the poison out of the hopper." They will dust in gusty weather and winds will blow the insecticides into the next county.

Their unskilled pilots will "porpoise along," applying too much dust in some places and none at all in others. As a result, much of the crop will have no protection.

Of course, it would be absurd to charge that all small operators are inefficient or that all of them are guilty of the callous disregard for their pilots that distinguishes a few of them. But when they are bad, they're frequently awful.

But even under the worst conditions, plane dusting is apt to be superior to ground dusting. This explains why truck farmers, grove owners and cotton planters are enthusiastic about aerial dusting. But it doesn't explain why pilots choose to risk their necks when they might seek the relative security of other jobs—such as being fired out of the mouth of a cannon in a circus, or pearl diving in shark-infested waters.

The explanation here lies in the men themselves. They are of two types: thoroughly experienced pilots unable to find jobs elsewhere, and totally inexperienced youngsters willing to do anything.

The youngsters are desperate to pile up hours in their logbooks. Their background is much the same.

They have saved enough money to get an hour or so in the air on Sunday—renting planes for about five dollars an hour. The prospect of piling up a thousand of these hours, which might lead to a job with a commercial transport line—and a salary of $550 to $1,200 a month—is remote indeed. So, with a minimum of experience, they take jobs that require a maximum of flying skill.

Older pilots who have flown with the Army, have held down transport jobs and who, as barnstormers, have done every stunt in the books all regard the dusting job as the most dangerous that aviation has to offer.

On a Sweatshop Basis

One company had the incredible brass to charge inexperienced youngsters small fees for the privilege of flying their rice-planting planes!

Another proposed a plan whereby they would teach a prospect to fly without charge. In return, the student was to sign a contract that would obligate him to dust crops for the company for five years—at $25 per week.

A company in Mississippi clearly indicated how interested it was in hiring experienced men. A sign on the company gate read: TRANSPORT PILOTS AND DOGS—KEEP OUT.

How, you may ask, can a dusting company afford to trust equipment to such inexperienced hands? The answer here lies in the equipment. Until the Army stopped the practice, a favorite custom was to buy training planes from the Army junk heap. Theoretically these discarded planes, deemed too dangerous or antiquated for further use, had been smashed beyond repair to keep them off the market. Sledges had broken engine blocks, and wing fabric had been slashed. But generally speaking, three such wrecks—bought for about $25 each—would net enough usable parts to make one plane that would fly.

Today, the cheapest planes available are the ones many shoestring dusters buy. Three to four hundred dollars is a fair price for these aerial jallopies, many of which have been grounded by inspectors of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Trucked or illegally flown into states with no aviation legislation, they are safe. As long as they operate within the borders of that state, federal authorities can do nothing.

Repair practices are as bad as they could possibly be. Crashed planes are rebuilt and are flying again within a few days. One youngster, coming in for a landing, had a wing fold on him. Investigation of the plane, which had crashed before, showed why.

In its previous wreck the plane's wing had been badly smashed. Instead of replacing the spar on the leading edge of the wing with plywood or duralumin, a half section of common stovepipe had been tacked in place and fabric stretched over it. It had collapsed under the slightest stress.

Two-hundred-horsepower engines are mounted on planes meant to carry only 100 horsepower and are expected to perform on ordinary automobile gasoline.

Anything Goes

As might be expected, crashes occur with monotonous regularity. In minor scrapes with death, pilots break their ankles as their feet jam into the floor boards of the plane, and shatter their goggles as their heads bang into crash pads—doughnuts of resilient material.

Two of these boys are in Memphis hospitals now. One has been there nearly two years while doctors have attempted to piece together the shattered jigsaw puzzle of what was once his skeletal frame. Another has been there for almost a year.

A third, less seriously injured, was able to hobble to a telephone to report to his company. The first question asked him was how much damage the plane had suffered. He reported it was a complete washout. "Don't call here then," a voice replied, "expecting us to pay any hospital bills." The receiver clicked in the ear of the painfully injured youngster.

Since they are never provided with insurance by their companies, pilots for fly-by-night operators go to charity wards when their time comes.

Business ethics of the fly-by-nights are approximately those of a Marseilles white slaver, the basic rule being that anything goes.

One pilot who set himself up in a one-man dusting business wrote your correspondent. He had crashed three times after a competitor had put graphite in the distributor of his plane. The graphite fouled distributor points and the motor failed. Each time he had escaped with minor injuries. To guard against a recurrence, the letter writer and his wife were keeping an armed watch on the plane. When they caught the offender redhanded they intended to kill him.

Writing such a letter to a complete stranger seems like an odd way for a potential murderer to cover his tracks. But, as we have said, in the dusting business anything goes. There is but one way for it to be cleaned up: for states to pass aviation legislation that will empower Civil Aeronautics inspectors to go to work.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, crop dusting is the most dangerous flying there is. But many of the hazards may be removed. A few companies—Grier in Memphis, Breazeale in Natchitoches, Louisiana, and a few others—try to hire the best pilots and provide them with good equipment. The dusting division of the Delta Air Corporation likewise belongs to the conformist group.

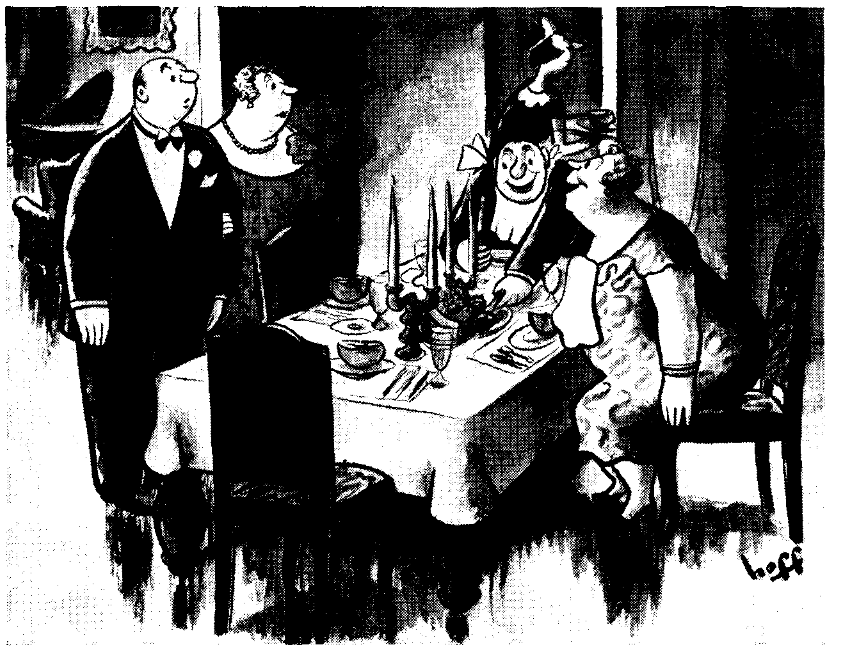
To qualify for a job with the Delta company a pilot must have 1,000 hours in the air. Preferably he has been a barnstormer. Such training has taught him to think quickly and to be able to land and take off from almost any piece of reasonably flat land—such as the average farm can supply.

Delta provides its men with planes built especially for dusting—at a cost of $14,000 each. They fly tail high—the pilot can look over the engine to see the ground before him—and have cantilever wings that will not fold when a tree limb crushes a strut. It carries insurance on its pilots; and pays them $300 a month base pay plus one cent per acre for dusting. In the busy season Delta pilots thus make about $500 per month.

Each year Delta applies insecticides to about 300,000 acres. It has dusted cotton in Peru, grapefruit in Florida, broccoli in Texas, and is handling a malaria-control project for TVA. Despite these widespread activities this pioneer company has lost but two pilots since it was founded in 1924.

Delta was on the point of hiring Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh when he was tinkering with the Spirit of St. Louis, but a previous commitment kept him from taking the job. Its present ace is Henry Elliott, who is fifty, white-haired, mild-mannered, and has the weather-beaten countenance one gets from an open plane. He has over 8,000 hours in his logbook and has never had a bone-breaking crash.

Elliott is unable to watch other pilots dusting. "I get too nervous," he says.



"Oh, just grab seats anywhere"

SIDNEY HOFF

How
Horlick's Malted Milk
aids sleep

Thousands drink it at bedtime. Try it tonight!

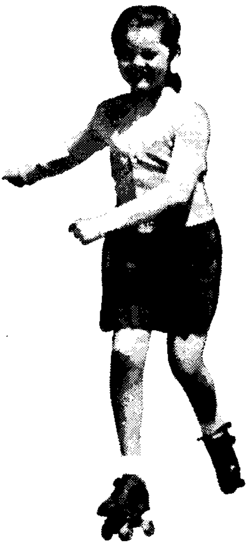
Literally thousands of men and women tell us that they drink delicious Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime. They say it helps them sleep better. And apparently it does. For night hunger is apt to cause sleeplessness. By drinking Horlick's hot before retiring your hunger is abated, your stomach quieted by a bland, partially pre-digested food. Try it tonight and see if it doesn't help you to sleep.

Time to get up—but it's a pleasure after a good night's sleep. Because you drank Horlick's Malted Milk you probably rested more soundly for your stomach wasn't irritated by hunger pangs. Likewise, nutritious Horlick's has provided your body with refreshing strength while you slept. That should prove a real tonic to your disposition. Try Horlick's tonight!

New low prices. Horlick's Malted Milk is now being sold at much lower prices—by far the lowest in its history. Your whole family can now enjoy this All-American build-up drink at meals in place of tea or coffee, between meals and at bedtime.

Aglow with health...

since she's been drinking Horlick's!



Happy, proud parents everywhere sing the praises of Horlick's Malted Milk. They tell how it seems to make such a difference in children—how it helps to give them increased vitality and strength. They say they serve Horlick's Malted Milk—plain or chocolate flavored—to their children at meals, between meals and at bedtime—and that their children simply love it!

Horlick's Malted Milk comes in tablet form too. Carry it in convenient bottles that fit in your pocket or purse. Eat it like candy—a delightful "pick-up."

It is easy to understand why children—and grown-ups, too—thrive on Horlick's. For over a half century it's been the great American build-up drink. Recommended by physicians, Horlick's is rich in full cream milk with nutriments extracted from wheat and malted barley. Proteins needed for growth. Minerals such as calcium and phosphorus good for teeth and bones. Natural vitamins—A, B and G.

Ask for "Horlick's" at the soda fountain, too. For sample tin of delicious, healthful Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, send a 3-cent stamp to Horlick's Malted Milk Corporation, Dept. C-6, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Canada.

AT NEW LOW PRICES

HORLICK'S *THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK*

"I don't know a thing about photography . . but you should see the swell pictures I take!"

That's the kind of remark you hear from many Falcon owners, who depend entirely upon the simple instruction booklet that came with their Falcon camera. Yet their brilliantly clear pictures of "just the shots they wanted to catch" are a constant source of pride and delight!

Falcon-Flex

VIEW FINDER SHOWS PICTURE IN ACTUAL PRINT SIZE

At last a real Reflex style, TWIN LENS camera at a decidedly moderate price. See just the facial expression or view you desire, in the view-finder—without lifting your head. Takes critically sharp snapshots or time exposures and has 3 stop openings.

with 75mm Faltar lens $5.95

with f7.7 Achromatic lens $7.95

PICTURE SIZE 2¼" x 2¼"
12 views on No. 120 film

and this is the NEW Falcon MINICAM SR.

$3.98

Takes instant snaps, or time exposures. 16 pictures (1⅝" x 1¼") on No. 127 roll film.

This is the successor to the famous Falcon Miniature. The smart new Falcon Minicam Senior has an all-aluminum case, part covered in simulated leather — and new type shutter release trigger coveniently located near top level for instant action without fumbling! It takes sparkling clear pictures at lowest operating cost.

Sold by Camera Shops, Department, Drug and Stationery stores, etc.

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UTILITY MFG. CO., INC. 40 W. 25 ST. NEW YORK

A String of Trouble

Continued from page 13

she would ever really give it to me.”

“You tell Miss Merval the old lady was going to give it to you?”

“Yes.”

“Ever tell her you didn't think you'd get it?”

“I don't know that I did.”

“That means you didn't. Young fellow, who do you think killed your grandmother?”

“Why, the jewel thieves.”

“Boy, we figure there wasn't any jewel thieves.”

“He did it, O'Malley,” I declared when we were in the hall again. “He saw Mrs. Rodey this morning and argued with her about that money. When she still refused to give it to him he became frantic and killed her.”

“Well, it could be that way. We'll see who else could have went to the old lady's rooms.”

We saw the head bellhop. No bellboy had been called to the rooms. Then we saw the head porter, who said no porter had gone there.

The hotel records showed that a waiter had taken in Mrs. Rodey's breakfast and afterward had removed the dishes. A maid had done up the rooms. Later, the same maid had carried in the towels.

“Well, O'Malley,” I said, “we know young Silman went to Mrs. Rodey's rooms; now we know nobody else did.”

“It looks like it. It seems I got to do a lot of thinking. A cop hadn't ought to have to do that.”

HE WENT to headquarters. The evening papers reported the murder as an attempted jewel robbery. The next morning's papers were different. They were guarded in their statements, but they made it plain that the police suspected a member of the family. I went and found O'Malley.

“Well, what?” I asked.

“Not much. I been thinking how this would have been if it had really been a jewel robbery.”

“Has that got anything to do with it?”

“It might have. Mrs. Rodey always notified the hotel management before she come to New York and they always give her the same rooms. She'd been doing that for thirty years. Anybody could have got that information. This wedding was announced in the newspapers a month ago and anybody could have read it. It was sure the old lady would have a lot of jewelry with her.”

“What of it?”

“This much: that is a perfect setup for a jewel robbery. The thief would have sent somebody to take them rooms, and that way he'd get a copy of the key. Then he would get a room there himself, maybe with another guy with him. When the old woman was alone he would do the robbery.”

“O'Malley,” I exclaimed, “you're crazy! There wasn't anything like that.”

“No; cops found out there wasn't. That's what is strange about this business. The setup was perfect for a jewel robber, still there wasn't no jewel thief. Well, young Silman wasn't the only one the old lady promised things she didn't do. She promised other members of her family. Now her will divides up all she had among everybody connected with her, so her death benefits all of 'em.”

He had a plan of the hotel. He had marked on it where everyone whom he could find out about had been at the time Mrs. Rodey was murdered.

“You *don't* suspect these others?”

“Sure, I'm suspecting everybody. There ain't any floor clerks in that hotel and the rear stairs can't be seen from the elevators. Anybody at all that watched their chance could have went to the fourth floor without anyone seeing 'em.”

“You dumb cop!” I derided him. “Look at your own map: Akers and Dolling had rooms on the third floor under Mrs. Rodey's, but they were together in Akers' room at the time of the murder. Silman and Mrs. Silman and young Silman had rooms on the fifth, and Mrs. Silman was sometimes with her husband in their room and sometimes she was in another room on that floor, where a sewing woman was working for her, with Mrs. Rodey's maid helping her. Mrs. Rodey's chauffeur was not in the hotel and a witness was with him. So everybody except young Silman had somebody watching them.”

“Yeah, cops noticed that. So now they're going to pinch young Silman. The Silmans want to get out of the hotel, and I asked cops not to make the pinch until after they'd moved. I thought we'd help move 'em. You know what those beads are made of that the old lady was wearing? They're made of platinum.”

He had the beads. They had been restrung and he put them in his pocket. We went to the hotel. The Silmans all were there.

“Do you know how many beads there was in this string?” O'Malley asked Mrs. Silman. He showed them to her.

“I've no idea. I don't suppose anybody ever counted them.”

“Well, now they've been restrung it looks like one was missing. It might be we'll find it when we move the old lady's things.”

We all went to Mrs. Rodey's rooms. Mrs. Silman and Mrs. Rodey's maid and a hotel maid gathered up Mrs. Rodey's things and packed them in the trunks. The head porter and another porter removed the trunks. We didn't find any bead. When they were taking out the last trunk, O'Malley stopped the head porter.

“Just a minute, brother,” he said.

He searched him. In the pocket of the porter's shirt he found some coins and among them he found the bead.

“A smart guy would have got rid of this evidence against him,” he told the porter.

SOME cops had just come in, and they arrested the porter. Then they arrested Mrs. Rodey's maid. I went with them to the station house. When the maid met the porter there, she gestured violently and turned white with rage.

“Such a clever man!” she cried bitterly. “So clever! Now it turns out you are so dumb!”

They took them inside and I waited for O'Malley.

“I don't understand this affair,” I told him.

“Why, you seen who killed her—the porter and the maid. They wanted to get married and they didn't have no money. Mrs. Rodey had one time told the maid that when she died the maid would get an inheritance. So they'd been hoping ever since the old lady would die. When young Silman's marriage was announced, the idea came to the porter that they wouldn't wait any longer; they'd knock the old woman off. They'd make it look like a jewel robbery. What he thought was his smartest idea was that it would look like the thief had failed to get any jewelry. That way *nothing* could be traced to 'em. The maid herself would put the jewelry in the safe; then it was sure she wouldn't be suspected.”

“A bright idea,” I said. “How did they do it?”

“The night before the murder, the maid suggested to Mrs. Rodey they put the jewelry in the safe. Mrs. Rodey said okay, so the maid done it. The next morning the maid was helping the sewing woman on the fifth floor, but sometimes she was in one of them other rooms helping Mrs. Silman. She had passed word to the porter that Mrs. Rodey was in her rooms alone. The maid told the sewing woman she was going into Mrs. Silman's room, but instead she met the porter on them back stairs.

“They went to Mrs. Rodey's rooms and the maid told Mrs. Rodey the porter had come to move some trunks. He watched his chance and grabbed the old woman and put his hand over her mouth and suffocated her. Then they taped her up with tape the porter had bought a month before.”

“I DON'T see,” I objected, “how you came to suspect them.”

“Well, I wasn't at all sure about it. It looked like somebody had moved one of Mrs. Rodey's trunks. A woman has her trunks set in her room so they can be got into, but one of hers had been turned so that it couldn't. That made me think first about a porter. Of course, it might not mean anything. Then I seen how the whole case was funny. The setup was perfect for a jewel robbery, and it looked so much like one that at first it fooled the cops. So whoever done it knew how that kind of robbery looked.

“Cops thought it was young Silman because he had a plain motive. Well, did he know how that kind of robbery looked? I couldn't find evidence he or any of the other Silmans had ever seen one. While cops was investigating them Silmans I went around investigating other people. I found out Mrs. Rodey's maid had one time worked in that hotel; she was a maid there when Mrs. Rodey seen her and hired her.

“Hotel employees said the maid was in love with the head porter. The old woman was killed between when the hotel maid done up her rooms and when she went back with the towels, and I see on the plan of the hotel how Mrs. Rodey's maid was sometimes in one fifth-floor room and sometimes in another. There wasn't no record where the porter had been. There hadn't ever been that kind of robbery in that hotel. Well, the porter had worked in other hotels. I looked up records and found there had been a jewel robbery in one of 'em. So he could have seen it.”

“I see!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah? That's more than them cops did. They was going to pinch young Silman. What to do then? Well, I thought up a piece of shenanigan.”

“The beads?”

“That's right. I had 'em restrung but I kept one bead off. The idea was I would pretend to find it in the porter's pocket. I had it in my hand when I searched the guy. I figured if he was guilty it would upset the guy.

“Well, it didn't upset the porter but it knocked over the maid. She thought he'd left that evidence against 'em. She blew up and bawled him out at the station house because she thought we had the goods on' em. It ended in them confessing. Well, I didn't only fool the maid; I fooled the cops too. I had to explain about it to 'em afterward.”

“You took a chance of getting into trouble doing that,” I commented.

“Yeah? Forget it. A cop that acts crooked to catch crooks might get himself fired—but he *could* get promoted.”

"INFORMATION, PLEASE!"

CLIFTON FADIMAN: Gentlemen, how would Napoleon . . . Shakespeare . . . the poet Wordsworth . . . and a radio announcer say of Canada Dry . . .

It's Gingervating?

1.

OSCAR LEVANT: Napoleon would probably have said, "Men! Since an army marches on its stomachs, you'd all better toss off a glass of Canada Dry with your meals. It's *gingervating*—aids digestion!"

2.

JOHN KIERAN:
Well, here goes Shakespeare:

The quality of ginger is not strained;
The quantity is eke the just amount;
Exclusive is the process that prepares
The pin-point carbonation and ensures
The gingervating essence of the draught
That peppeth and refresheth; wherefore I
Do nimbly recommend you Canada Dry!

3.

F. P. A. (FRANKLIN P. ADAMS):
I can imagine Wordsworth saying:

I wandered listless as a cloud
That floats upon a summer sky,
Until I came upon a glass,
A sparkling glass of Canada Dry,
And oh, it gingervated me
With boundless pep and energy!

4.

MILTON CROSS: As a radio announcer, I would add, "And don't forget Canada Dry's Sparkling Water—the perfect mixer. Because of Pin-Point Carbonation—millions of smaller bubbles for longer life—an opened bottle in your refrigerator will remain lastingly lively for 24 hours!"

Listen to "INFORMATION, PLEASE!" Canada Dry's smash radio hit. See your local paper for station and time.

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"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

IT'S GINGERVATING . . . PICKS YOU UP . . . AIDS DIGESTION

THIRST-AID AT THE FAIR! Visit the Canada Dry Booth at the New York World's Fair, Food Building North.

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PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE NEW YORK
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

ONLY 15¢ for the large family size (*plus deposit*). Slightly more in a few areas due to higher freight, etc.

America's FOUR

Acclaimed through 5

NO strangers to World's Fairs are these four illustrious whiskie They were the toast of America before the Ferris wheel turne at Chicago's World Columbian Exposition in 1893, and colo drenched fountains played nightly in the Court of Hono These whiskies are today what they have been for more than half-century—fine beyond question and first in public esteem

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MOST *Whiskies**

years of World's Fairs

e proud place they hold springs from an excellence common to all products
ich, like them, have won signal distinction at World's Fairs of the past.

ch of this quartet is marked by a rare and distinctive flavor all its own,
lously maintained from generation to generation.

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sy reach of anyone partial to fine old "bonded" liquors.

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World's Columbian Exposition,
Chicago, 1893

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Whiskey
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Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
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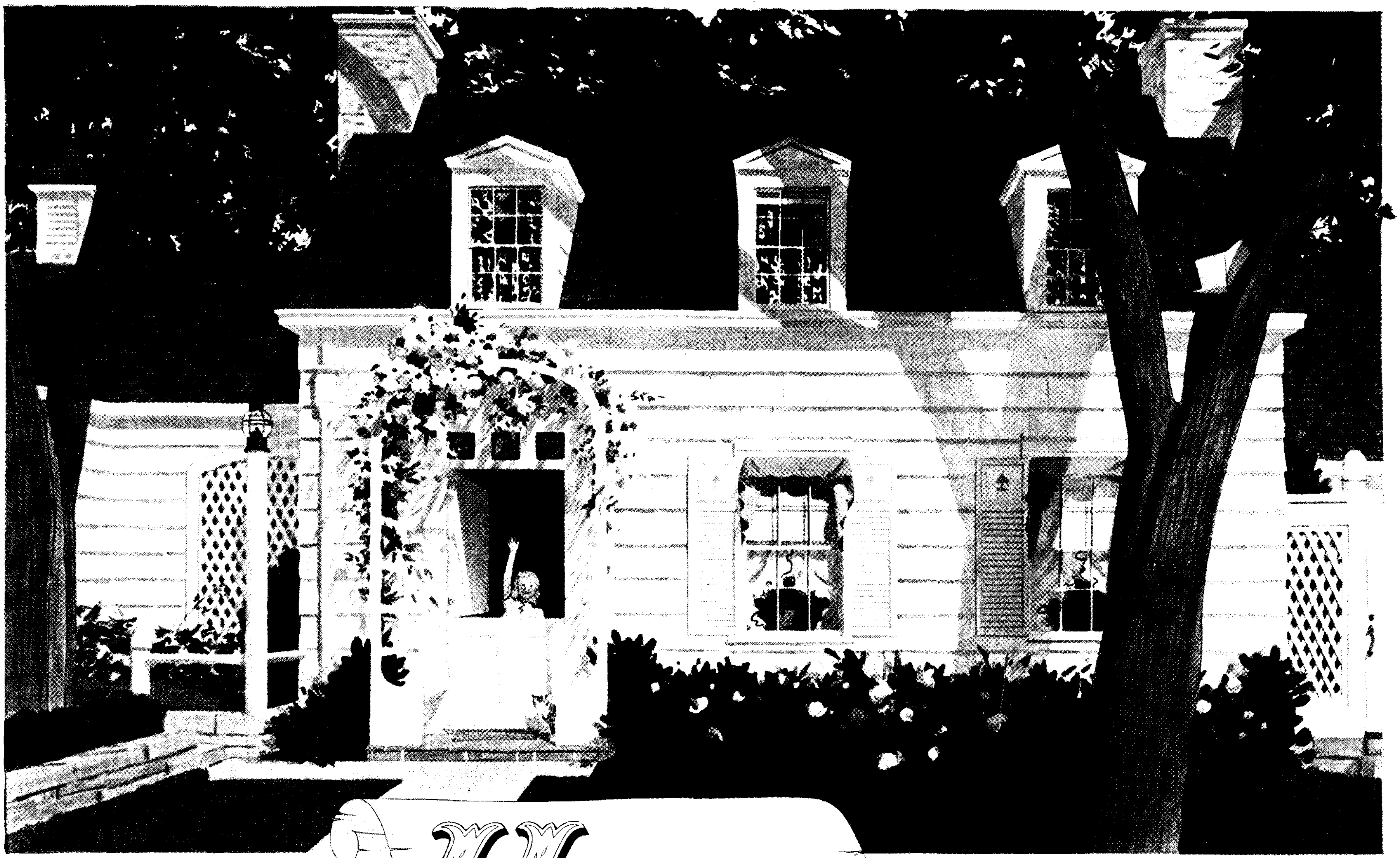

Nothing like white for a small cottage. A gay red roof adds styling interest.

A House that is LOVED

A house that is loved
has a trodden path
that leads to an open door;
Within comes the laughter
of childhood's play,
with toys on the littered floor.

A house that is loved
holds a mother's smile,
and a father's side by side;
And in the years,
with the Children grown,
its arms are still open wide.

LOW GRADE PAINT
DUTCH BOY

"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Owner now has to pay for burning and scraping off paint—and for a new priming coat.

Four years old and still in excellent condition. This house is in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling.

THE HOUSE YOU LOVE DESERVES DUTCH BOY PROTECTION

New paint—to make the home you love *more lovely!* To give it a jewel-like sparkle in its green setting of lawn and shrubs and trees.

New paint! What a pleasure to watch it smoothly flowing from the painter's brush onto the four walls of your home. "It's Dutch Boy," he tells you, "and it's as fine paint protection as money can buy."

And in the long run, Dutch Boy protection is also the most economical. Why? Because Dutch Boy not only lasts a long time but also does not crack and scale (see photograph at right). It resists the weather stubbornly—wears down slowly leaving a smooth unbroken surface. So when it finally comes time to repaint, you make two substantial savings: (1) There are no "rags and tatters" of low-grade paint to be burned and scraped off. (2) It is therefore not necessary to apply a new priming coat.

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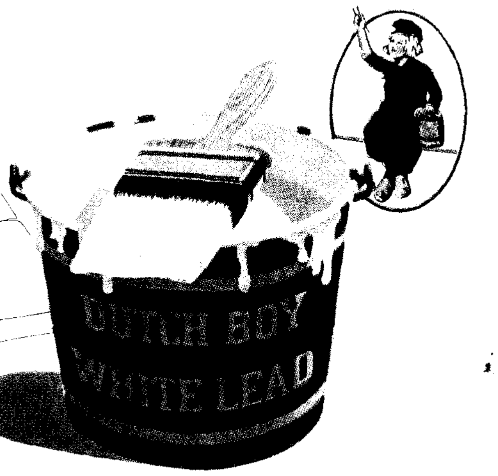

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*Street*_______________________________

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Contract Writer

Continued from page 10

When he finished his chore, along about the middle of the afternoon, he was suddenly tired. He stood up, stretched, and reached for his hat.

Half an hour's drive, and the cutoff through Cahuenga, brought him to the little house where he lived.

He sat on the veranda for a while, smoking and looking east at the foothills that walled off the valley from the Mojave Desert, forty miles away. At this moment, back in the writers' building at Resolute, this girl—this Lou Lee Tabor—was probably taking dictation from Stewart Goskin. . . .

AT THE veranda screen, his elderly colored boy interrupted Joe's thoughts. "Mist' Hoppy telefoamed," he said. "Silver Spoon pay fo'teen-eighty, and was you on it, he wanted to know."

Joe got up. "Who—me?" Joe shook his head. "Tell Mr. Hoppy I'll ring him tomorrow. And if anybody else calls, I went out. And look, Sam, I'd like supper in the living room, and a lot of iced coffee."

"Yas, suh!"

Sam shuffled off, and Joe cleared a space on the big table in the living room. He laid out paper there, and soft-lead copy pencils. He went to work. He filled a page in that black, angular hand of his. He filled another. After a long time, Sam came in with the tray and set it down, bugging respectfully at Joe Blackett's writing. At the top of the first page it said: "Selling Plater—by Joe Blackett."

"Um," Sam said, being able to read. "Horse business."

"Damn' right," Joe assured him.

So in the morning he had a script for Lou Lee Tabor to copy on her typewriter. In the morning, he pressed the proper buzzer on his desk in the Resolute writers' building, and Lou Lee came in, all cool and smiling.

"I can have it ready by noon, Mr. Blackett," she said. She looked happy, and even proud, stacking Joe's manuscript on a corner of the desk, beside the day's Racing Form. Mr. Goskin, she explained, had gone up to Palm Springs with S. B. himself the night before. Lou Lee was free for the day. So that was why she had that look, Joe thought. She was pleased about Goskin's day with old S. B. They were going to do something big.

"Anyway, Mr. Goskin said it would be big. Bigger than Wharf Rat, even . . ."

"Well," Joe said, "that's fine." When she had gone, he reached into his desk drawer and hauled out the black leather book. Its figures didn't seem to make as much sense as usual.

"Selling Plater, by Joe Blackett" . . . Probably, Joe thought now, it would go to Lou Ganfield or somebody else on the B Schedule. Not big, like the Stewart Goskin stuff for those kid actors. The Twelve-Minute Eggs. Back on Dancey Street, Joe remembered . . . he quit remembering, as soon as he could, and went to work on the dopebook with the morning charts and his little black figures, and a phone call to Hoppy. Wickiwack, in the third, at his best distance, track fast, Spitzer up . . . 103, as against a previous 108.

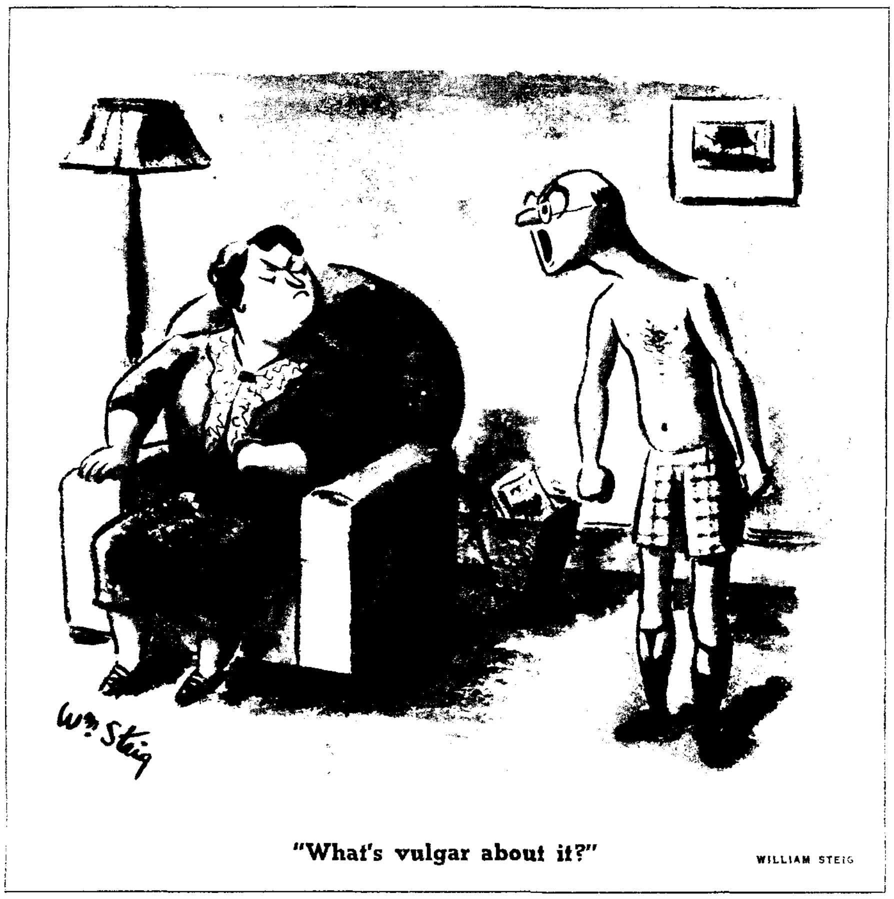
"So what?" Joe asked himself.

Well, so Joe Blackett's name was on an office door, and his contract had five months to go, at seven-fifty. On other doors, like that one across the corridor, names came and went. But Joe Blackett's name stayed where it was. Contract writer.

AFTER a while—a long while—Lou Lee Tabor tapped at the door. As soon as she opened it, he knew the worst. She laid his copy and her typescript and two carbons carefully in a row on his desk. Joe stood up. If she went away now—if she just laid down the manuscript and went away, Joe guessed that she would go straight into the empty office across the hall for a good cry.

"Gosh, take it easy," he said.

She didn't come right out, of course, and tell him in so many words that Selling Plater, by Joe Blackett, was terrible. Reluctantly, she answered his insistent questioning. It was no good, her telling



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...and I thought my scalp would pass the

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NO TELL-TALE FLAKES on my coat collar. And I thought my hair was clean. Was I surprised when I tried the Fingernail Test!

I ASKED OLD DOC WARD, the druggist and what he didn't tell me! "You young squirts are all alike. Slick your hair down with grease . . . then expect a weekly shampoo to keep it clean of dirt and dandruff!"

"OKAY SMART GUY!" says I, "but what do *you* use on that prize winning mop of yours?"

"I USE OIL!" says Doc. "Don't interrupt me. I mean this new 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil. It's the old Wildroot formula that's been eliminatin' dandruff scales since you were in kindergarten...plus pure *vegetable* oils that *can't* build up grease on your scalp!"

THAT SOLD ME! But what knocked me over was the introductory half price sale! Only 17¢ for the 35¢ size. And did it do the trick!

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him that accidents happened, that any writer in the building might lay an egg, that maybe he could fix it up. . . .

"I guess you thought I was better than that," Joe said presently.

The girl shook her head. "Only I kind of hoped, even if you didn't know horses, that you'd—well, kind of like them . . . kind of . . ."

Joe lifted his phone. He managed to grin at Lou Lee Tabor. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take you out to the track this afternoon, and let you show me a horse or two! How's about it?" Into the phone, he said: "Look, I need a couple of badges for Inglewood. Will you see if Showerman or Bill Ebbitts can fix me up?"

"Oh, I couldn't go," Lou Lee said.

"Yes, you could. The Goskin's away, and the mice will play. And we writers are stepping out for some local color."

THEY saw Star Bronze that afternoon. Star Bronze, in the fifth. The charts would say: "Ch. c. 3, by Kohl—Starshine, by Astronomer; trained by . . ." Lou Lee Tabor stood beside him in the streamlined saddling paddock at Hollywood Park, and for a moment Joe Blackett looked at a horse the way this girl did. Star Bronze was a burnished golden-bronze chestnut, with a proud way of walking that made Joe forget index numbers and dates and weights and speed ratings, and the figures in his little black book.

"Oh!" Lou Lee said . . . "There! There . . . !"

Joe almost believed. Only at the last, when the jocks took a leg-up and walked their mounts into the tunnel to the track, Joe remembered his figures. He laughed a little, quite happily, at the girl from Maryland. "If you have a dime," he *said,* "I'll give you a hundred dollars that Star Bronze is out of the money!"

Joe was right, by the figures in his black leather book. Star Bronze ran seventh in a field of eight.

The trouble was that the next morning, when Joe got to his desk, he remembered Star Bronze. That at least was part of the trouble. He remembered *the lakes in the infield, and the late sun* after the last race, and a sea breeze clearing the haze from the brown summer hills. He remembered the highway west, then the road north to Malibu, then the terrace of Skyline House at the dinner hour, and the old road through Lazy Canyon afterward. He remembered how Lou Lee had leaned close to see that little place of his when they finally passed it.

But Joe remembered Star Bronze, too. He remembered that colt, he thought, the way Lou Lee did. The figures against his name in the dopebook were not remarkable. From the morning's form chart, Joe picked up the index number, went back into his files, and made his careful black figures on the scratch pad. He caught himself trying to rate the animal into a handicap horse. The figures prevented it. But maybe there were other things that figures did not cover. . . .

THEN Lou Lee came in. "Joe," she began.

Joe stood up, a little dizzy. He quit remembering Star Bronze.

The color was high in Lou Lee's face, too, but she nodded back at the door across the corridor. "Joe," she said, "there's trouble. Mr. Goskin has the story, but they won't let him write it. Mr. Steinbaum, Mr. Junior Steinbaum, Mr. Showerman and Mr. Ebbitts. They don't see it. They won't—"

Joe had a crazy desire to put an arm around this girl and comfort her.

"Sit down, Lou Lee," said Joe. He pushed up a chair for her, and she told him the trouble and what she wanted him to do. And Joe Blackett didn't blow up because he had been that kid on Dancey Street, and had been around. . . .

"The way I get it," he said finally, "your Mr. Goskin will dictate his heart out to you, and you will type this epic, and then you think some contract writer named Joe Blackett might dumb it up in language that the hired help around here would understand. You think I can put it out so that S. B. will go for it."

"I think you can," said Lou Lee.

Seconds ticked by. . . . Fifteen, sixteen years ago, Joe wanted to tell her, Parson Cassidy had met up with this ratty kid from Dancey Street. The Parson lived in an overcoat, and he kept the pockets full of newspapers and five-cent notebooks and clippings and scratch pads. The Parson would take a bum's nickel on such and such a horse, in such and such a race, at Saratoga or 'Gansett or wherever. He would give the bum a price, balancing the nickels and dimes in his book, and he would pay off if the bum's horse won. Only the Parson's eyes were going bad. This kid from Dancey Street had good eyes. This kid liked figures. This kid was crazy about figures. . . .

The seconds quit ticking. The story was too long to tell a girl like Lou Lee Tabor. And she was too young, and the Maryland meadows were too fresh and clean. Too far from grubby side streets and the East River docks. . . .

"You know what a tout is?"

"Yes, Joe."

So Joe skipped most of the story. He skipped the road west from Newark . . . Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville, Altoona, Pittsburgh. . . . Odd-jobbing on the coast. Writing—oh, sure, writing. Doing cops-and-robbers quickies for the little outfits on Poverty Row. He skipped most of it, but he told Lou Lee Tabor how he'd gone along with the Steinbaum brothers when they branched out at Resolute. Picking horses. Using the figures, the sense of what horses and owners and gamblers were doing. Giving old S. B. and the brothers and Sid Showerman and the rest of the rising big shots a good one, now and again. Three years with Resolute Pictures, going on four. At seven-fifty a week now. Contract writer, but all he wrote was the name of a hot horse when he had one. *A sleeper. A commission horse.* An overlay. . . . That was all.

When he stopped talking, he had a moment's comprehension of how he must look, in the clear mirror of Lou Lee Tabor's eyes.

"If you can tout S. B. onto a real horse," she was saying, "maybe you could tout him onto a real story . . . a real one."

The kid from Dancey Street took it and smiled a little, not knowing that his lips were white.

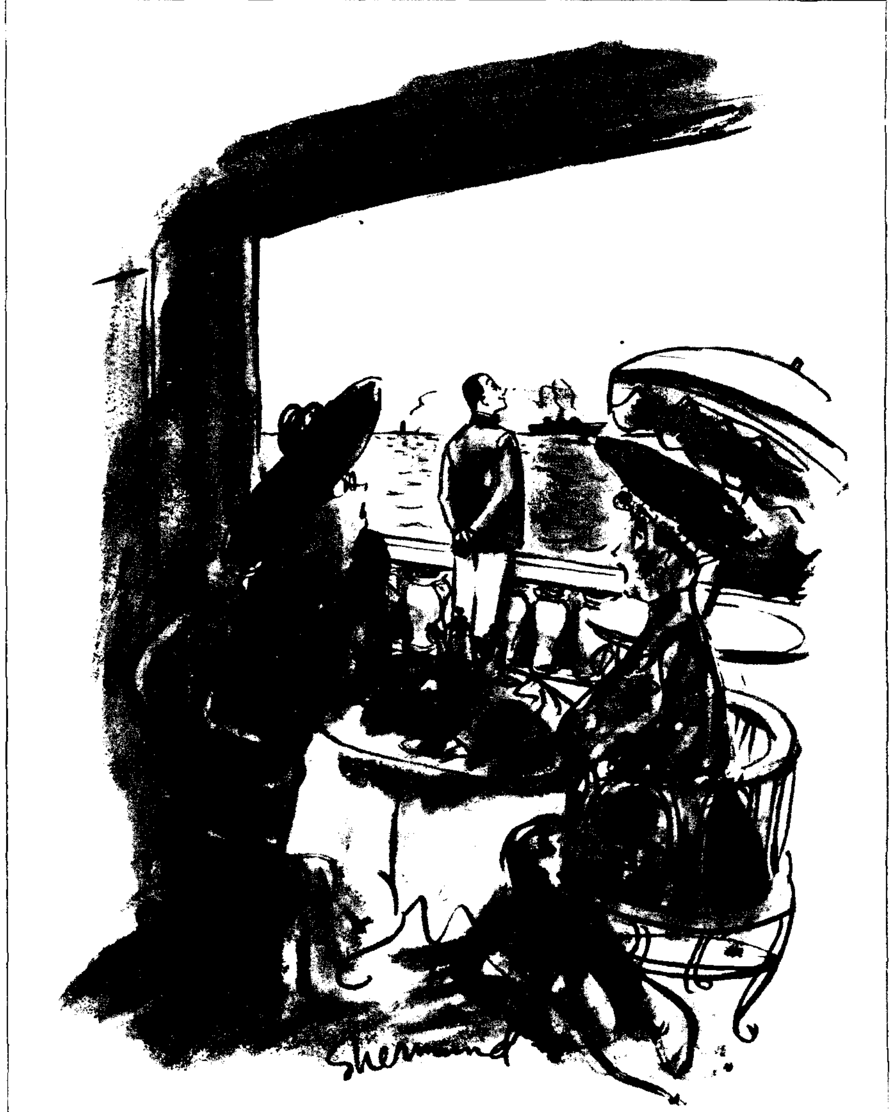
"I could try," he said.

THAT was Thursday, and at four-thirty Lou Lee brought him Hitch-Hike Army, by Stewart Goskin, in forty-two neat pages of typescript. At nine o'clock Friday morning, the yellow sheets of Joe's own paper were piled high beside it, close-written in that black, schoolboy hand of his, and the desk lamp still burned at his elbow.

Lou Lee tapped at the door and came in.

"You haven't slept much, either," Joe said.

There were smoky shadows under the girl's eyes. "Joe, I must have been crazy—we can't do this. This is his. This is Mr. Goskin's. Nobody can rewrite it



"He loves the Pacific so— Wait, poor boy, till he finds out it's not part of the estate—"

B. SHERMUND

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for him, the way he wants it. . . . Nobody—"

When her voice died away, Joe nodded. He stood awkwardly, because his legs were cramped. "You see, don't you, Joe?"

"Well, yes," Joe said finally. "Yes, I see."

He knew what she meant. Rated by what the critics wrote in New York, rated on past performances, the way Joe rated running horses in his dopebook, he had no business working over a script for Stewart Goskin. . . . Joe's big fingers fumbled a little, picking up the forty-two pages of Goskin's epic. He remembered Star Bronze. He remembered trying to rate Star Bronze into a handicap horse, just because Lou Lee Tabor liked it, and he had seen it the way Lou Lee saw it.

"I guess you can't figure me into his class," Joe said, not meaning his voice to sound so harsh. "You might be right."

Automatically, Lou Lee put out her hand and he gave Goskin's manuscript back to her. "Horses don't always run to form, either," Joe said. He crumpled his own yellow sheets into the wastebasket.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Tomorrow's a big day at the track. I ought to have something good for S. B. in the morning."

"You mean . . . well, not writing any more? You won't even try—?"

He wanted to tell her that Star Bronze was running again on the Saturday card, down in the fourth race. He wanted to jeer about Star Bronze, and people who fell in love with horses that ran out of the money. The thing to do was stick to the figures. Fall in love with past performances. . . .

"Oh, I'm a writer," he said. "I'm a contract writer. I do stuff about horses. For Steinbaum and Junior and Monroe and Leonard."

"Yes," the girl said. And then after a little while, "Good luck, Joe. And goodby."

Joe Blackett worked without sleep through most of that Friday. He worked, writing.

"No. . . . No, nothing yet. I'll ring you tomorrow," he said, when the phone called him. "No, not yet," he said to S. B.'s most positively confidential secretary. "I'll have something tomorrow. . . . Sure."

THAT was how he kept on writing. The story began with Dancey Street. (Write what you've lived, she'd said.) Mickey Silber was in it, and the Crovella kids, and Parson Cassidy. But part of the story was about a Maryland quarter-horse that looked like Star Bronze . . . and about a girl. Only this time Star Bronze and the girl from Maryland were seen by a gaunt young tramp from Dancey Street. . . .

At ten o'clock Saturday morning, he stacked and numbered his yellow sheets. On the first page, he wrote boldly: Parson Cassidy's Kids, by Joe Blackett. He folded the sheets, packed them into a manila envelope—and then suddenly, for no sound reason, he began to laugh.

He stripped off two blank sheets from his pad. On one of them he wrote: "I hereby resign, effective today. Yours truly, Joe Blackett." He clipped that to the back of his manuscript. On the other blank sheet he wrote: "Star Bronze." He clipped that to the title page. He rang for a messenger, then called S. B.'s office.

"Nothing on the big race," he said, "but I'm giving him one in the fourth. A good one, tell him. . . . Got it?"

He stood up, stumbling a little, and found his hat.

"I tank I go home now," Joe Blackett said.

At his house, he stripped and fell into bed and slept. When he woke up he shaved and bathed and put on slacks and a pull-over. It was night, and he did not know how late.

The phone started to ring. But before Joe could get over to it, somebody tapped on the door.

"The taxi from Wilshire and La Brea cost four dollars," Lou Lee said. "I tipped the driver fifty cents, and I had to climb your path in the dark . . ."

Joe said: "I was afraid it might not be you."

Then after a little while, the girl answered a question that he had not asked: "I came because I went to the races this afternoon with Mr. Goskin. He keeps brooding about his hard times. He thinks the world is cruel because he had to wait on table at a college eating club, and because he got turned down on a Guggenheim Fellowship. And when I remember how I made you rewrite the stuff he dashed off for Resolute Pictures, I—"

"Wait a minute," said Joe. "I know."

THE telephone began again, but they paid no attention. "You thought I was what I ought to be, holding down an office and a contract at Resolute. I know that, and we'll talk about it. But first there's something I have to tell you."

Lou Lee said, "There's something I have to tell you, too. Star Bronze was in the race this afternoon." Joe nodded, flushing a little. "Mr. Goskin bet two dollars on him, because I asked it."

Joe grinned at her. "And cried his head off after the race," he prompted.

But Lou Lee shook her head.

"That wouldn't have been so bad," she said. "But Mr. Goskin was so happy—so dreadfully, terribly, jelly-bean happy!"

"Happy?"

"Oh, yes," Lou Lee said. "They paid him a hundred and something dollars for his two, and Mr. Goskin—"

"Pardon me," he said, "but would you repeat that? And more slowly. Are you telling me that Star Bronze won the fourth at Inglewood today?"

"Yes."

The telephone began again. Joe got up. "If you will excuse me," he said, "I'm going to take the call this time."

After a long while, he came back to the sofa where Lou Lee was sitting. He dropped beside her. "Lou Lee," he said. "Lou Lee." His voice was muffled.

Then he talked to her. "I gave S. B. a horse this afternoon," he said. "I gave him Star Bronze. You see? You get that?"

"Yes . . . he . . . he must have won a fortune."

"No," Joe Blackett said. "He didn't bet it. He didn't even go to the track. Because I wrote a story for him, too, and sent it along with a tip on Star Bronze, and . . . well, the old boy called in Showerman and Bill Ebbitts, and Junior and a couple of others. They didn't go to the track. They . . . well, they got so excited over the story, they forgot all about the horse!"

Lou Lee drew him toward her and the movement was serenely proud and beautiful. "Could you tell me the story, after a while?" she asked.

Joe tried to remember where it began. Dancey Street, the docks, Parson Cassidy . . . Star Bronze . . . Maryland meadows like a newborn world in the very early morning . . . this girl. And there was a good ending, too. Probably this room was in it, and this house on the hillside slope, with lamplight reflected on the black windows looking out toward stars over the Mojave. "Yes," said Joe. "I could tell you the story."

She waited, still gentling his big shoulders.

"The story," Joe Blackett said, "is about a contract writer . . ."

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MAKES CARS RUN BETTER, LAST LONGER

Water Witch

Continued from page 14

coast and many chambers of commerce sent for her to perform this educational act in their villages. Catalina Island and the Golden Gate International Exposition even offered her contracts.

Gaye Menard's father was a Frenchman who fell in love with Siberia on a trip around the world and bought an island in the harbor near Vladivostok. This explains why the French name for a Russian girl is no phony, and also why the slim, 104-pound athlete has swarthy skin and flashing black Latin eyes, but also the high cheekbones and daring of the Slavs, her mother being Russian. The Menards were prosperous capitalists when the Russian revolution occurred. The father was absent on a trip to the United States at the time, and it was three years before Gaye and her mother escaped to Japan, at which time the total wealth of the family consisted of a couple of diamonds that Mamma Menard managed to smuggle out in balls of yarn. The father joined his wife and daughter in Japan, then brought them to Seattle, where Gaye attended the University of Washington for three years. By way of eking out the family income, she played the organ in movie theaters after school, and finally quit the campus to become a demonstrator of calculating machines.

Now you might think that a girl who'd once lived on Easy Street and whose family had encountered tough sledding making another start in a new country would jump at the chance to cash in on her skill as an aquatic acrobat. But this Gaye Menard inherited from her paternal side a Frenchwoman's acumen for business. One day she was demonstrating adding machines to a vacuum-cleaner distributor in San Francisco when he interrupted her to propose that they go into partnership, she to manage the office while he lined up dealers. About a week later they were married, and that's how come, if you want to find the country's top water broncobuster, you go into an office on Mission Street in San Francisco and ask for either Mrs. Bert Caygill or "Little Caygill."

Take to the Water

Several new aquatic sports, incidentally, come under the heading of water broncobusting. Gaye Menard's water scooter is only one. There's water skiing, surfboard racing, aquaplaning, kayaking, tub sailing, water cycling and water walking. Take your choice, and count on getting wet.

Aquaplaning grew, of course, out of surfboard riding, which came to water resorts of this country from romantic Waikiki Beach in Hawaii. Any good surfboard rider can climb aboard and ride the waves standing up, but a surfboard is something to stand on, being three times as wide and longer and heavier than Gaye Menard's scooter. A good many of the best surfboard acrobats of the West have tried her shingle, only to plop with a lusty splash into the water. They've had to go back to aquaplaning, which is the beginner's course, with ropes to hang on to for balance. The country's aquaplane classic is the annual forty-four-mile race from Hermosa Beach to Catalina Island across the open sea.

Water skiing is something else again. It is a sport that developed along the Riviera, where Mr. Paul Verdier, the elderly and athletic head of a San Francisco department store, discovered it about five years ago. A sucker for anything new in the way of water sports, Mr. Verdier promptly bought up a supply of water skis, which are about twice as wide and considerably longer than snow skis, and hustled back to San Francisco Bay, where he soon became adept at riding them. The technique, in case you want to try something thrilling and hard, involves hanging onto a rope pulled by a speedboat, while you concentrate on keeping your skis parallel to each other. As the speed increases to around thirty miles an hour, the skis rise higher and higher out of the wake until you are practically flying above the water.

Outdoing the Eskimos

Just by way of testing their mettle, Mr. Verdier persuaded a number of the star snow skiers—Hannes Schroll, Siegfried Engl, Rene Delbos and others—to come down and strut their stuff on the water. They strutted it, all right, but frequently with skis up and heads down, like the dubs on the snowy mountainsides. But most good skiers readily catch the knack of riding right side up on water skis, and in the short time since Mr. Verdier introduced the sport to San Franciscans it has spread to southern California, to Florida and to other water resorts.

A few years back, a citizen of Newport Beach, near Los Angeles, returned from a trip to Alaska with a lot of souvenirs, among them a true Eskimo kayak, made of walrus hide stretched on the rib bones of whales. This craft interested a professor in the high-school shop, and he borrowed it to make measurements and scale drawings. After which, with the aid of some of the boys, he built a replica, except that hardwood was substituted for the ribs, and treated canvas for the walrus hide.

The schoolboys took the kayak out to the beach to try it. In a short time they became remarkably skillful. This brought about an epidemic of kayak building in Newport and Balboa, across the crowded yacht harbor.

About that time a traveler from Norway passed through Newport. He lectured on the Northland at the high school and complimented the youngsters on their kayak proficiency, but assured them they would never master the Eskimo Roll because the Eskimos are a race of sawed-off, stocky people with underslung centers of gravity.

The next day every high-school kid who could lay his hands on a kayak was down at the lagoon or in the surf, trying the Eskimo Roll, which involves tipping the kayak over so that the rider's head is down in the water, then coming up the other side. In other words, a complete sidewise revolution. They were doing it for Dear Old Newport Hi, and they not only mastered the "roll," girls and boys alike, but they evolved a series of hurdle races, jumps, tilting and jousting contests that even the smartest of the underslung Eskimos never thought of.

The pay-off is that Newport yacht harbor is the center of kayaking today, and the younger sets from other resorts have taken up the game.

Probably the goofiest of all forms of aquatic broncobusting is tub racing. It appears to have started on San Francisco Bay, and the technique consists of depositing one man or one woman in each of several large tubs, over on the San Francisco side of the bay, giving them each a small sail, and telling them to tack over to Oakland, three miles across. Just what they want to do it for, nobody seems to know, but it's all good clean fun, particularly if your tub tips over and you get a free bath in the bay.

Someone to Need Him

Continued from page 23

"I don't know," she replied in a low voice. "I haven't been here since I was eight. My stepfather hates London, and never would let us come."

"But he's let you now," he suggested.

"He didn't, exactly," she answered, so softly that he could scarcely hear her.

"You haven't run away from school, have you?" he asked, with disapproval.

She didn't reply for a second or two, then she said in a faintly reproachful voice, "I'm eighteen."

"Oh. I thought you were much younger."

IN ANOTHER minute they reached Gambetta's, and followed the other two into a cheerful upstairs room hung with festoons of colored paper and adorned with ferns growing in pots, and ivy growing in boxes, and winding itself about the trelliswork. It was very Italian, and smelled of cheese and Chianti. Charlotte looked about her with a puzzled air, and when asked what she would eat said, "Scrambled eggs, please." But the more experienced Marjorie ordered spaghetti for her and she gave in without a word.

By this time Edward had begun to take a kindly interest in her, and now that she had put off her shapeless little hat, he thought her pretty, far prettier than her more commonplace sister. Charlotte, indeed, was anything but commonplace. Her features were clear-cut and full of character; her eyes were intelligent, wide apart, and of a rich, warm brown. She had a lovely brow, and her thick, dark brown hair framed her pale face most attractively. But it was clear that she was overstrained and almost at the end of her endurance.

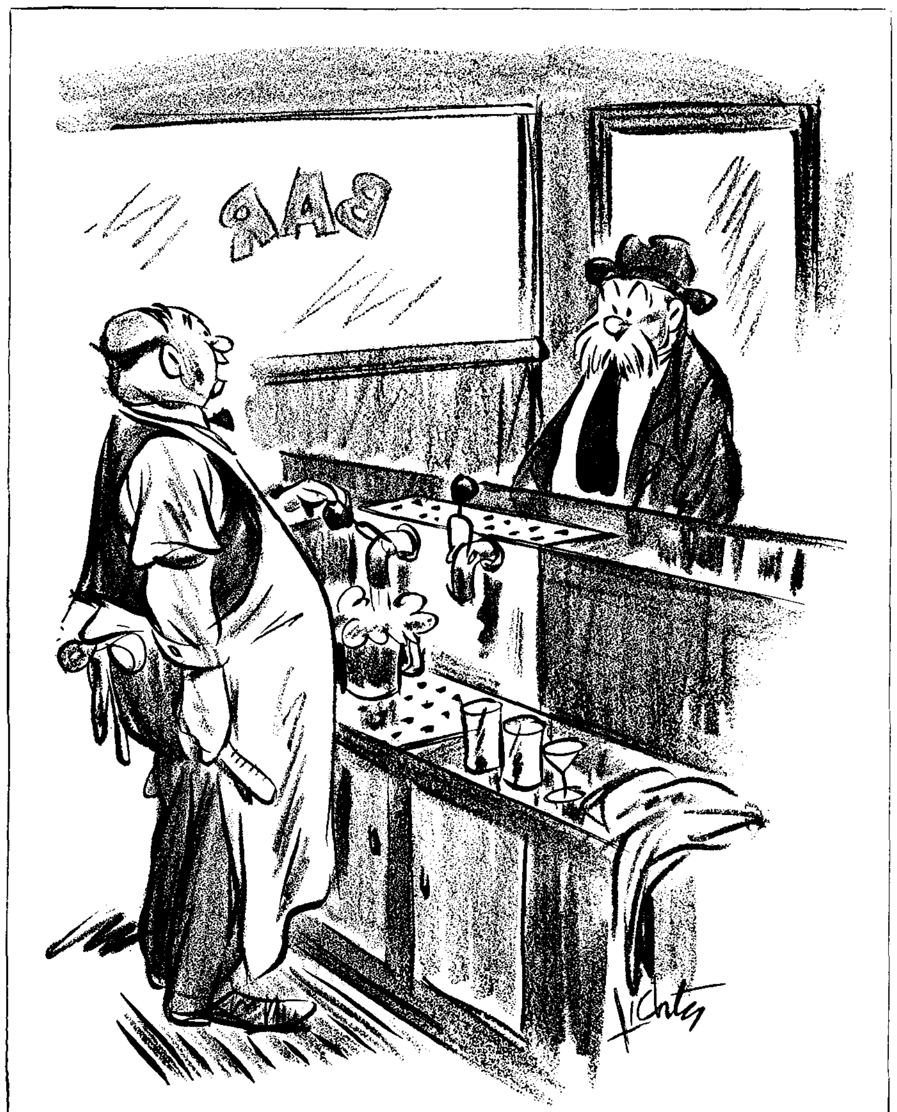
Edward, who was not usually very observant about women, could feel that she was full of pent-up emotions, protests, questions, longings, bewilderments. He felt that here, in spite of youth and inexperience, was an unusual character, a character that commanded respect. When George, with a lamentable lack of tact, asked her about the accident she had seen, she simply looked at him, closed her lips and looked away. Edward quickly changed the subject. Suddenly the girl laid down her fork and, clutching the arms of her chair with both hands as though to keep herself from crying out, looked appealingly at her sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Char?" asked Marjorie, pausing in the midst of her chatter.

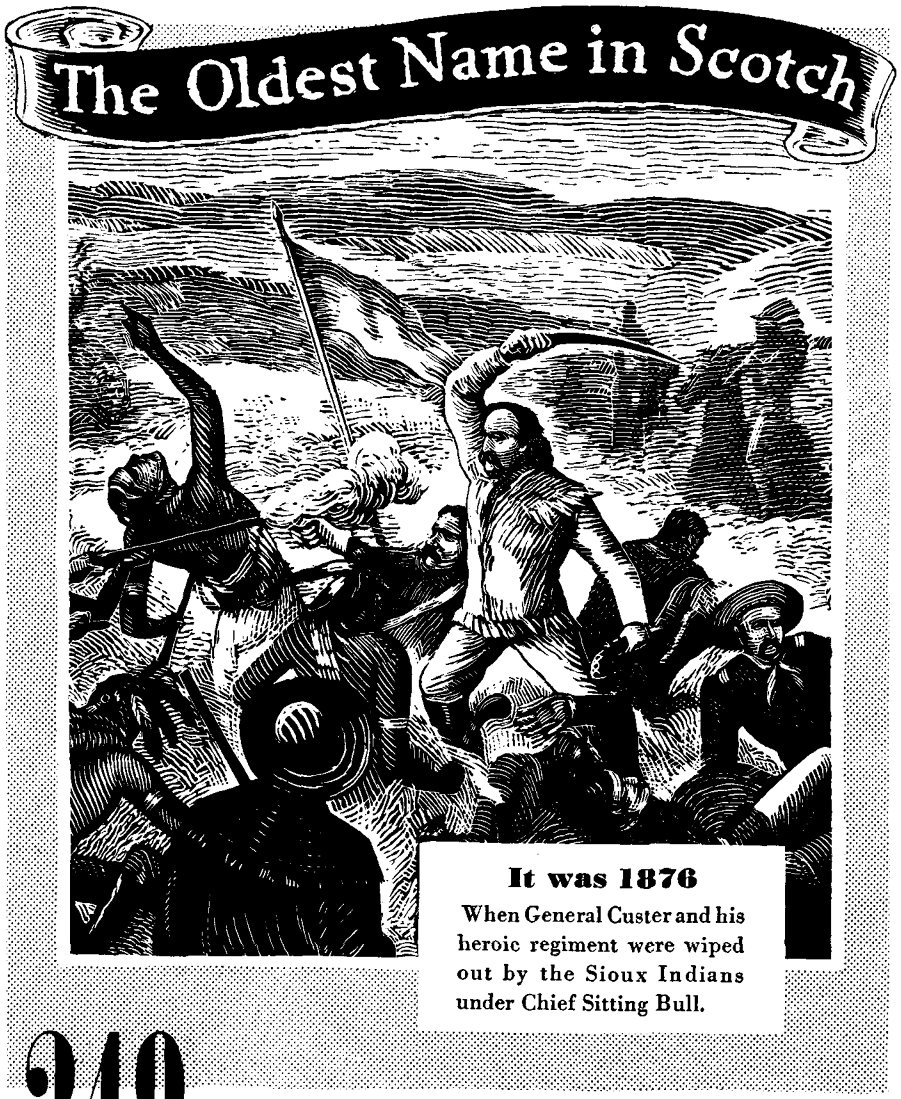
With what Edward could see was a tremendous effort of will, Charlotte controlled herself, shook her head, said, "It's all right, never mind," and took up her fork again. But she could not eat. The pallor of her face was alarming. The child, he saw, ought to be in bed—but she had no bed. She obviously needed care—but Marjorie was not the kind of sister to give her what she needed.

"Look here," said Edward, with an impulsiveness rare in him, "why can't your sister stay in my flat for a while, till she knows what she wants to do? I was only going to sleep in it tonight, and I can perfectly well go to a hotel. She oughtn't to be sleeping on the floor in your room."

"There's a mattress," said Charlotte



"Are you that thirsty, pal, or is that a necktie?" GEORGE LICHTY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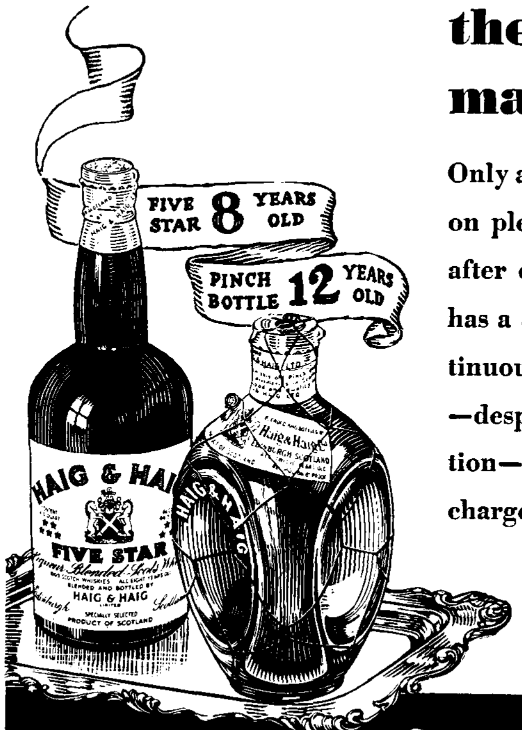

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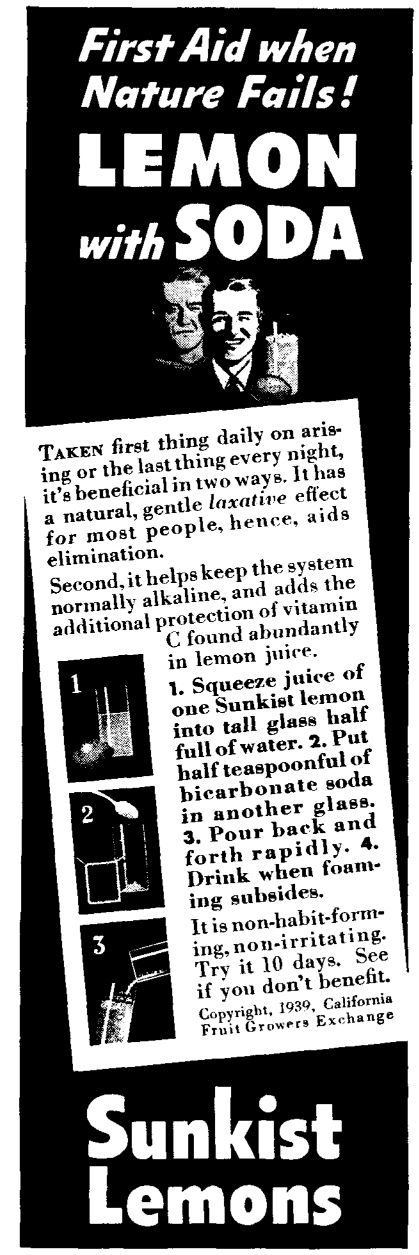

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24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
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quickly. "It's quite comfortable, really it is."

Marjorie, who liked her room to herself and was in the habit of sleeping till lunchtime, was delighted with the idea, but she wanted to show that she was a woman of the world.

"It's a nice invitation, all right," she said. "Sure there are no strings to it?"

Edward gave her a furious look.

"I meant just what I said," he told her. "Neither more nor less."

"Well, all the better," she returned, quite undaunted. "Don't get huffy about it." She turned to her sister. "This is your lucky night, Char. If Edward says you can have his flat, it's okay by me. He lives in the country, really, with his mother, so it won't be putting him out."

"It's very kind," said Charlotte, speaking with difficulty, "but I'd rather be with you, Marjorie."

"Nonsense," said her sister. "You accept that offer, like a good girl. It's all right, you can take my word for it. I haven't lived in this city for four years without knowing a thing or two. Edward's a perfect gent, isn't he, George?"

"He's very lucky to be able to offer you his flat," George told Charlotte. "I wish I could."

"If *you* did, it *wouldn't* be okay by me," retorted Marjorie.

Charlotte saw that Marjorie had made up her mind, and turned to Edward. "I've only got a little suitcase," she said. "It's at Marjorie's. I lost my purse. I must have dropped it getting on a bus. It had all my money in it."

"Bad luck," said Edward, "but don't worry about it. What about getting her suitcase now?" he suggested to the others. "It's getting pretty late."

She threw him a grateful look. George paid the bill, and they took a taxi to Marjorie's lodgings. Charlotte ran upstairs, saying she would be down in five minutes, and the others waited. Marjorie and George agreed that it was too early to go to bed and decided to go on to a night club. They tried to persuade Edward to come too. It would do Charlotte good, they said, to see some gaiety. Marveling at their stupidity, he said he thought that she ought to go straight to bed.

"Well, you take her along to the flat yourself, then," said Marjorie, "and George and I will go on. Hail that taxi, George! Good, he saw you. What's the telephone number, Edward? I'll ring the child up in the morning. She's tired, that's all. A few nights in a comfortable bed's what she needs. It's awfully good of you, it really is! Good night, and thanks a lot."

WHEN Charlotte came back and found him waiting in the taxi alone, she looked startled. He told her what had happened and she got in quietly, and sat with her hands folded in her lap. Edward felt horribly embarrassed at the idea of taking a girl to his flat, but there seemed no help for it. No one saw them arrive, for which he was thankful, and he took her up in the lift feeling that the worst was now over. He opened the door of the flat and switched on the lights.

"I'll leave the key here, on this little table," he said. "I'm afraid the flat's very empty. I haven't had it long. But I think you'll find everything you need. Here's the living room. I'll light the gas fire." He struck a match, and at the little "pop" the gas made, she started nervously. Then slowly, as if her thoughts were elsewhere, she took off her hat and coat and laid them down.

"That woman," she said, and stopped. He saw that she wanted to talk to him, that she had to talk.

"You mean the woman who was run over?"

She nodded. "Yes. Can I tell you? She and her husband were in the train with me. We talked, and they were both so kind. I told them I didn't know my way about London, and the woman said that her husband would go on home when we got to Euston, and she would take me to where Marjorie lives. You see, they were afraid I might get lost. The husband left us at Euston and later we got out of the bus at Oxford Street, and were just going to cross it. We stopped on one of those islands. I suppose I was staring about me. She started to cross the street, and then she saw that I hadn't followed her, and tried to come back to me. Then a big car—" she covered her eyes and shuddered. "She died in a few minutes. I . . . I never saw anyone die before."

"You poor child!" he exclaimed, horrified.

"I told them who she was, and where she lived. They took my name too, and Marjorie's address. If . . . if she hadn't been so kind . . . if she hadn't come with me . . ." she raised her head and stared in front of her. "I just can't stop thinking about it," she said. "I can't stop. I shall remember her face all my life. All my whole life."

HE PUT a hand on her shoulder, patting it gently.

"No, no, you'll forget in time. We all do. We must. Look here, if you have to go and give evidence, I'll come with you. You mustn't go alone."

She nodded, and then said, barely above a whisper, "I'm so glad I told you." She stood, drooping, holding to the mantel, and he pushed a small chair forward. "Here, sit down," he said. "You're dead tired. Sit down and warm yourself." He sat, too, in an armchair that he had bought only the day before. He realized that she had been through too much to trouble about small conventions, or to realize, perhaps, that they were being overlooked. She wanted him to stay and talk simply because she desperately felt the need of talking. She went on, brokenly:

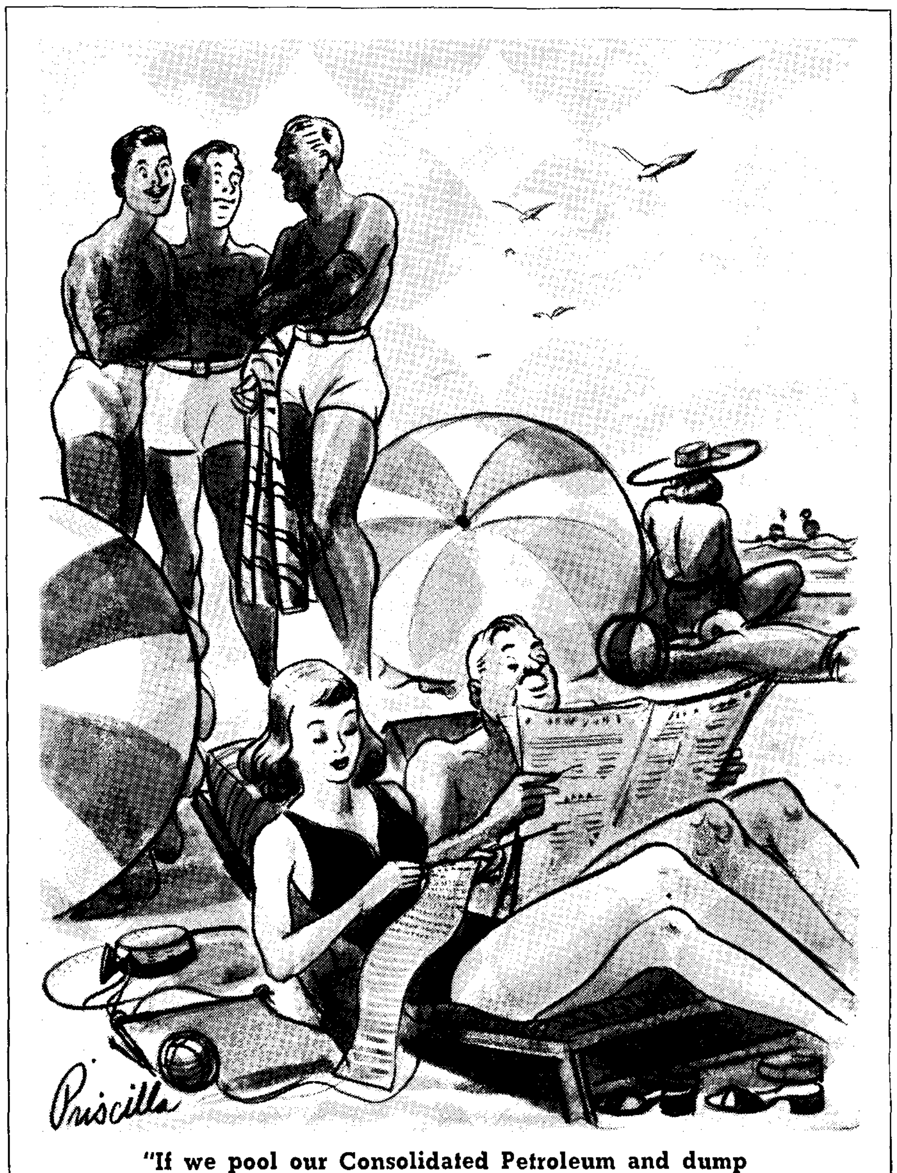
"You see, if it hadn't been for me . . . and they were so nice. They seemed so happy. Oh!" she cried, miserably, "how horrible the world is! How horrible!"

HE TOOK her hand and held it firmly for a moment. "Hush, child, don't say that. You mustn't say that. Now tell me why you left home and what you mean to do. Don't think about the other thing. Keep it out of your mind as much as you can."

"I couldn't stay at home any longer," she said. "You see my mother married again two years after my father died. Father was a darling! He was a parson, and we lived in an old vicarage near Tewkesbury. Mother hasn't any money of her own, and my stepfather hasn't turned out at all well. He . . . he drinks, I'm afraid. And he doesn't like us. That's why Marjorie left home—and why I have, too. It made it worse for mother, our being there. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'd saved twenty-five pounds—it took me three years—and today I lost it all." She had a not very clean handkerchief in her hands and was tearing at it and twisting it into knots.

"Look here," said Edward, "I think you ought to go to bed, I really do. You can tell me more about it another time. Tomorrow night I'll come and take you out to dinner, but now I think you ought to have some sleep. It's one o'clock."

Already he felt an affection for her, and a sense of ownership, as one does for a kitten or a dog that one has res-



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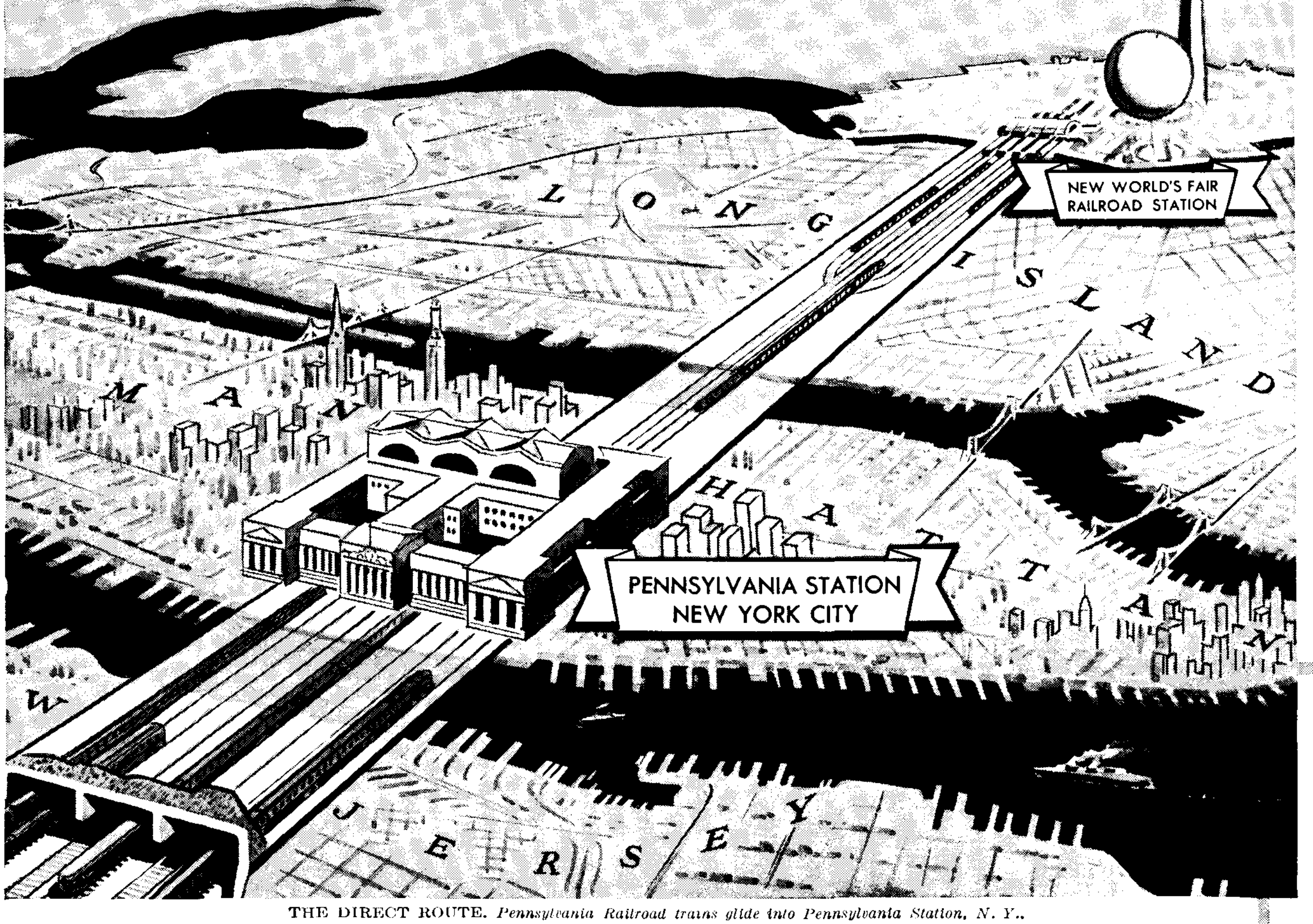
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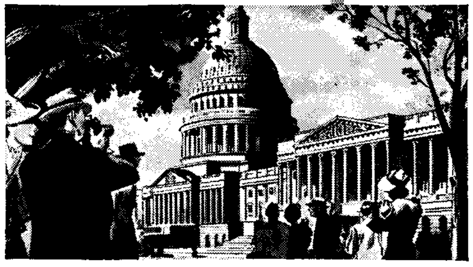

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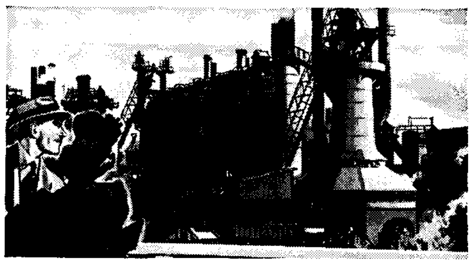

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cued and been kind to. "Come," he said, "I'll show you the bedroom, and then I'll be off."

He opened the door, switched on the light and revealed the enormous four-poster bed. She gave a little cry.

"Oh! It's just like Mother's old bed at the vicarage. The one I was born in. It's almost exactly the same. The carving's a little different, but oh! it seems just like *home!* Like our old home. When I was tiny, I used to pretend it was a ship with four masts." She put her hands about one of the bedposts, and leaned her forehead against it. Suddenly the tears began to flow. She tried to brush them away with her sleeve, she tried valiantly to choke them back, but some frail dam had broken at last, and grief and anguish overcame her. Still clutching the bedpost, she slid to the floor, and lay there sobbing wildly.

FOR a moment, Edward stood rigid with fear. Fear, because he felt himself totally inadequate to deal with such a situation. He had had little to do with women and had rarely seen them cry. He had no technique to fall back on at such a moment as this, and he saw that he would have to improvise. But curiously enough, startled and horrified though he was, he did not wish himself out of it all, nor even faintly regret that he had been caught up into her troubled life. He bent down and lifted her up, loosening her hands. When he felt that her feet were touching the floor, he held her against his side with one arm and with the other flung back the new bedcover. Then he lowered her to the bed.

It seemed as though she would never stop her wild, convulsive sobbing. She tore at her dress, her hands clenched and unclenched, were flung this way and that, and beat upon the bed. Nature was revenging itself for what she had been through and for what she had suppressed. It was a situation, he saw, that demanded action. But what was to be done? He had no woman friend he could call upon. Marjorie and George were at some night club, which, he had no idea, and he didn't even know a London doctor. And if he had known one, he would be laying himself open to the grossest misunderstanding. Fortunately, it was not a case where a doctor was necessary. What had to be done, he would do himself.

She had ceased to seem to him a young girl. She was a tortured, hysterical bundle of overstrained nerves, a lost child, a pitiable thing. Her poor face had become a mask of grief, a face out of touch with normal life. He looked at her clothes. She had on a blue blouse with a rose-colored skirt that was belted with a contrasting color. He unfastened the belt, and with her half-conscious help, pulled the skirt and blouse over her head. Underneath she had on a pink slip, and she looked thin and childish in it. Corsets? Girls didn't wear them now. He felt about her waist. She had on only a flexible belt to hold up her stockings, and he loosened the suspenders, took off her shoes and peeled off her stockings, too.

THEN, feeling he had done what was necessary, he drew the bedclothes over her and tucked them in. She went on sobbing, with great uncontrollable sobs that shook her whole body. She was shuddering, as if with cold. His mother had got him into the habit of using a hot-water bottle, and he took it out of his suitcase, which was still unpacked. He filled the kettle and set it on the gas ring, switched on the electric heater in the bedroom, and went to get her a drink.

There was whisky and there was coffee. He decided that a weak whisky and soda would be best for her, as coffee might keep her awake. When he returned she was still moaning and crying. He put an arm about her and raised her up.

"Charlotte! Hush! Stop crying! Be a good girl now, do you hear? Control yourself. It's all right, I'm here, and I'll take care of you. Now drink this, to please me."

At first there was no response, then after a while her sobbing grew less, her tortured hands became still. He put the glass to her mouth. "Drink a little of this," he urged. "You won't like it, but drink it, it will do you good."

With childish obedience she at last bent her head and put her lips to the glass. And in that instant, in that act of nourishing a forlorn human creature and soothing its fears and loneliness, Edward fell in love. He knew it, and knew too, by some deep instinct, that he might never have fallen in love in any other way. This had been reserved for him, this was an experience that had been necessary to him, so that he could release himself from the chains of habit and at one step become the protector instead of the protected. He was one of those men, of whom there are many, who must pity in order to love, and who can only wholly love that which is in need of their love.

He held the glass and she sipped, still shuddering and trembling. Then he returned to the hissing of the kettle and went to fill the hot-water bottle. He slipped it under the covers, against her cold feet.

"There," he said, "that'll comfort you." And now he was in a perfect ecstasy of happiness. She was in his bed, she had his hot-water bottle at her feet, with the blue velvet cover on it that his mother had made. His whisky was warming her and giving her courage. He yearned over her with almost maternal tenderness, his heart nearly bursting with the greatest happiness he had ever known. The storm had nearly subsided.

AT LAST, when Edward's watch said ten minutes past three, she raised herself on her elbow and looking at him with swollen eyes, said in a small, weak voice, "I'd like my nightgown and toilet things, please, out of my suitcase."

He brought them to her.

"I don't want to get out of bed," she said, looking up at him, "but I suppose I ought to brush my teeth. Is there a bathroom?"

He opened a door. "In here. Haven't you any bedroom slippers? I didn't see any."

"I must have forgotten them." Then she asked, "I suppose I really *ought* to get up and brush my teeth, oughtn't I, before I sleep? I'd rather not move."

"Yes," he said, "I think you ought. Here, I'll lend you my slippers. And here's one of my big handkerchiefs. I'll be in the next room. And, Charlotte, I'm not going to leave you tonight. I'm going to sleep in the armchair, by the fire, so if you want anything you only need to call me. And in the morning, we'll get breakfast together. Will you like that?"

"Oh," she sighed, "how lovely! How good you are! I didn't *want* to be alone."

He thought, as he looked about the little living room, and pulled two chairs together to make a kind of couch, that he was more than a man of property now. He was, or soon would be, a family man. That absolute trustfulness of hers, that lovely simplicity and naturalness, had put the final touch on his happiness. Tomorrow they could make plans; the sort of plans that he had never before been able to imagine himself making. Now he saw that nothing could be simpler, or more inevitable. The center of things had completely shifted for him. This, thanks to the four-poster bed, was home.

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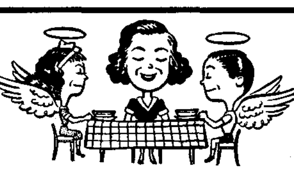

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

Dear Baby

Continued from page 12

to her the night he had come home and found her listening to the record. He had pointed to the machine and said, "Where did that come from?"

He remembered the way she ran to him and put her arms around him, and the way he pushed her away. He remembered the heel he was, doing that, and the way she moved away from him and said, "I only made a down payment on it. I'll tell them to come and take it back if you want me to. I thought you'd like it."

The record was playing, and although he knew it was something he liked very much, and needed, and should have known long ago, he went on being unkind. She was on the verge of crying and didn't know where to go or what to do. She went timidly to the machine and was going to shut it off when he shouted to her to let it play. She hurried, almost ran, into the other room, and he stood in front of the machine with his hat on and listened to the record until it finished. Then he shut off the machine and went back to town and didn't come home till after two in the morning. She was asleep. He couldn't understand what right he had to know her, to speak to her, to live in the same house with her, to touch her. He bent over her and touched her lips with his own and saw her eyes open. "Please forgive me," he said.

She sat up smiling and put her arms around him and he kissed her lips and her nose and her eyes and her ears and her forehead and her neck and her shoulders and her arms and her hands, and while he was doing so he said, "Please remember one thing, baby. No matter what I say to you, I love you. I'm crazy and I'm liable to go haywire any time, but don't forget that I love you. Please remember that."

He had taken off his clothes, and he got into the other bed and went to sleep. When she got in beside him he woke up and embraced her, laughing, while she whispered his name the sorrowful serious way she always did when she knew he was all right again.

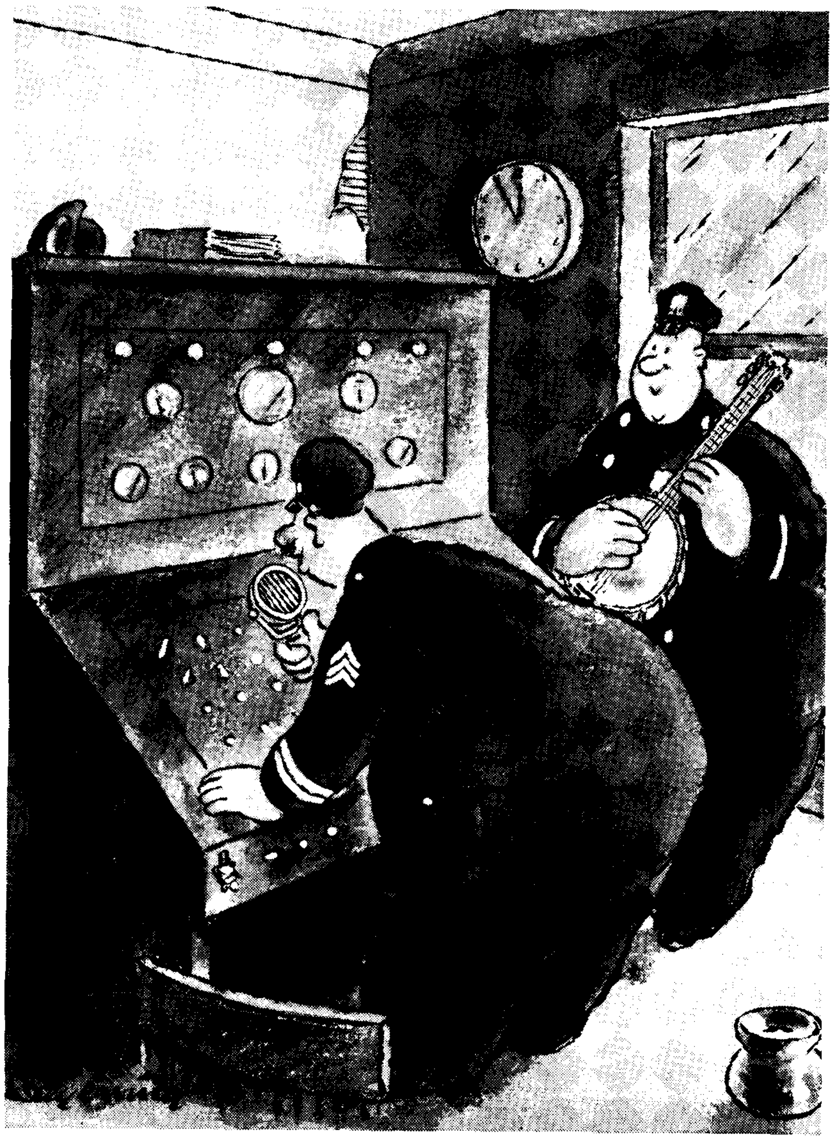
THAT had happened in Ventura where they had taken an apartment because he had three fights coming up in that vicinity: one in Los Angeles, one in Hollywood, and one in Pismo Beach. He let her come to the fight in Hollywood the night he fought Kid Fuente, the Indian, because he knew how much she wanted to see him in the ring. He got her a ringside seat and after the fight she told him she had sat next to Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck and they had been very nice to her.

"I hope you didn't ask them for an autograph," he said, and she became embarrassed and said, "Yes, I did, Joe."

"Well," he said, "they should have asked *you* for one."

"Oh, they're swell," she said. "They sure liked you."

"Oh, sure," he said. "Sure. Sure. That dumb Indian almost ruined me. I



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JAY IRVING

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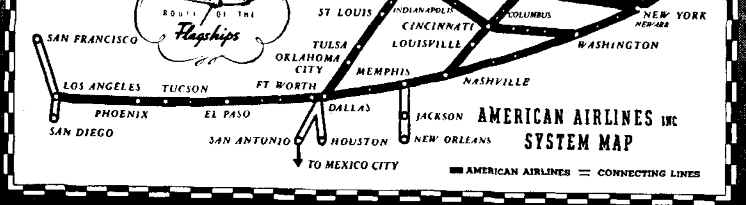
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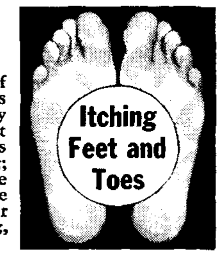

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don't know how I won. I guess he got tired trying. I'll be punch-drunk in another three or four months."

"You were wonderful in the ring," the girl said.

He remembered the fight because she had talked about it so much. It was six rounds. He was almost out in the fourth. She had known it, and kept talking around it, but one day she said, "I almost cried."

And he said, "When? What are you talking about?"

"I mean," she said, "at the fight. Everybody was yelling and I didn't know whether they were for you or against you, and I almost cried."

"When was that?" he said.

"I don't know," she said. "I was so excited. He was fighting hard and you were in a corner and everybody stood up and was yelling. I thought he was hitting me."

HE REMEMBERED being in the corner, taking a lot of bad ones and not being able to do anything about them and not knowing if he wasn't going to be out and saying to himself, "You'll be punch-drunk in no time at this rate." And he kept trying to move away, but there was nowhere to go, and all of a sudden the Indian slowed down, he was tired, and he remembered saying to the Indian, "Okay, kid, now it's my turn." And he got a lot of crazy strength somewhere and began doing what the Indian had been doing, and he knew it was going to be all right because there weren't more than fifteen seconds to that round, and he gave the rest of the round everything he had, and the Indian was tired and couldn't do anything, and just before the gong the Indian stopped a bad one and fell backward, looking up at him with an amazed expression because the Indian couldn't understand how anybody could take so much punishment and come up so strong.

The gong saved the Indian but for the rest of the fight the Indian was no good, and he knocked him down once in each of the last two rounds, and then shook his hand, and the Indian said, "What holds you up?" and Joe said, "You tell me what holds *you* up."

"That was a bad spot," he told her. "By rights I should have been out, but the Indian got tired. You can't start slugging that way in the middle of a round and expect to keep it up till the end of the round."

"You looked fine," she said, "and you didn't look sore. Don't you get sore?"

"Sore?" he said. "Who's there to get sore at? That poor Indian is only out to earn a little money the same as me. He's got nothing against me and I've got nothing against him. If he can floor me, he's going to do it, and if I can floor him, I'm going to do it."

"Well," she said, "I almost cried. You looked so fine all the rest of the fight, but when you were in the corner nobody could see you and the only thing they could see was somebody being hit over and over again."

"I didn't like that myself," he said.

HE WAS glad she hadn't seen some of his bad fights; the ones in which he had taken a lot of punishment, his earlier ones. Lately he'd learned too much about the racket to get into much trouble. He seldom took advantage of a chance to clinch, but if the worst came to the worst, and there was nothing else to do, he would do it, and rest a few seconds, and try to figure out what to do in the remaining seconds of the round. He usually ended every round nicely, coming back, if he had been hurt earlier in the round. Of course he had the reach, his legs were good, and even when he was hurt they didn't wobble and he could stay solid.

Even so, he wasn't a fighter and he knew it. He had always been too sensitive for a kid brought up in the streets, but he had learned to be insensitive, and the other kids toughened him. It took him a long time to stop fretting about that kind of trouble coming up, but once he stopped fretting about it, when the trouble came and there was a fight, he fought it and usually had the best of it. He had always been lucky that way, maybe because he knew the absurdity of it and how stupid it was and never got sore at anybody personally, although he used to go crazy when he was hurt and would almost kill another kid. If they hurt him, they would have to lay him out cold, or he would have to lay them out cold, or make them run. He had always hated fighting, but when it had been necessary to fight he had tried to learn how to do it without getting killed. It was all because he was born of poor people and brought up in the streets and never had any money and always wanted money and couldn't ever get enough of it to live the way he wanted to live that he got into the racket.

After seeing the fight with Kid Fuente she didn't want to see any more and she was always worrying about him. The day of a fight she would be sick, sick in bed, and she would actually pray. She told him she turned on the phonograph and listened to the record. And when he'd come home he'd find her pale and sick, and almost in tears, and he would hold her in his arms a long time, and he would hear her heart pounding and little by little it would slow down to almost normal, and then he would hold her at arm's length and look into her eyes and she would be smiling and then he would say, "It doesn't mean anything but fifty dollars extra, baby, but I won." And she'd know there was no phony pride in him, she'd understand what he was talking about, and she would ask him what she could get for him. Ham and eggs? Scotch and soda? What would he like? And she would rush around in an apron and fool around with food and dishes and put the stuff on the table.

He used to eat, even if he wasn't hungry. Just so he hadn't lost. If he'd lost, he'd be mean, he'd be so sore at himself that he'd be mean to her, and she wouldn't know what to do, and in the midst of being mean to her he would suddenly say in a loud voice, "And don't be a fool either; don't pay any attention to anything I'm saying because I'm out of my head. I made a mess of the whole fight."

◆

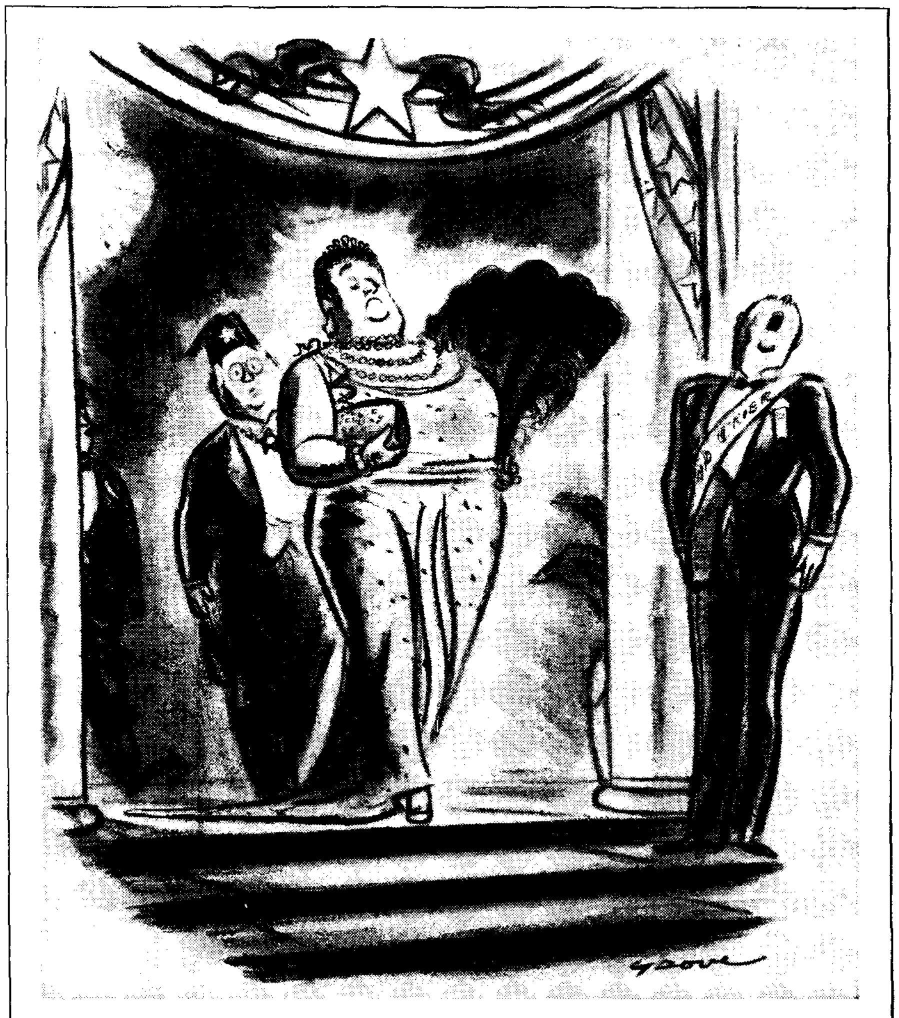
WHEN he came home from the fight with Sammy Kaufman of New York he was pretty badly hurt. His head was heavy, his lips were swollen, his left eye was twitching, every muscle of his body was sore, and he was swearing all the time, even though it had been a good fight and a draw.

He wasn't mean to her that night and she said, "Joe, please give it up." She knew how badly hurt he was. "You can make money some other way. We don't need a lot of money."

He walked around in the apartment and talked to himself. Then suddenly he calmed down and shut off almost all the lights and put the record on the machine and sat down with her and listened to the music. It was a piece by Jan Sibelius from King Kristian Suite called Elegie. He played the record three times, then fell asleep from exhaustion and she kept playing the record until he woke up a half-hour later. He was smiling and he said, "I'd like to quit, baby, but I don't know any other way to make money."

The following week he tried gambling and lost seventy dollars.

After that he had stuck to fighting. They had traveled together up and down the coast—north to San Francisco, Sacramento, Reno, Portland and Seattle, and then south to the towns along the coast and in the valley that were good fight towns, and Hollywood and Los Angeles and San Diego—when he found out



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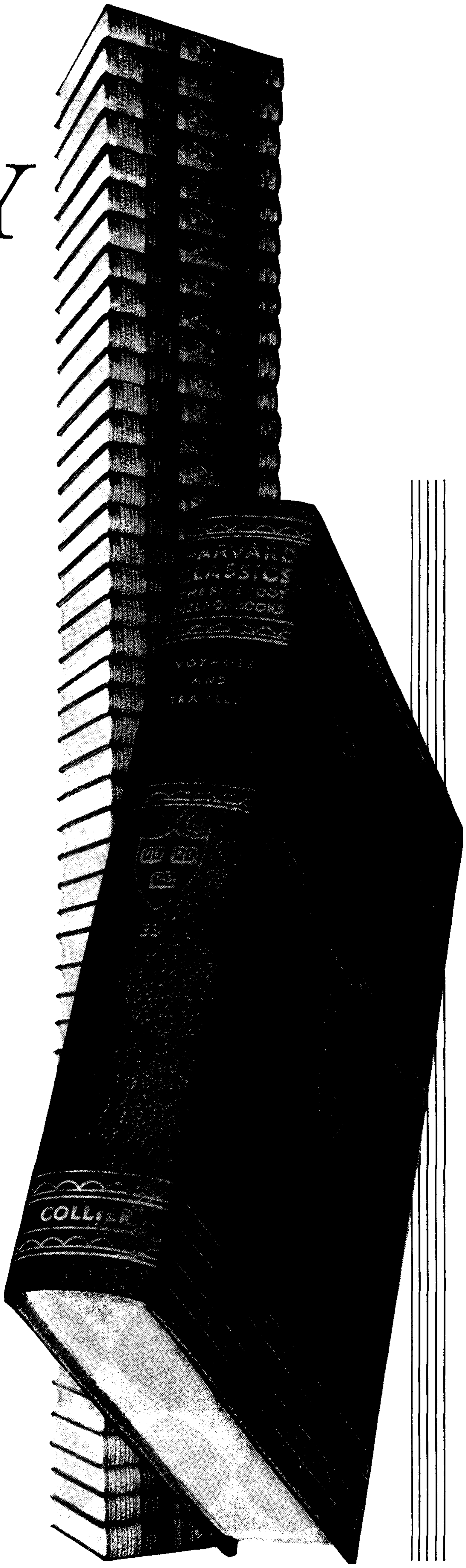
A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck



HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

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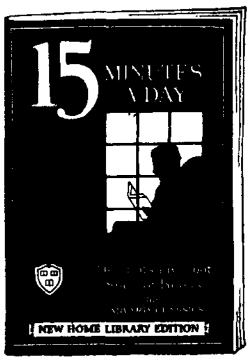

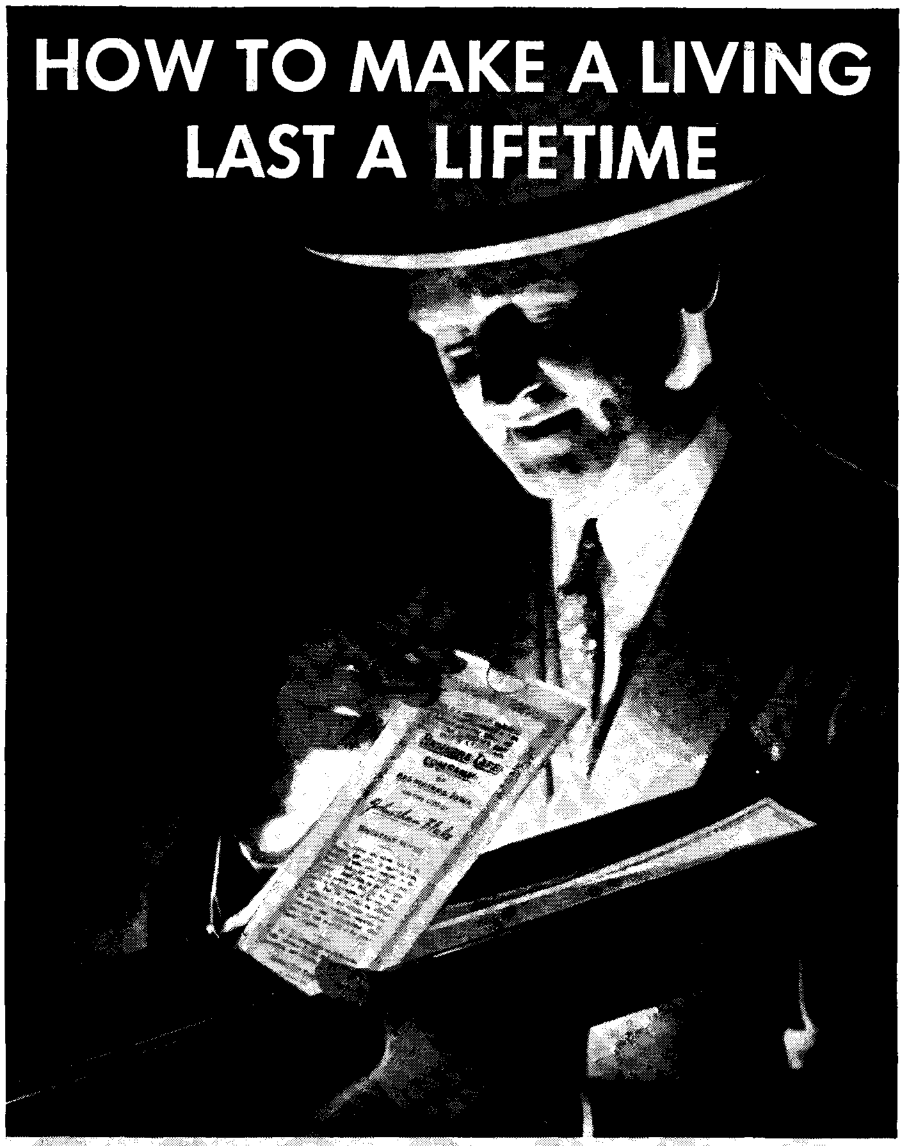

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about it. From the beginning he was scared to death, in spite of how good it made him feel. He tried his best not to be scared and tried to keep her in good spirits, but he was worried about her all the time. She was just a child herself. *She was too little to be a mother.* He had seemed to know that from the beginning, but he didn't know what to do. He remembered her saying one night, "Please let me have it, Joe. I want to so badly."

"So you think I don't want it?" he said. "Do you think I don't want you to have it? That's *all* I want. That's all I've ever wanted."

Then he began to mumble. "But I'm worried about you," he had said.

"What, Joe?" she said.

"Do you feel all right?" he said. "I mean, really. Do you feel you can do it? You're not scared, are you?"

"I'm a *little* scared," she said, "but I guess everybody's scared the first time."

There had been nothing to do but wait, and there were at least four months to wait. Those four months were the happiest in his life. Everything that was good in him had come out—even though he was worried all the time. Even in the ring he had been better than ever. His fights were all good, except one, during the four months, and that was the fight with the champion, Neilson, which had been a draw, but very close, some sports writers saying he had won and others saying that Neilson had won, and everybody wanting a rematch, especially Lazzeri.

SO NOW tonight, with all that behind him, he was fighting Neilson again. He had six hours to go. If he won this fight, he and Lazzeri would at last be in on the big money. He believed he could take the fight from Neilson, but what if he did? What did he care about money now? Suppose he *did* take the fight? Where could he go after the fight?

"I'm dead," he said. "What's the use of bluffing?"

Remembering the girl, he fell asleep and when he woke up he went to the telephone, without thinking, and asked the hotel operator to get him Neilson at Ryan's Gymnasium. A moment later the telephone rang, he answered it, and Neilson said, "Hello, is that you, Joe?"

"Ralph?" Joe said. "How are you? Good. I want to tell you I'm out to get you tonight, Ralph. I think it's about time you retired."

At the other end of the line Neilson busted out laughing and swore at his friend in Italian.

"I'll take care of you, kid," Neilson said. "You know I like an aggressive fighter."

"Don't say I didn't tell you," Joe said.

"See you in the ring," Neilson said.

In the ring, when they shook hands, Joe said, "Ralph, you've got a fight on your hands."

"Okay, Joe," Neilson said.

The first round was wild and crazy. Even the sports writers couldn't understand. Lazzeri was sore as hell.

"Joe," he said, "what do you think you're doing? You can't beat Neilson that way. Take it easy. Fight *his* fight."

The second round was wilder and crazier than the first. They were probably even, but that was only because he wasn't tired yet. The music was humming in him all the time, getting into the roar of the crowd and sweeping along in him, while his heart kept talking to the girl, dreaming that she was still alive, at home listening to the radio, waiting for him to come home and take her in his arms.

Lazzeri wanted to hit him after the second round. "Joe," he said. "Listen to me. Fight Neilson's fight. He'll kill you."

The third round, if anything, was faster than the first and second, and coming out of a clinch Neilson said, "What do you think you're doing, Joe?"

"I'm knocking you out," he said.

Neilson burst out laughing and they began slugging again, one for one, with the sports writers looking at each other, trying to figure out what was going on.

Lazzeri was furious.

"Joe," he said, "I'm not talking to you. I've worked with you six years. I changed you from a punk to a great fighter, throwing away the championship—the chance we've been working for all these years. You can go to hell, Joe. I hope he floors you in the next round."

DURING the fourth round things began to go haywire. Neilson's left eye was cut and bleeding badly, and it seemed as if he was a little bewildered and less strong than he had been.

What the hell, his heart said. Is Neilson going to go haywire at a time like this?

After the round Lazzeri said, "Joe, I think you've got him—but I'll talk to you later. Your next fight will be in Madison Square Garden. We'll go to Florida for a while. But I'll talk to you later."

In the fifth round Neilson was very slow, his punches were weak and he seemed confused. Toward the end of the round he fell and stayed on one knee until the count of nine.

"You're fighting the most beautiful fight you've ever fought," Lazzeri said. "The sports writers are all crazy about you. You're a real champion, Joe."

The fight was stopped toward the end of the sixth round because Neilson's eye was so bad.

Lazzeri was crazy with joy, but unable to understand exactly what had happened, why it was so obvious that Joe had fought a great fight—that his style had been perfect for *this* fight. And yet Lazzeri knew something was wrong somewhere.

"Joe," he said in the cab, "you're a champion now. What's eating you?"

"I'm not fighting for three or four months, am I?" he said.

"Two or three anyway," Lazzeri said. "Why?"

"We've got more money than we've ever had before, haven't we?" he said.

"We've got enough for both of us for two years at least," Lazzeri said. "But *why?* What are you driving at?"

"Nothing," he said. (Dear Baby, his heart said.) "I think I'm entitled to a little celebrating."

"Sure, sure," Lazzeri said. "I don't want you to go stale. What do you want?"

"I want laughs," he said. "I'll go up to my room. Get a couple of girls. Bring some Scotch. *I want laughs.*"

"Sure," Lazzeri said. "Sure, Joe. We'll have a little party. I need laughs myself, after the scare you gave me."

WHEN he got to his room he turned on all the lights, took the record off the phonograph, and for a moment thought of breaking it. He couldn't, however. He put the record under the bed, as if to hide it. He walked around in the room until the sickness caught up with him again, only now it was worse than ever, and he sat down on the bed and began to cry.

When Lazzeri and the two girls came into the room, it was dark except for a little light coming from the bathroom. The phonograph was playing, and the fighter was sitting on the bed with his head in his hands, and he was crying.

Without lifting his head he said furiously, "Get the hell out of here, Tony. I want to be alone."

Without a word Lazzeri led the two girls out of the room and said, "He was always a moody kid. He'll be all right."

"Dear Baby," the fighter said, and could say no more.

Red Gardenias

Continued from page 16

"We would have caught them," Ann said. "Why did you make me stop?"

Crane turned to the rear seat of the sedan, pointed a finger. In the left door window, low and to the left, was a neat, thumb-sized hole.

They drove home soberly, both preoccupied, and parked the sedan in front of the house.

They went in and found Doc Williams in the kitchen. He was an operative of their agency. He'd driven their car from New York, and he was posing as their chauffeur. He was a middle-sized, dapper man with a waxed mustache and a streak of dead-white hair over his left temple. He saluted Crane smartly.

"Have a nice trip?" Crane asked formally.

"Very good, sir."

"Come up to my room. I want to talk with you."

THEY mixed a shakerful of Martinis in the dining room, then went upstairs.

"How're you gettin' along with Toots?" Williams asked Crane. He winked at Ann, who was carrying celery, olives and caviar canapés on a tray.

"I wish she wouldn't keep trying to get into my room at night," Crane said.

"Still got the appeal, hey?"

"It's my silk pajamas," Crane said.

"Next time a burglar comes I'll let him take the ground floor away," Ann declared.

"A burglar?" Doc Williams was interested. "You had a burglar?"

Crane poured the Martinis. "First a drink."

The drinks were just right, with the vermouth cutting the flavor of the gin without destroying the dryness. Crane poured a second round, then told of the burglary, of Mr. March's accusation of Carmel, of Delia and of the recent chase.

Williams was pleased. "It looks as though we're in for something."

"You'll think so when you see Carmel."

"A good number?"

Crane said, "Just looking at her makes me wish I knew how to tango."

They sipped the Martinis, munched celery, and discussed the case. They agreed they would visit the Crimson Cat on the following night. Ann went to her room and presently reappeared in a semiformal dress of blue brocade lamé with silver shoulder straps. Her skin was smooth and tanned.

Williams removed an olive pit from his mouth, flicked it under Crane's bed. "Bill was saying John traveled for the company, Ann."

"Yes?"

"That'd give Richard a chance to chase Carmel."

"And John knew it," Crane added. "Or else he wouldn't have inquired about Richard's dovecote from the Jamesons."

Ann sat on the arm of Williams' chair. "But where did he hear about the cottage?"

Crane didn't know.

"He couldn't have heard much," Williams asserted. "He wouldn't have asked the Jamesons to describe the woman if he had."

Crane admired Ann's eyes, quite green under artificial light. He said, "We agreed John found out about Richard and Carmel and killed Richard to stop the affair."

"But who killed John?" Williams objected.

"We thought of that," Ann said. "He killed himself in remorse."

"What about Carmel?" Williams asked Crane, who was furtively tilting the shaker over his glass.

"I think she's beautiful," he replied.

"I mean," Williams said, "couldn't she have killed her husband?"

"Why?"

"She loved Richard; she wanted to avenge him."

Crane picked the olive out of his glass. It had absorbed enough alcohol to taste good. "Old man March thinks she killed him. He thinks she killed them both."

Williams asked, "Does he think she's going to wipe out the whole family?"

"Gosh!" Crane said. "I didn't ask him."

AFTER dinner, Beulah's brother, James, served Ann and Crane coffee and brandy in the library before a bright pine fire.

"I don't like being a detective," Ann was saying, when James ushered Peter and Carmel in. Carmel took off her glossy mink coat, tossed it carelessly across the library couch. "Hello." Her voice had a throaty quality. She sat on the couch, crossed her legs. They were slender and long but rounded.

"Hello," Crane said.

She had on a black velvet evening gown, so simple and so perfectly fitted to her body that Crane knew it must have cost a lot of money. A diamond-and-ruby bracelet, on her left arm, glittered in the rays of the pine fire.

Ann greeted Peter: "How's the burglary business tonight?"

His face was pleasant with a smile. "I never start work before midnight."

"Then have a drink," Crane said.

James brought cups and fragile inhalers and Ann poured them coffee from a chromium pot with an arched nose. Crane gave them good portions of brandy. Ann sat in a leather chair. Crane decided her legs were as attractive as Carmel's. They weren't so long, but the knees were better.

Peter said, "What we came over for was . . ."

Crane interrupted him: "I know. You came for your car."

"Oh, no."

"It's slightly damaged, but it runs," Crane persisted.

"A pebble flew up and made a hole in the window," Ann explained.

"No, it was a bullet," said Crane.

"A passing car." Ann glared at him. "A stone must have shot up from its tires."

"It was an obvious attempt to assassinate us both," Crane said.

WHILE Ann poured the brandy, Carmel said, "What we really came over for was to tell you about the Country Club dance Saturday night." Crane smelled her gardenia perfume.

"I told you Dad fixed you up with a membership," Peter said. "We thought you might like to come with us."

"That's awfully nice of you," Ann said.

"I only dance the bunny-hug," Crane said. "Has that got out here yet?"

"Oh, yes." Carmel smiled at him. "We do that and the subway dip and turkey in the straw."

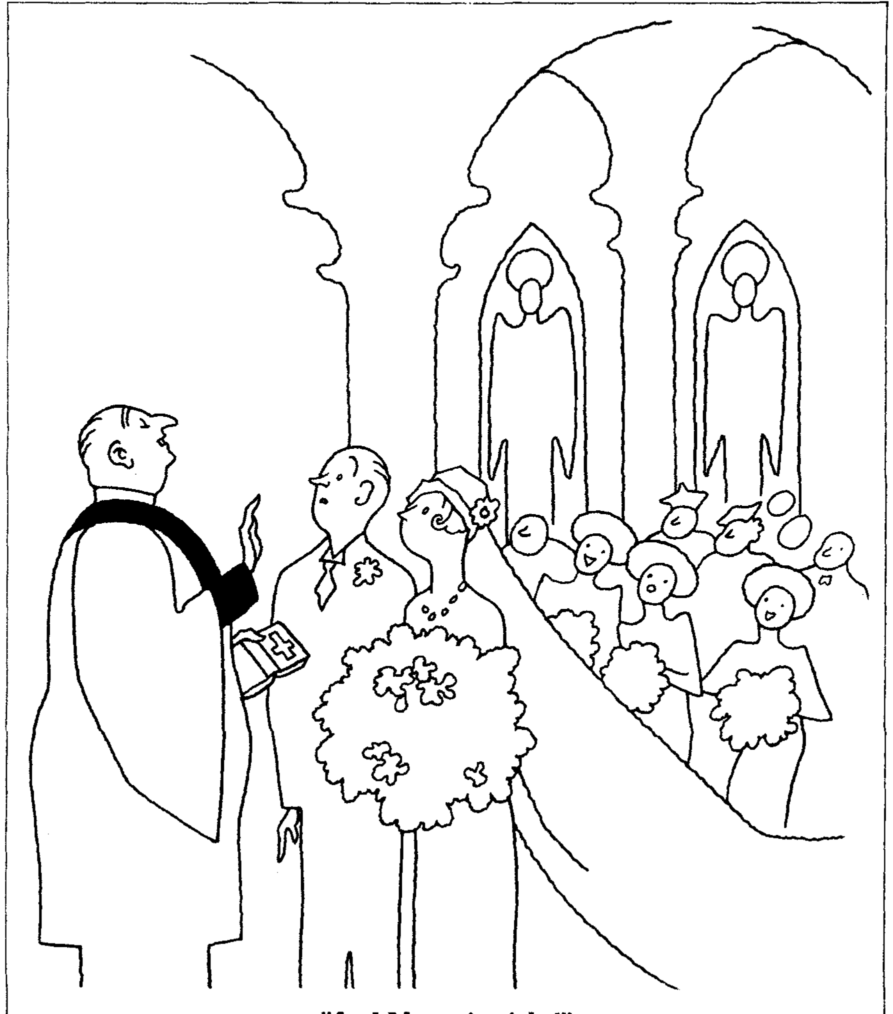
"Then I'll come," said Crane decisively. "But you'll have to come to the Crimson Cat with me tomorrow night."

"I think that would be splendid," Carmel said.

They drank some more and soon Crane found himself sitting on the davenport with Carmel. Ann and Peter were in the kitchen.

"Do all the corpses in Marchton smell of gardenias?" he asked.

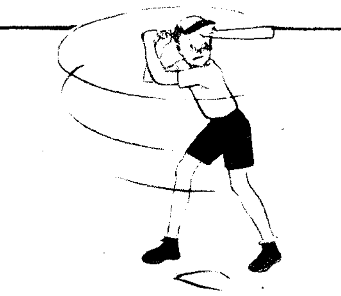
Her eyes widened for an instant. "What do you mean?" They looked di-


"And I hope it sticks!"

GARDNER REA

Pop nearly had kittens

when he saw me playing ball instead of polishing the car



It was a good joke on Pop, all right. Last Saturday he said to polish the car and he'd give me fifty cents, because he was going to take his boss to play golf. But a little later Pop looked out and saw me playing ball with the fellows. Whew!

Pop came tearing out like when he's late for the eight-fifteen. "Young man," he said, "I told you to polish the car and you have disobeyed me." And gee, before I could say anything, he yanked me home.

Imagine Pop's surprise when he found I'd given the car a swell shine already. You see, I used some nifty No. **7** Polish I borrowed off Bugs Allen. And boy, it sure polished that ol' bus up so quick and easy, no wonder Pop thought I'd played hookey. Well, then Pop proved he's a great guy. "Excuse me, son," he said, and gave me a whole *dollar!*

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Nº 7 POLISH

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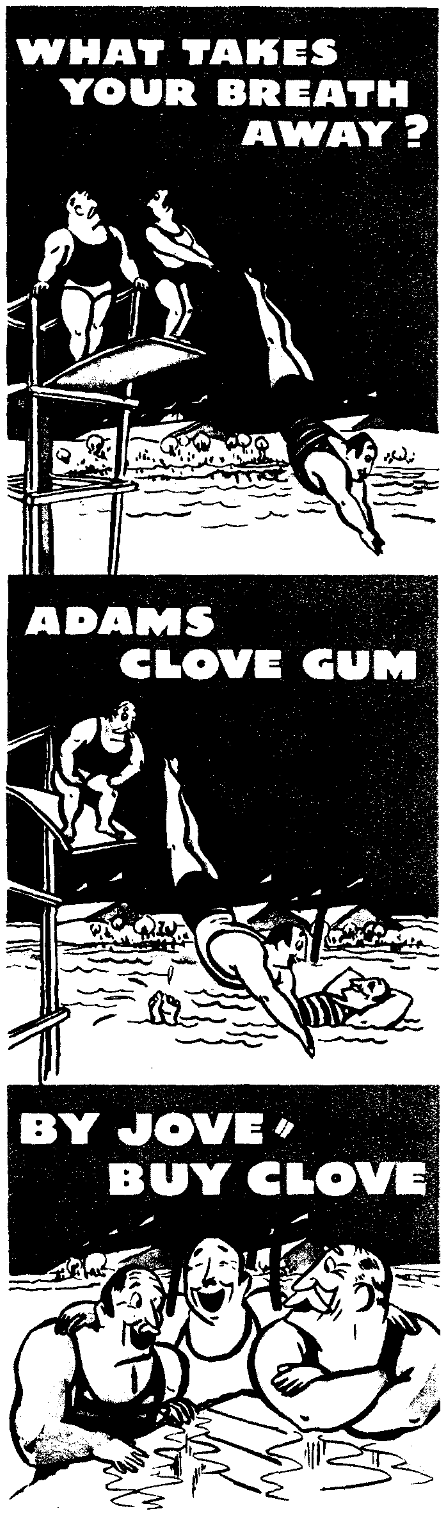
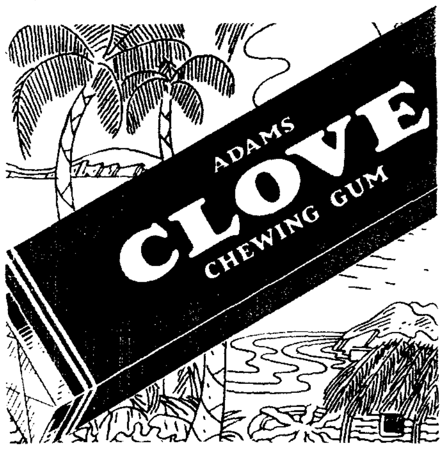


Get in the swim! Get acquainted with this delightful breath-taker. After lunch, between business calls, before parties—sweeten your breath with Adam's Clove Gum. It's handy to carry, easy to use. Keep a package with you always.

The flavor's a surprise and delight. So rich in spice, so smooth, so refreshing! Delicious as old-fashioned spice-cake, fresh from Grandmother's oven.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

rectly into his. "Oh, you're remembering this afternoon."

"Yes."

"Talmadge has a malicious tongue."

"But your husband; someone told me he smelled of gardenias," he lied.

Anger brought a faint glow to her eyes. "Why shouldn't he? After all, he was my husband." She leaned toward him so that the gardenia odor was strong in his nostrils. "Who told you?"

"Someone."

"You won't tell?"

"I don't think I'd better."

"I can guess." She looked at him and he imagined he saw fear and anger in her eyes. "I can guess."

"You have some enemies." He would have liked to know whom she was thinking of, but he didn't dare press the matter farther. He wanted her to believe he actually knew something.

She was looking at him again. "Why are you so interested?"

"I don't know," he said. "I am, though."

She spoke slowly: "You're thinking there's something back of Richard's and John's deaths."

"Perhaps."

"Well, you're right. There is."

HE STARED at her in silence, hiding his excitement.

"I might as well tell you before you stir up trouble." Her voice was flat. "John March killed himself."

"But why . . . ?" he began, and stopped suddenly as Peter and Ann came from the kitchen.

Peter's voice sounded young: "I'm going to scram, give you a chance to get some sleep. Crane's got to be at the office on the dot or Dad'll think he's a loafer."

"What office?" Crane demanded.

Ann said, "You may not remember, darling, but you're employed by March & Company to write about refrigerators."

Crane groaned. "For a happy moment that fact had completely slipped my mind."

Peter asked, "Coming, Carmel?"

"You take your car and I'll walk home. I want to have a word with Mr. Crane." She glanced at Ann. "That is, if Mrs. Crane doesn't mind?"

"Of course I don't," Ann said.

"Well, I'll be off," Peter said.

Ann followed him out.

Crane asked, "How do you know he killed himself?"

"He left a note."

"He did!" Crane didn't have to act; he was really surprised. "What did it say?"

"I can remember it exactly." Carmel's fingers pulled at the diamond-and-ruby bracelet. "It was written to me. It said: '*I can't go on . . . I've got to see Richard . . . explain to him . . . goodby, darling . . . forgive me as I've forgiven you.*' "

"My gosh!" Crane's mind sifted the implication of the disclosure. "Was the note signed?"

"Yes. With a J. That's the way John signed all his private letters."

"But why wasn't the note brought out at the inquest?"

"I destroyed it. I wanted it to look like an accident."

"Insurance?"

She glared at him, really angry for the first time. "Do you think that would make any difference? What kind of woman do you suppose I am?" Her breath made a rushing noise in her throat. "It was his father . . . it would have killed him to know John was a suicide."

Crane, surprised, asked, "*You* worried about Simeon March?"

"Oh, I know he hates me." She laughed briefly, without humor. "He wanted John to bury himself in work, to live for March & Company. I . . . I had other ideas." For a moment her face was tragic. "Simeon March keeps a shell of rage and hate and hard words about him . . . but he loved John. I didn't want to make him suffer. . . . God knows there's been enough already."

She was either acting beautifully or her emotion was genuine. Her slender fingers plucked at the rubies on the bracelet. Her face was still masklike, but her glistening red lower lip trembled.

He asked, "What gave you the idea of destroying the note?"

"After I'd found John, I called Paul . . . Dr. Woodrin. He thought, at first, it was an accident." She had turned her face away from him, was talking in a low voice: "That was what gave me the idea."

"Did you show him the note?"

She hesitated. ". . . Yes. He agreed that it should be destroyed, to avoid a scandal and to save Simeon March. He helped me fix the tools . . . close the garage doors to make it look accidental."

Crane thought of the bizarre twist her story gave the case. Carmel risking a great deal to protect Simeon March from the knowledge his favorite son had killed himself. And Simeon convinced she had murdered John.

He said, "What did John's note mean, 'I've got to see Richard . . . explain to him'?"

A TINY blue vein fluttered at the base of her throat with each beat of her heart. She took a long time, then said in a flat, expressionless voice, "John killed Richard."

Crane got off the couch and put a chunk of pine on the fire. Sparks flew up the chimney; tongues of flame licked the fresh wood. He went back to the couch.

"Why?" he asked.

"He was jealous of Richard."

"Yes, but a man doesn't"—he hesitated over the next word—"murder because he's jealous."

"No."

"Then what?"

"He saw me with Richard in his car."

"At the Country Club? On the night of Richard's death?"

She nodded, her face still turned away from him. He understood, then, the smell of gardenia on the dead man's coat, the lipstick on his face.

She went on, speaking slowly, "John must have come up to the car very quietly; I don't know how long he'd been there." Her low voice sounded as though she had only paused.

Crane waited, but she didn't go on. He asked, "He overheard you talking?"

"Richard was begging me to go away with him."

"Was John terribly angry . . . did he make any threats?"

SHE was facing him on the couch now, her face completely unguarded. Her lips were soft and moist and red.

"He was very quiet. . . . I couldn't see his face. He asked me to go into the clubhouse. I should have been afraid, his voice was so strange, but I went in . . . left him there with Richard."

"And then?"

"The next thing I knew Richard was dead."

Crane was surprised to see tears rolling in big, slow drops down her cheeks. It was very strange. She didn't sob or move in any way; she just sat there, her face like ivory, talking and letting those big tears roll down her cheeks.

"I never talked to John about it," she went on. "I was never sure . . . until I found his body."

"How do you suppose he killed Richard?"

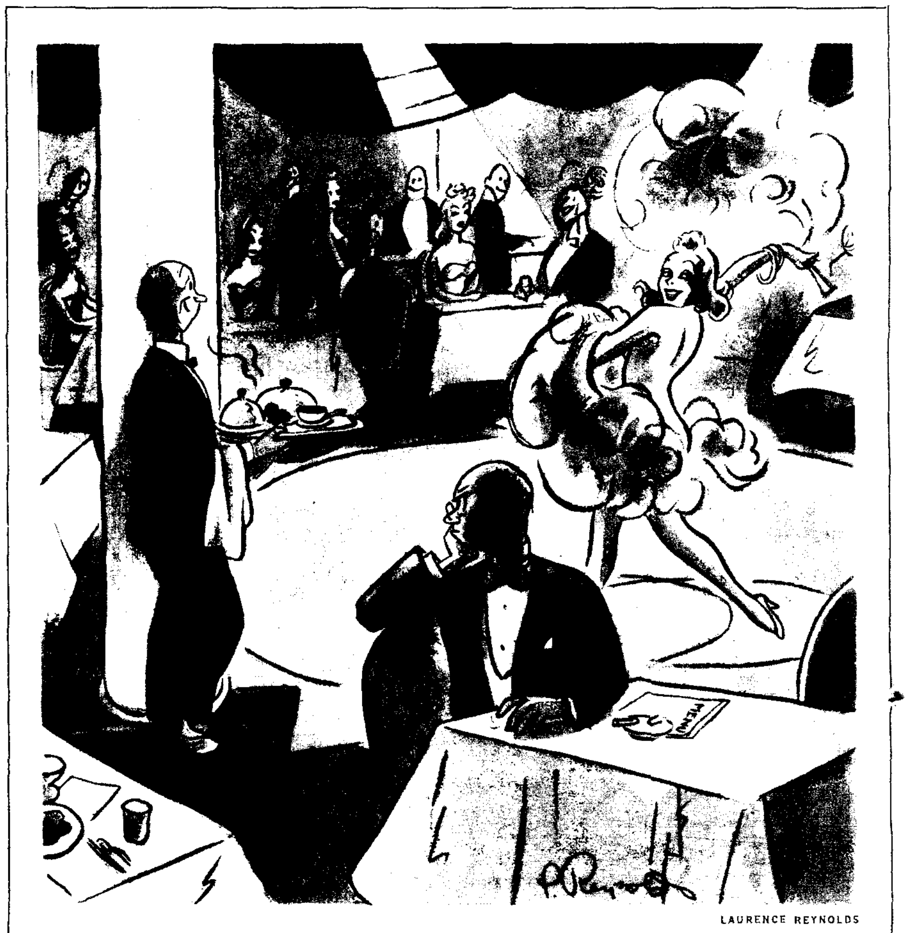
"I don't know." Tears made her black eyes luminous. She pulled her mink coat from the back of the couch. "I think Richard must have passed out; he had too much champagne; and John did something to the car." She found a lace handkerchief, held it to her eyes. "I'm sorry."

"I know," he said. "Your husband's death must have been a shock."

"It wasn't as if I'd loved him." She looked at him over the handkerchief. "We hadn't been getting along." Her eyes had changed from black to amber.

"You cared for Richard?"

"Yes, but I didn't love him." She spoke so simply that Crane believed her. He believed her entire story. He



LAURENCE REYNOLDS

wondered if he did because she was so beautiful. He thought he would make a hell of a juror if she were on trial. He'd let her go with a vote of confidence.

The tears had stopped; she put the handkerchief back in the mink coat. "You think I'm horrible."

"No, I don't."

"You must."

"I really don't."

She touched his wrist for an instant with the tips of her fingers. "Thanks. I had to tell somebody." He felt gooseflesh rise all over him. "There was nobody in town I could talk to." She stood up and he held the mink coat for her.

"You won't . . ." she began.

"Of course not."

"Say good night to your wife for me."

"I'll take you home."

"Don't bother."

"But . . ."

"I'd rather go alone."

They were at the front door. "Well, then, good night."

"Good night . . . and thanks."

THE limousine traveled the winding road at a good speed and without strain climbed a long grade. So bright was the moon the rays from the headlights looked like spilled milk on the cement. The countryside was gray and black.

Dr. Woodrin, between Ann Fortune and Carmel March on the back seat, commented on the car's power.

Crane and Peter March were on small seats facing the other three. Crane lied, "I wrote some advertisements for the company. They gave it to me."

"I should've taken up advertising," Dr. Woodrin said.

Carmel said, "You could have a private tennis court then, Paul."

While Peter explained to Ann that Dr. Woodrin's chief enthusiasm was tennis, Crane thought over the day, decided he had accomplished exactly nothing. The party was bound for the Crimson Cat, with Williams driving, and he hoped he would find something there.

He hadn't even told Simeon March about Carmel's story of Richard's murder and her husband's suicide. He knew the old man wouldn't believe it, and he wasn't sure he did himself, now that he'd thought it over. The tools and the lifted hood of John's car puzzled him. How had she had the courage to set the stage for the police, with her husband's body lying there? The natural thing would be to call for help at once.

Of course, her story, if true, did tie everything. . . .

"Do you play tennis, Bill?" Peter March asked him.

"Huh? Oh, a little."

Ann said she did, and Crane returned to his thoughts. If Carmel's story wasn't true, it meant that John had been murdered. She wouldn't bother to lie if the death had been accidental. It was either suicide or murder.

He felt his heartbeat accelerate. Murder made it a real case, with plenty to worry about. It was a spooky way the victims died, without a struggle or a call for help; just being eased out of life by a gas that left their faces purple and their blood filled with poison. And if it was murder, it meant someone wanted to get rid of the March family. It meant there would probably be another attempt on a March. He hoped it wouldn't be Carmel. He felt she was interesting.

"Paul even carries a tennis net in his car," Peter said. "I saw it the other day."

"Why not?" Dr. Woodrin demanded. "The hospital courts don't have nets as a rule."

And the scent of gardenias . . . how did that fit into the case? That was a creepy angle, Crane thought. It looked as though someone wanted to implicate Carmel. And why was Talmadge March so eager to establish the odor? Just being with someone didn't necessarily leave a smell of gardenias about them. Or did it?"

Carmel asked, "Say, Bill, you're not asleep?"

"What? Me? Oh, no."

"You're so silent."

Ann said acidly, "His edge has worn off."

Crane didn't like that. Maybe he'd had a few too many cocktails before dinner, but he'd been a gentleman. He said, "I hope we're not getting a dose of carbon monoxide."

This was not the right thing to say. Peter March hastily pointed out the left window. "Down there," he said, "you'll see our fair city."

Street lights crisscrossed a spot on the valley below them, made the whole valley look like a velvet setting for an intricate pattern of diamonds. The limousine was no longer climbing. The city looked small and compact.

"Only two miles," Peter said.

Carmel's face, faintly illuminated by the light from the dash, looked sad. Her cheeks were hollow and her red lips had a tragic downward curve. "That's good," she said, "I need a drink."

"Me, too," Crane said.

He had, at that, done one thing during the day. Or rather Williams had. He'd located both Richard's and John's cars. It would be interesting to examine them, to see if they had been tampered with. That might show . . .

A swerve of the car interrupted him again. They had turned into the driveway leading to the night club. The white cement building was large and had a Spanish appearance. There was a row of small balconies in front of the upstairs windows. A big red cat, with an arched back and a fuzzy tail, was formed by neon lights over the entrance.

"They've a hot band here," Dr. Woodrin said.

There was no doorman. Crane helped the women out. Carmel's hand, in his for an instant, was hot. He let the others start into the club.

Williams eyed Carmel's ankles, slender and seductive under her mink coat. "I'd like to get trapped in an elevator with that dame," he said.

Crane said, "You do and the newspapers'll have a story headed: NEW CARBON MONOXIDE VICTIM."

"You think she's the one?"

CRANE shrugged his shoulders. He went into the building and checked his coat and hat. He started for the main room, but went by mistake into a taproom with modern tables made of chromium and glass, red leather chairs and a bright red bar. He paused for a double Scotch and soda.

"Doing a good business?" he asked the bartender.

The bartender had two gold teeth. "Wouldn't you like to know, pal?" he said.

Crane let the matter drop and found the main room. He could see Peter March and Dr. Woodrin at a table by the dance floor. He felt better because of the whisky. He stood and watched the Negro orchestra come through a door in back of the stand. He wondered if he ought to go back and sock the bartender. He guessed not.

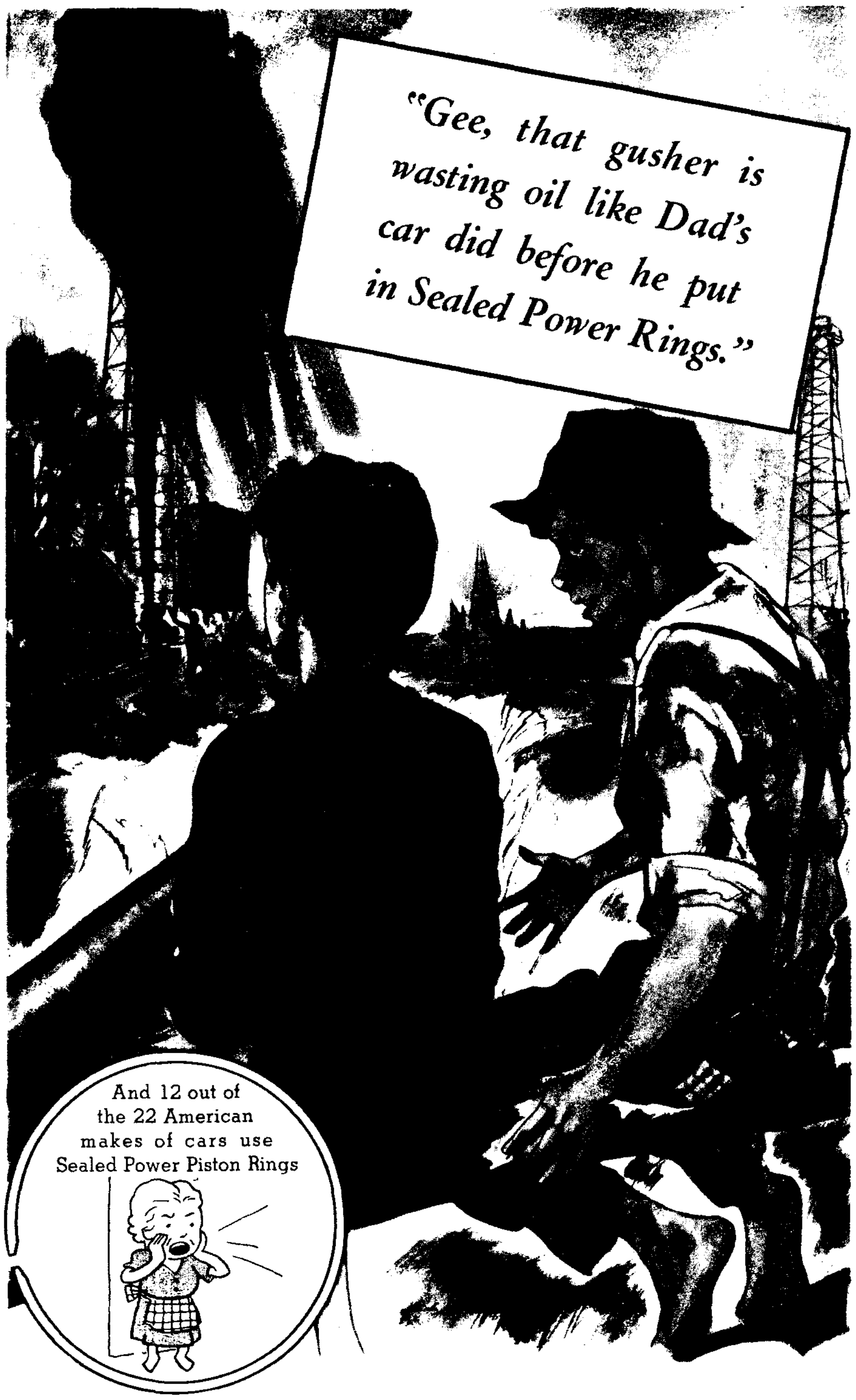
A pretty blonde in a cheap evening gown stopped him on his way to the table. "Alone?" She looked about seventeen years old.

"Practically," he said, "except for a wife."

"Oh, excuse me."

He took her arm. "Come on." If Ann was going to be nasty, he'd give her something to be nasty about. "We've got an extra man." He grinned at her. "He'll take care of my wife."

(To be continued next week)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Jantzen
MOLDED FIT SWIM SUITS

Name
Address
City

Royal Rookie

Continued from page 24

Berg started a monologue from the side of his mouth:

"So you're the big hitter from the Coast League, eh? Well, you looked like a washerwoman on that one! Who ever told you to hold a bat that way? What do they use for baseballs out there on the coast—grapefruit?" . . . and so on and on.

Motioning back the batting-practice pitcher, who at the moment happened to be Coach Herb Pennock, young Williams stepped back out of the box, looked at Berg as if he'd just made a profound discovery and said, "So there's an agitator in this camp! How're yuh, Adge?"

And to the dignified Mr. Berg's embarrassment, he continued to call him "Adge," publicly and persistently upon every opportunity.

But all that was over a year ago.

Young Williams took himself and his bitterness on down the road. The chances were that they'd never see him again.

"They come," as an old umpire said while he watched a high-priced rookie take three fruitless swings, "and they go."

But all hands would have paid considerably more attention if they'd realized that here went a young ballplayer destined to slug the American Association into abject submission, and to return to the majors bearing the extra-special billing of "The Outstanding Rookie of 1939."

Young Williams comes from the typical American boy home of the sort that belongs on your street, and his background is that of the nice kid next door—the standard high-school-Boy-Scout-Y. M. C. A.-American Legion Junior Baseball League type.

He was born in San Diego, California, October 13, 1918, and his family still lives there. His dad, S. Stewart Williams, is chief jail inspector in California, state prisons and road camps being his special province.

Young Ted followed the usual routine of the typical young American. He was graduated from Garfield Grammar School in San Diego into Horace Mann Junior High, and thence into Herbert Hoover High School. He can't remember when he started playing baseball, but he was a pitcher for the grammar school, and he likewise was pitching for the junior high until the team was disbanded.

But he pitched again as a high-school student and likewise played in the outfield. Before he was graduated from high school in 1937, he was likewise a mound luminary for the "Fighting Bob" San Diego American Legion Post No. 6 in the American Legion Junior Baseball League. His team progressed as far as the Southern California district finals.

The Scouts Take the Trail

At this period of his development, he was seventeen years of age, and although approximately six feet one inch tall, he weighed less than 150 pounds. As a pitcher, he had a good hook and a burning fast ball. The best pitchers, in case you haven't noticed, are tall, lean gentlemen with plenty of leverage. But he likewise had a natural stance at bat, with a full left-handed swing that sent the ball to far places. Possibly as a pitcher, but assuredly as a hitter, he showed professional possibilities.

The scouts were already wearing a path to his door. Herb Benninghover of the Cards was the first big-league affiliate to call, but the Williamses didn't like St. Louis. Then Detroit sent a man. After looking the tall, willowy, immature kid over, he didn't even try to talk business. He said the boy lacked the physical strength for major-league ball and didn't look as if he'd ever have the strength. The Yanks sent a man. So did Los Angeles of the Coast League.

None of this made any especial hit with the mother, who felt her boy was too young. She still wanted him at home.

But all at once a big thing happened right in the home town. Some of the better-fixed and more sports-minded local burghers, as a civic proposition, decided to buy the Hollywood franchise in the Coast League and move it into San Diego. Nothing would make them happier, they said, than to have the home-town boy as the star of the home-town club. This was much better with mother, for she'd have him at home at least half the time.

So young Ted played one hundred ball games with San Diego in 1937. He hit .292 and drove in 98 runs for a standing of fifth in the league. It was while he was doing this that Eddie Collins, the baseball immortal now general-managing the Red Sox, saw him in action while touring the coast and bought him for 1938 spring delivery.

A "Handle with Care" Job

The delivery had been made, and, as above set forth, the young man had been sent back for more seasoning. Instead of the Coast League, however, he'd been shipped to Minneapolis, with whom the Red Sox had "a working agreement." The fatherly Donie Bush would have charge of him there.

Whatever he'd suffered in loss of pride, Bush, the former great shortstop, restored. Whatever he felt of bitterness was gradually removed. Realizing that he had a high-strung, fiercely proud youth to deal with, and that "Handle with Care" was written over him, Bush decided to put out what it took in sympathy and psychology.

The young man went hitless in three or four games and then he came in one afternoon and started tearing up the clubhouse. Instead of suspending him or fining him or making any great to-do about it, the veteran manager walked over, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said, "Ted, I don't blame you for being sore, but if you want to tear up something, go out and tear a few seats out of the grandstand. This happens to be my clubhouse. I've spent quite a lot of money on it. It's that pitching you're really sore at. You wouldn't want to cost me money just on account of something I didn't have anything to do with, would you?"

"No, Skipper," said Williams, "I'm sorry. I really am. I won't do it again."

And he didn't.

That's a sample of the type of handling that soon had the youngster in the groove and that eventually had him the established slugging star of the league. He was the bane of every pitcher, the despair of every defense. When the season ended, he led this fast organization, which is but a step behind the majors, in practically every batting department. He held the league batting championship with a .366 figure. He'd made the most extra-base hits, including 42 home runs. He'd driven in 142 runs, the most important offensive figure in baseball. He'd scored 130 times, himself, and he even held the record for walks—118.

And all this time, says Mr. Bush, he

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was "forced to hit against his weakness." After one swing of the circuit, "he never saw a pitch higher than his waist; they were mostly all low and outside."

With this he showed a great throwing arm, a quick baseball mind and a better-than-average ability to patrol his pasture successfully. His sense of humor got back into place and some of his cockiness, but that cockiness was now tempered with something that no longer made it disagreeable. It was more on the side of natural ebullience, bubbling boyish enthusiasm and just plain fun.

But then he wanted to pitch. Bush, occasionally, would catch him warming up with the pitchers, or with anybody he could get to wear a catcher's mitt for him, and he had to put a stop to that for fear he'd hurt his outfielding arm.

"But I never had any real trouble with him," beams Mr. Bush, "he's just —or he was—just a kid, full of fun and a lot of kid tricks. The principal thing that worried me was that he had a temper that was liable to flare, and he'd get mighty low sometimes when he wasn't hitting. You have to handle those things carefully, for you want a lot of fight in a ballplayer and a lot of pride as well. You can't let him get the idea he's being picked on.

"Instead of getting the sulks, I told him to look around at the fellows out there hustling their heads off with no natural talent at all; and then to realize how ungrateful it was of a fellow to have all the natural ability in the world and not give every blessed thing he has every possible minute to himself, to his team and to the fans. But he's a good boy and a great ballplayer. He'll come through," concluded the sagacious and philosophical Donie.

The Red Sox Take a Chance

The Red Sox must have thought so. They whipped the rest of the American League last season, but couldn't overhaul the powerful Yankees. The reason they couldn't get closer in a fight for the top was because they lacked sufficient power in their pitching. Detroit and Cleveland could spare pitchers, but needed hitting and defensive strength at third base and in right field respectively.

The Sox, after profound deliberation, decided to take a momentous gamble. It's a four-million-dollar gamble, as a matter of fact, for that's what their current investment amounts to. They felt reasonably safe in letting Detroit have the bonded third baseman, Mike (Pinky) Higgins, for Auker and Wade, because a newcomer, Jim Tabor, had played a stretch with them last season while Higgins was hurt and seemed to have every prospect of stardom. But Cleveland wanted Right Fielder Ben Chapman for the pitcher Dennis Galehouse, and Chapman hit for .340 last year, and is a seasoned, if somewhat temperamental, outfielder.

Solemnly regarding the record of young Williams, they decided to do it. Money and other players featured in the two deals but that's the way it went, man for man. So back came the kid who but a year before had stood in front of the Sox's Florida quarters with tears in his heart, if not in his eyes. Back just as he said he'd come, but faced with the task of filling the shoes of an established veteran who was at the top of the race for the American League batting championship down to the league's final hours.

And there he still is—as this is written, at any rate.

His slim shoulders were loaded, perhaps to the breaking point, with a bale of preseason publicity. Unknown and unheralded a year ago, he's struggling now under the rating of "The Outstanding Rookie of 1939." And there are some great rookies of 1939. The Yanks have a grand pair in Joe Gallagher and Charlie Keller, both outfielders. The Boston Bees have a grand young shortstop in Eddie Miller. The Cards have three fine young pitchers, Tom Sunkel, Morton Cooper and Ken Raffenberger. The Cubs offer Steve Mesner; the Reds, Gene Thompson; the Giants, Manuel Salvo; the Red Sox, a pitcher, Woody Rich, and so it goes. But Williams was officially dubbed tops.

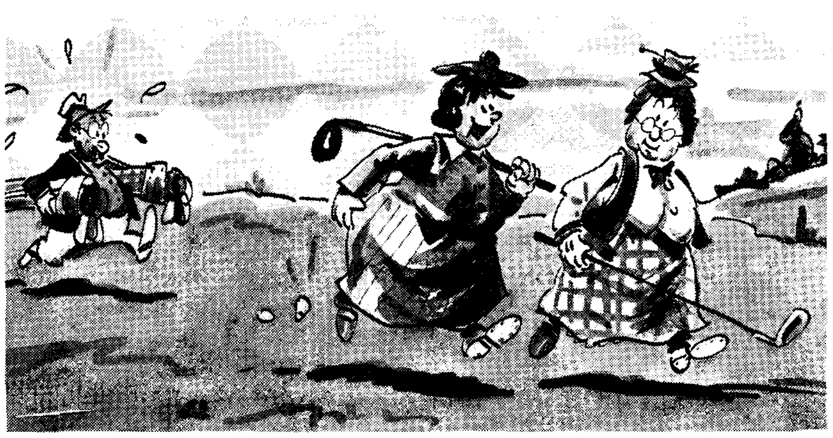
He's six feet two inches, weighs 175 pounds and he bats and throws right, as the boys say. Old-timers like him because he gets so many walks. Most rookies lunge at anything. He strictly looks 'em over. He's loose and languorous up at the plate but he takes a free, sweeping swing from the very nub of the bat.

He doesn't drink nor use tobacco. He doesn't dance, but says he'd like to learn. He doesn't read much because he's afraid it's bad for the eyes.

As the season began, he was asking ceaseless questions of the older players about the pitchers he would face, what they had, how they served it, where their weaknesses, if any, are. This information he was carefully recording in a notebook, and studying it at all opportunities.

As the season progresses, if he breaks forth with the dynamite with which he shook the Middle West last year, his greatest damage will probably be done in Cleveland, the Yankee Stadium, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis and maybe Washington, where the right-field fences are closest, for he's a dead pull hitter to right, and he hits a high parabolic screamer. His toughest assignment will be his home grounds and Chicago's Comiskey Park.

The young man right now lugs the heaviest load of all the year's freshmen, but he made good on the first part of his promise, which was to come back. Who can say that he won't make good on the rest of it now, which, in effect, was "to show 'em"?



"I had to take up golf—the doctor said to keep Henry out in the air"

REAMER KELLER

Tests Show Less Fatigue With Gelatine Diet

Ability to finish a hard day's work...and still have energy to spare...is indicated by recent laboratory experiments. Measuring the energy output of a group of men, both on a normal diet and on the same diet with the addition of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine, it was found that the average man could do about twice as much work with the gelatine as he could without it. Some showed a still greater increase.

As a result of these experiments, which were widely reported, people in all walks of life are now drinking concentrated Knox Gelatine as a part of their daily routine...and report that they work better, play better and feel better as a result.

Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice (or half water and half fruit juice).

Full of pep at the end of the day?

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

How to take Knox Gelatine

Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink immediately before it thickens. Take four times a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

Pure Knox Gelatine doesn't affect appetite or digestion. Most people see a noticeable improvement within two weeks (some within one week) and feel the full effect before the end of the first month.

CAUTION: Be sure to use plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine which you can get at any grocery. Do not accept any substitute. Knox is the gelatine on which the tests were made. Factory-flavored gelatine desserts will not do because they contain only about 10% gelatine. For further information, write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 70.

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OH, IT AIN'T GONNA RUST NO MORE
NO MORE — SINCE MONEL CAME TO OUR HOUSE
The Monel tank in this RUUD GAS WATER HEATER is guaranteed against rust and corrosion for 20 years!

THE title of our picture is "Bliss in the Bathtub". Our young hero has all the hot water he can use. Hot water at just the right temperature. And in the whole tubful, not a trace of dirty rust-discoloration. *And there never will be.* Because the tank inside that Ruud Gas Water Heater is made of solid, rust proof Monel.

Please don't go skimming by that word *solid.* It's important. It means a rust proof tank through and through—not plated, coated or clad. It means a long-lasting, money-saving tank that is guaranteed against failure or leaks due to rust or corrosion for 20 years.

Today—take the first step towards trouble-free, economical hot water service. Investigate the Ruud Gas Water Heater with Monel tank guaranteed for 20 years. Your gas company, plumber or dealer in bottled or tank gas will be glad to tell you all about it. Or write today for an interesting booklet "Go Gas for Hot Water." Remember, these heaters burn gas—the modern economical fuel. The International Nickel Company, Inc., 73 Wall Street, New York, N.Y.

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Dark Magic

Continued from page 41

followed the Mississippi and its tributaries northward. It settled wherever cargoes were unloaded, and flourished in river-front dance halls where stevedores nurtured it on encouragement, corn likker and laughter. The style of playing seems to have grown out of necessity. Most of those dance places were so small that there was no place for the sashaying dancer, who loped around the hall and used his elbows for wings. It had to furnish the maximum of rhythm for those small spaces, hence the rock-ribbed, ponderous, hypnotic bass. The dancers moved their heels and arms and contorted their bodies, turning about at intervals but really never leaving their spot.

Dean of all boogie-woogie piano players, and the man who crystallized its style from ragtime and other elements, was the late "Pine Top" Smith, who originally came from St. Louis but was known equally well in Omaha, Kansas City and Sioux City. He was a small Negro with a head that shaped up to a peak like a fir tree, hence the "Pine Top." He wrote Boogie-Woogie Blues and made a recording of it, but it remained unknown to the general public until lately, being a rarity appreciated by only a few swing addicts. He was poor all his life, played wherever he could make a dollar or get a meal, and was finally killed in 1928 in a dance hall in Chicago. Among boogie-woogie players he is regarded with awe, being the great master.

Boogie-Woogie and the Men

His house in Chicago was a gathering place for boogie-woogie players—the Yancey brothers, Jimmy and Alonzo; Hanson Reed; "Crippled Clarence" Lofton; Sweeney. They came to visit "Pine Top" but for the purposes of present-day listeners it was even more important that Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons lived in that same house with "Pine Top," 4435 Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

Meade (Lux for Luxembourg) Lewis is a short, heavy Negro, built as solidly as a water plug and with very short arms. He half perches, half stands on the edge of the piano bench and goes about his playing in a businesslike manner. The phrase about him is that he is "cute" at his work.

Albert Ammons is taller than Lewis but almost as solidly built. When he plays, his trunk and head are held so still that one could rest a glass of water on his head without spilling a drop. He sings to himself when he plays and his hands move with feverish speed. When he turns around, his face has an expression akin to that on the cat's face when the canary has disappeared. When he hunches his shoulders, you know that he will shortly begin tearing the keyboard to bits.

Boogie-woogie music is characterized by the emphatic repetitive figures in the bass, the right hand elaborating as the player wishes. There are two shades of bass: one a rolling kind—as in Lewis' Yancey Special—and the other a more rapid, percussive kind. It has an amazingly rhythmic effect, which is cumulative. Pete Johnson, in his Roll 'Em and other performances, demonstrates this type markedly. Ammons is distinguished for the facility of his variations. All his music is improvised and its rhythmic pattern is complicated.

The term boogie-woogie grew out of the Middle Western expression meaning a hell-raising, unrestrained breakdown, or good time. "Let's pitch a boogie-woogie!" did not imply an invitation to a strawberry festival. It meant get out of the way; we're going places!

So far as is known, nobody has ever been able to set down the notes that make boogie-woogie music. There has been orchestrations that captured the feel of the thing, but to get the rhythm and accent on the piano it must be learned through hearing somebody who does it. When Bob Zurke, the white pianist with Bob Crosby's band, wanted to do Meade Lux's Honky-Tonk Train, he sat down with Meade and had him play it over hundreds of times until he memorized it. The Negro players now consider him in the top rank. Joe Sullivan, formerly with Bob Crosby, also ranks with the better boogie-woogie players, and Jess Stacey, with Benny Goodman, is a third who is welcomed as a Grade-A brother in boogie-woogie. There are dozens of other clever pianists, however, who have worked for years without being able to master it. The boogie-woogie boys insist you have to have it in your bones.

Albert Ammons comes of a musical family, both his father and mother being blues piano players and his seven brothers and sisters also fine players. "We owned one of those player pianos," says Ammons, "and all of us used it. Meade Lux lived in the same house and we were buddies and he used it too. Meade and me worked out our own system of practicing scales and exercises. When the keys were depressed from playing the rolls, we'd put our hands in those spaces and get an idea where they were on the keyboard. We'd do that over and over again, replaying the roll until we almost had it worn out. It was a tough way to learn to play the piano but we kept at it. Finally we got keys, chords and sounds all hooked up in our heads, and then, first thing you knew, we could go for ourselves on the box!"

Pete Johnson also came from a musical family, his father being Charles Johnson, well-known in Kansas City. Other teachers he had were "Slamfoot" Brown, fastest ragtime player of his day, Lewis "Good Boody" Johnson (no relation), and Nello Edgar. These professors played at a joint at Independence and Harrison avenues called the Backbiters Club. Stacey La Guardia, who played Pete's favorite Nickels and Dimes, also influenced him.

A Long Time Coming

At the Sunset, at Twelfth and Woodland, Pete acknowledged the acclaim of his admirers, who used to yell "Roll 'em, Pete," by writing his famous Roll 'Em, now a classic. While the patrons sat around eating pigs' feet, chitterlings and greens from huge aluminum kettles, Pete rolled 'em and wowed 'em. They knew what they wanted and it was the pure unadulterated boogie-woogie. The dancers wrapped arms tightly around each other's middles and the cat (musician) had to give the beat that swayed and rocked in time to the undulating bodies. If his bass was bad or he tried mugging or jiving, they let him know it.

At about the same time Meade Lux and Ammons were graduating into places in Chicago like the Moonlight Inn, the Pelican, the Red Mill and Dusty Bottoms, where Herschel Thomas and his uncle, George Thomas, played. George originated Muscle Shoals Blues, a piece they both greatly admire. At places called Bear Trap No. 1 and Bear Trap No. 2, Meade Lux improvised Bear Cat Crawl.

But there was little money in places

ike these and between jobs Pete shined shoes, worked in a printing shop and labored in a meat-packing plant. When the going got really tough about six years ago and there seemed to be no future for boogie-woogie, Meade Lux turned to washing automobiles, cleaning Pullman cars, and finally ended with a pick and shovel on WPA. Ammons swung a porter's mop but none of them gave up playing.

Even then a few of their records—made by obscure companies—were discovered by hot jazz experts in this country and Europe. One critic, John Hammond, Jr., credited with being the leading American authority on swing, heard Meade Lewis' Honky-Tonk Train Blues in this manner five years ago and started a search for Meade Lux. By running down every clue he could find he was able to locate Lewis about three years ago working in a garage. Unable to get the American recording companies to invest in boogie-woogie, Hammond finally persuaded English Paraphone to make Honky-Tonk, Yancey Special, Celeste Blues and Whispering Blues, the last two played on a venerable celeste. It took a long time for them to catch on but when they did they became sensations among the swing highbrows. It took Hammond and the Carnegie Hall concert to put them across to the general public.

It's Got to Be in Your Bones

With that happening, the riot was on and has now gone over into the general band field. Benny Goodman put the three musketeers on his radio program and the national response was terrific. Albert Ammons has made a recording of Boogie-Woogie Stomp and Nagasaki and the three together have made Boogie-Woogie Prayer.

Since many good pianists can sit at the elbow of the boogie-woogie boys and never learn to play it, the theory has been built up that the white musicians who try it must have the background of swing in their bones. Bob Zurke comes from the coal mines; Jess Stacey played the river boats in Missouri and learned his stuff there. The genuine boogie-woogie men will give you a hard look and perhaps a push in the teeth if you mention "bubbling rhythm" or "slide swing" or any of that corny stuff. They welcome the regulars but what they say about the others couldn't be printed. When Ammons hears Stacey or Zurke, he says:

"Real old suckers!" which means they belong. The old-timers will sit around for hours talking about a man like Clarence Walker, who played in some of the smallest towns in the country but is still remembered with reverence by the gents who know their boogie-woogie.

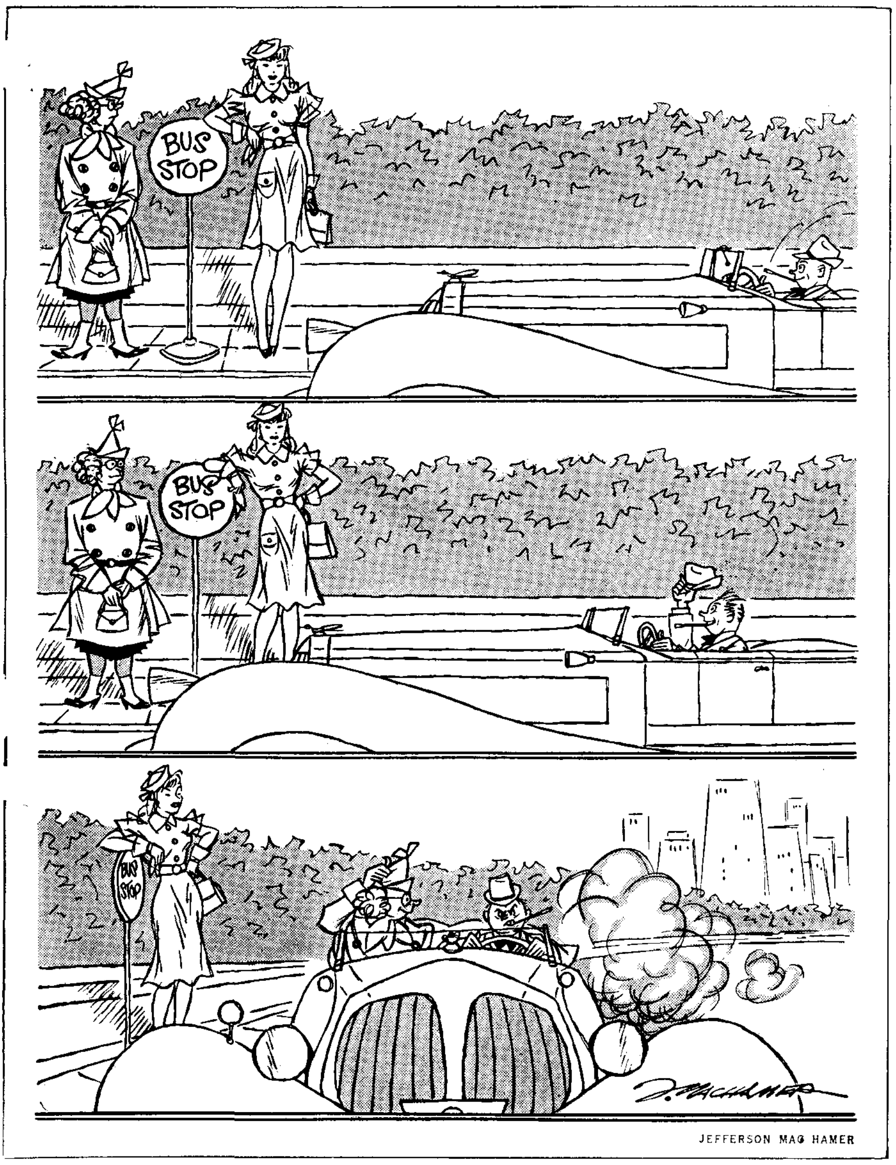
It has been a long battle for recognition and the rewards have not yet reached a point where boogie-woogie can be held to be a sensation. At Café Society the men are averaging around $45 a week and can pick up an extra ten or twenty at private "gigs," but that compares unfavorably with what the ordinary musician in a big orchestra commands. But when the boogie-woogie gentlemen landed in Carnegie Hall it made up for long years of distress. When Ammons saw the two grand pianos on the stage alongside the old battered upright—its front removed and its wires exposed, looking shabbier than ever—he turned to Meade Lux and asked anxiously:

"Do we have to play on them machines?"

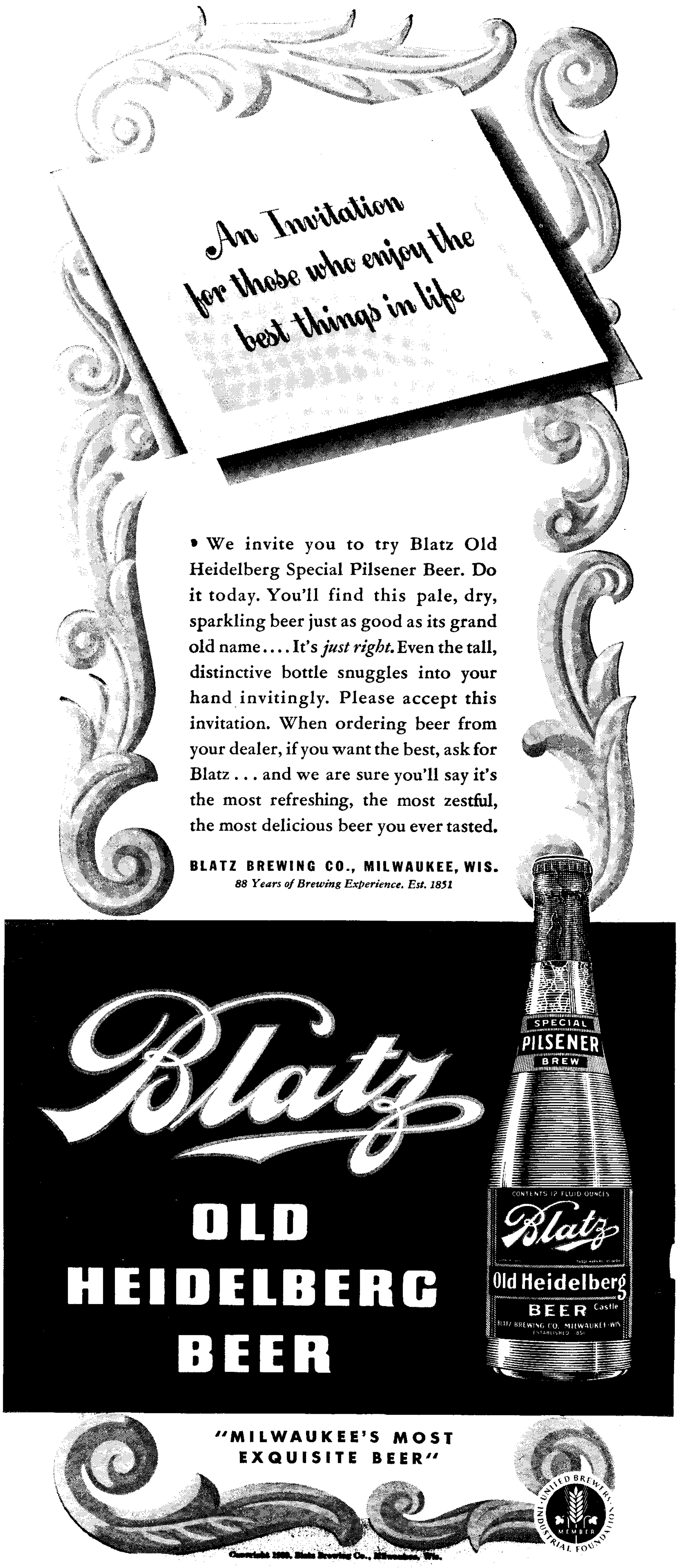
"Sure do," said Meade Lux.

"Man, man!" shouted Ammons. "We is across the tracks at last!"

The boys really have got pretty far uptown at that.



JEFFERSON MACHAMER


An Invitation for those who enjoy the best things in life

• We invite you to try Blatz Old Heidelberg Special Pilsener Beer. Do it today. You'll find this pale, dry, sparkling beer just as good as its grand old name.... It's *just right.* Even the tall, distinctive bottle snuggles into your hand invitingly. Please accept this invitation. When ordering beer from your dealer, if you want the best, ask for Blatz . . . and we are sure you'll say it's the most refreshing, the most zestful, the most delicious beer you ever tasted.

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OLD HEIDELBERG BEER

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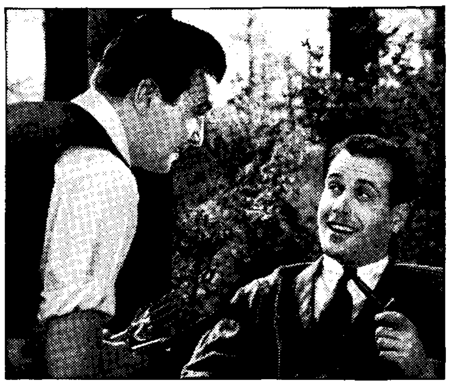
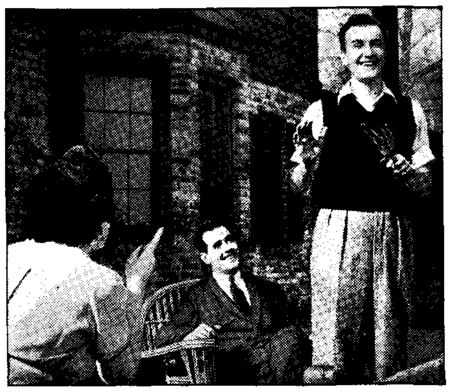
DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE IN MY SLIPPERS?
I'VE JUST HAD THE SWELLEST SUNDAY MORNING TREAT IN THE WORLD!

TOM: Hm . . . I can't get very excited 'til I learn what this swell treat *was!*

ED: Well, neighbor, it was piping hot bran muffins made with Post's 40% Bran Flakes! Man, were they good! Post's Bran Flakes are great as a cereal, too, you know—swellest flavor in the world, and besides . . .



ED: As a cereal or in muffins, Tom, Post's Bran Flakes bring you two EXTRA BENEFITS. (First, *Ed explains, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran to help protect against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.*)



ED: *Second,* Tom, food authorities say: "Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B_1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote *growth and vigor.*"

MRS. ED: All that, Tom, in one grand-tasting cereal! And today, Post's Bran Flakes are at a NEW LOW PRICE!

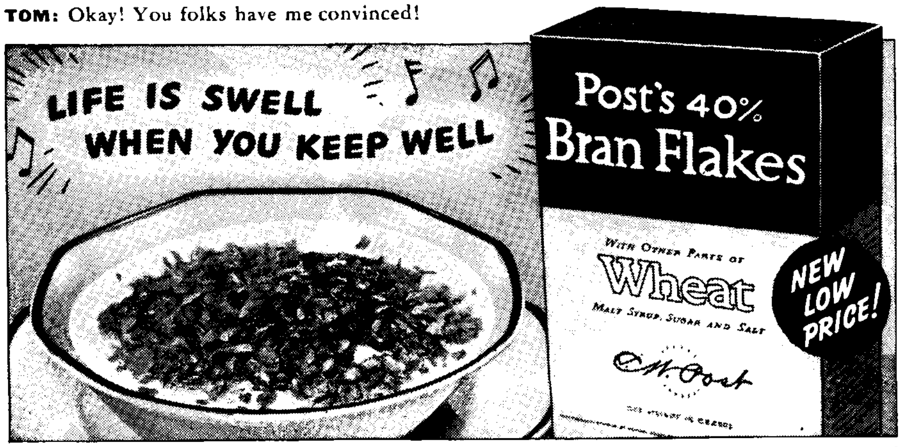
TOM: Okay! You folks have me convinced!

A FEW MONTHS LATER . . .

TOM: Ed, I sure do owe you a vote of thanks! I've been eating Post's Bran Flakes every day since you told me about 'em—either as a cereal or in muffins; and I never felt better in my life!

ED: That's mighty fine, Tom! It's swell, isn't it, that such a grand-tasting cereal gives you those EXTRA BENEFITS!

A Post cereal made by General Foods


LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post
NEW LOW PRICE!

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

In Spite of Hitler

Continued from page 19

the first tangible sign Mann, Feuchtwanger and the others had that the carefully planted seeds of their discontent were maturing and bearing fruit.

Now they are redoubling their efforts. It is a costly campaign, but the exiles who are writers are pounding furiously on their typewriters and a goodly portion of what they earn goes to finance the campaign. Others are bankers or lawyers or simple farmers or workers and they too are all helping to defray the expense of a campaign that may one day be looked upon as the turning point in the history of Nazi Germany.

A Ceaseless Stream of Propaganda

Ingenious plans for smuggling pamphlets into Germany and for distributing them once they are in Germany have been devised. Thousands are mailed each week from Paris, New York and London. Smuggling has become almost a respected business along the French-German border. Until recently these men and women smuggled coffee, tea, and sugar into Germany. In certain parts of Germany it is almost impossible to get such luxuries. Now volunteers as well as paid smugglers are working for the underground. They wait for nightfall and then they scurry across the border laden with bags of pamphlets. Eager hands take the bags and the process of distribution begins.

Thousands of the pamphlets are addressed to families whose names are taken at random from directories. Thousands of others are delivered by hand. A housewife is apt to find a pamphlet in an empty milk bottle outside her door. A man will open his newspaper at breakfast and a pamphlet will drop out. A man will get into a taxicab and find a pamphlet on the seat.

The organization has more than 5,000 active assistants in Germany. No Jew is allowed to be a helper. Jews are too closely watched. No men who have been in concentration camps are allowed to participate for the same reason. Most of the helpers are workmen, small businessmen, intellectuals.

The organization has quite accidentally found a slogan. It is *Auf den Hund Gebracht* (To the level of a dog). It is no secret that meat can only be bought at fabulous prices in rural Germany. Even in Berlin a piece of sausage which cost perhaps five cents three years ago now costs fifteen cents. Beef, lamb—only the wealthy can afford them. In rural Germany there are few dogs left. One by one they have disappeared to go into the stewpot. The eating of dog meat has more than a gastronomical significance. Those who have to eat dog meat and who are forced to watch their children eat dog meat are psychologically affected. It is a debasing thing—to eat dog meat. This is not the meat of a free and glorious people, and Germans have always thought of themselves as that. To eat dog meat brings one down to the level of the dog.

Troop trains crossing into Czechoslovakia a few months ago halted during the night at a small village. When the trains entered the assimilated little country the next morning, the sun revealed the painted legend upon the sides of the cars: *Auf den Hund Gebracht*. The slogan has spread like wildfire across Germany. As if by magic, small stickers appeared with the slogan printed on them. They could be stuck on billboards, on shop windows, on the backs of automobiles. Every day Germans see these words and the fact is brought home to them that some portion of their countrymen believe that Hitler has brought them down to the level of the dog.

In Munich recently an army captain was addressing his men. "Once more we in Germany," he cried, "have the spirit of 1914."

He meant that once more all Germans were united to fight a common enemy. He meant that once more sacrifices would have to be made cheerfully as they were made in 1914. He was not prepared for an echo from the ranks.

"You mean 1918, Captain," the voice called. 1918? That was the year of defeat, the year when Germany lost all its courage and its confidence.

The captain said, "Will the man who said that step forward. I promise that he will not be reprimanded."

A promise given by an army officer is a sacred thing. This was no S.A. or S.S. captain. He was a Reichswehr captain and traditions of loyalty and of honor are still strong in the regular army. There was no hesitation. A man stepped out of the ranks.

"1918?" the captain asked grimly. "But of course you mean the spring of 1918 when we made our last glorious advance."

"I mean the autumn of 1918," the soldier replied doggedly, and the men behind him cried, "Yes, yes, the autumn of 1918."

The war was lost in the autumn. Germany died in the autumn of 1918. The captain did not report his man.

The greatest whispering campaign in history is taking place in Germany. Workers during their lunch hour gather to speak guardedly of a new statement by some famous exile. If a man reads a pamphlet, many many others will soon hear of its contents. Words leap from mouth to mouth despite every effort of the Gestapo.

Making the Gestapo Less Sure

Leaders of the underground have recently adopted new tactics. They are mailing propaganda not only to known friends of a free Germany and to people picked at random; they are deliberately picking out Gestapo men, S.S. men and storm troopers to be the recipients. They do this for two reasons: First, they hope to convert many to their way of thinking. Second, the boldness and audacity of the move is calculated to lessen confidence in the power that official Germany has always felt it wielded. The fact that the underground is bold enough to pick out men known to be fervent Nazis may cause a lot of uneasiness in the hitherto almost solid ranks.

Robert Ley, head of the labor front, recently made a speech at a factory near Berlin. He spoke for a few moments and then, to emphasize something he was about to say, he paused dramatically. The dramatic effect of his pause was ruined by a loud cry from someone in the crowd of workers: "Why is meat so high?"

"Who said that?" Ley demanded furiously, but saw only blank stares. That has happened dozens of times. It is part of a concerted plan. Let enough people cry, "Why is meat so high?" and their voices will swell into a chorus that even Hitler cannot ignore. Once men in the streets of Paris cried, "We want bread!" and it wasn't long before their voices crystallized into something more frightening to the rulers of the country.

There was never anything very complicated about the religion of Martin Luther. It is all contained in a small book called Luther's Large Catechism.

The Apostles' Creed just about covers it all. Yet, for preaching this doctrine, Martin Niemoeller, pastor of St. Ann's Church in Dahlem, near Berlin, was imprisoned, tried, and then put into a concentration camp. He is still in a concentration camp, a mute, silent reminder to all Germans that religious liberty is a luxury denied to them under the Hitler regime. Imprisoning Niemoeller was one of Hitler's greatest mistakes. It gave dissenting Germans someone to flock around; it gave them a martyr. Today the underground fosters the Niemoeller Bund, a group of earnest churchgoers who are working quietly but effectively among the people and getting new converts every day.

For Obeying God, Not Man

The German government cannot call these people Communists, Jews or mere troublemakers. Hitler said recently that only soldiers were fit to rule Germany. Niemoeller was a great war hero. He became a Nazi and then, horrified by Hitler's repudiation of his promises, he turned against National Socialism. The last sermon he preached was the one directly responsible for his incarceration. He took as his text, "And Peter and the Apostles answered and said, 'We ought to obey God rather than man.'" This militant, courageous preacher is now in Sachsenhausen for reminding his congregation that there is a will above that of Hitler's. Several times Nazi officials have offered him his release—provided that he would sign a paper saying that he would never preach again. This Niemoeller has indignantly refused to do.

The Niemoeller Bund is boring cleverly from within. They ask for little. They ask only that they live under a government which permits them to worship as they please. They are not political. Their only offense is that they believe in God and want to worship as they see fit.

They want their own pastors back. Right now more than one hundred of them are in concentration camps. They want to have their children attend Sunday school and belong to church organizations. In the state-controlled church the picture of Adolf Hitler has replaced that of Martin Luther, and his doctrines have replaced the Apostles' Creed. The Niemoeller Bund wants to listen to uncensored sermons.

In basements and in attics mimeograph machines are humming and thousands of tracts are distributed each week. They preach no treason unless the Word of God be treason. They ask that Niemoeller be freed and that their church be freed from state domination. This is all part of the underground opposition, all part of a small fire that gathers in strength and intensity daily.

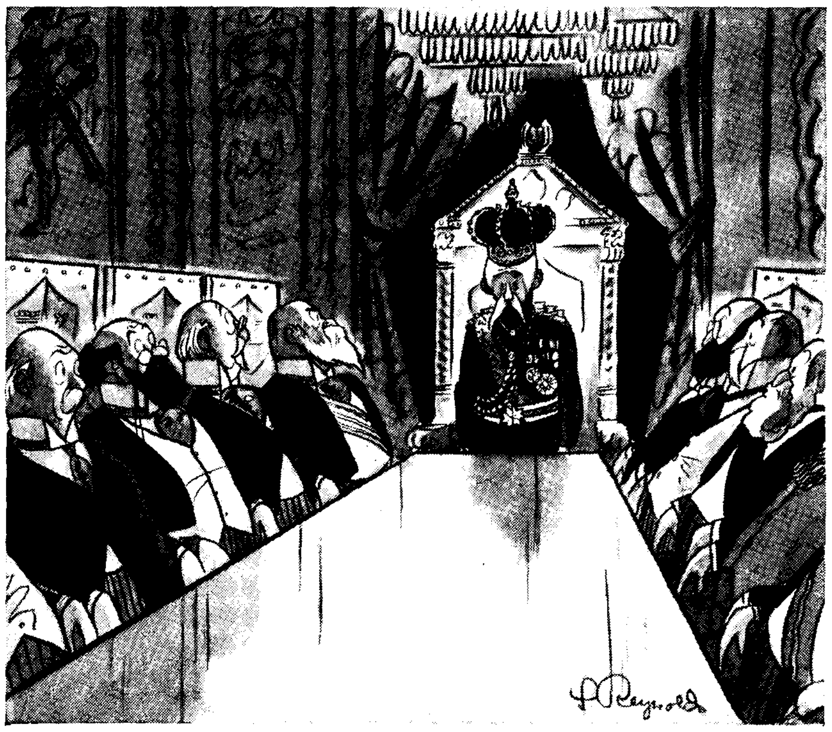
Until recently the underground worked anonymously. It was impossible to get the leaders to tell about their work. You heard whispers about them in Paris and in London, but when you asked men you knew to be connected with the organization to discuss their methods or the results they were getting, you were met only by bland evasiveness.

It is different now. Men who wouldn't talk three months ago are now anxious to let the world know that an opposition to Hitler is growing inside of Germany.

"We know finally that our work is bearing fruit," one of the leaders said. "For a long time we felt discouraged. It's different now. We know that there are hundreds of thousands inside Germany who feel as we do. All we ask is a free Germany. We are not a Communistic organization, nor are we a Jewish organization. We are Germans who love our country and who want to see it return to the belief that it is being ruined by the present leaders."

So the work continues. Each week thousands of pamphlets sift into German homes. Recently it was announced that anyone who was found with a pamphlet in his possession would be shot immediately. Many have been shot. But each time this happens it makes thousands of converts to the anti-Hitler movement. The Gestapo has a specially trained group of men trying to fight the underground.

They are fighting shadows, however, and so far they have found no defense against the steady stream of propaganda that flows across the borders. Each month the pamphlets enter Germany in new guises. During April and May, for instance, the shampoo packages, the film packages, the bank statement and the stamp envelopes were used. They will not be used again. The leaders of the underground are ingenious.



"I've just been thinking. I've been ruling for about thirty years now. How about a raise?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Roses are red, Violets are blue," *I tell him*

Longfellow McGonigle is our village poet . . . guess every town has at least one. Honest, he's the rhymin'est man I ever saw.

The other day he pulls into my station an' begins right off:

"The air is fresh, the sky is blue.
I'm fine today . . . how are you?"

I go on fillin' his gas tank, tryin' to look agreeable, but he's off again . . .

"Spring is here, tra-la, tra-lee.
A gentle violet I would be."

See what I got to put up with? As I start polishin' his windshield, I see that light comin' into his eye an' I know he's off again. But this time I beat him to the punch!

"Mr. McGonigle," I says:

"Roses are red, violets are blue.
I'd try Golden Shell Oil if I was you.
It's fast-flowing an' tough
An' if that ain't enough,
It only costs 25¢ an' your engine
will like it an' so will you!"

Yessir, I put him right back on his heels. So Mr. McGonigle finds a fellow poet, an' I find a new customer for Golden Shell Oil!

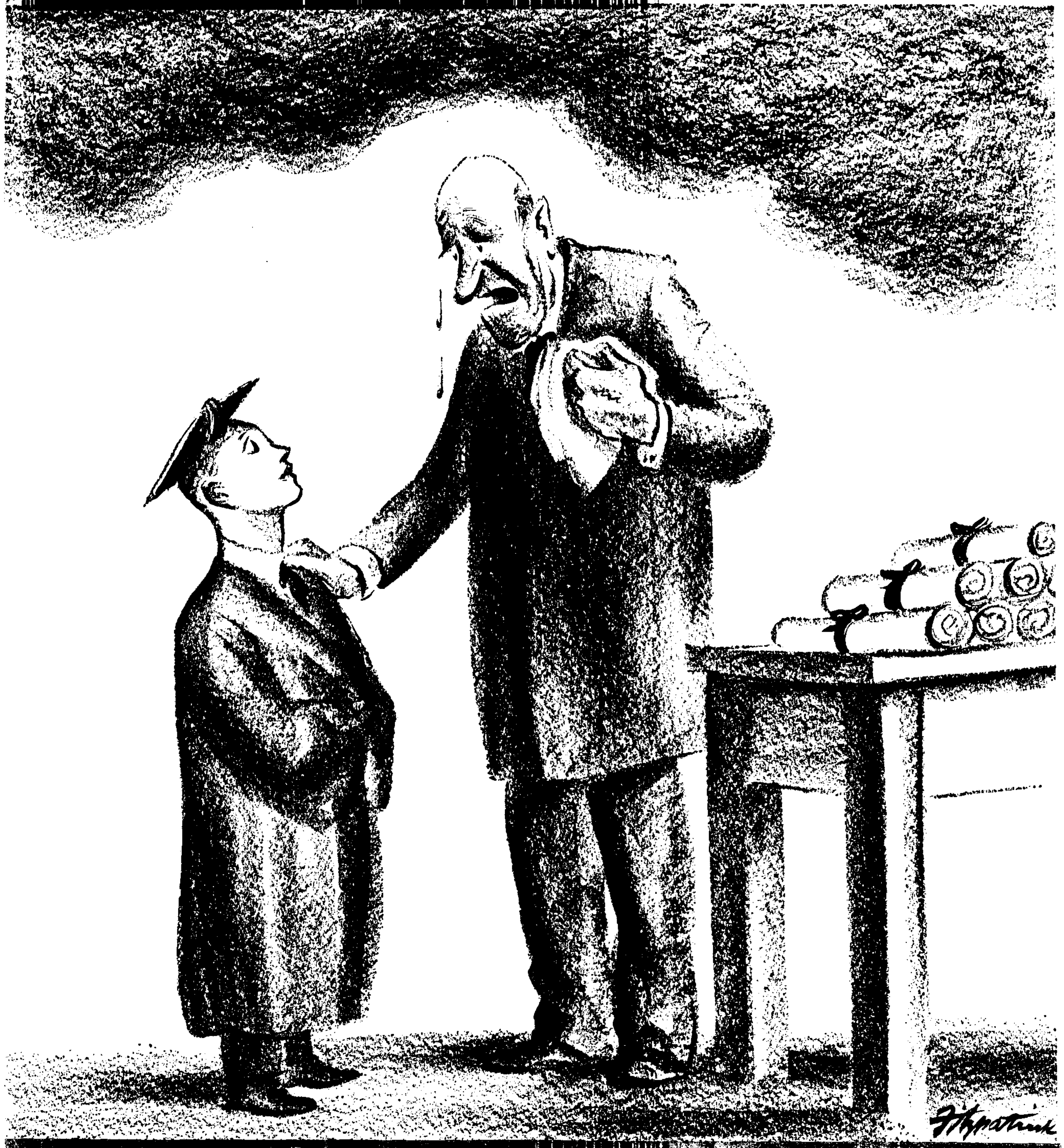
An' folks, if you can think of any good poems concernin' Golden Shell, send 'em in. I don't want this fountain o' verse to run dry!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

[illegible]RLES COLEBAUGH
[illegible]naging Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director



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HARDLY a week passes but some male or female social-significance addict gets up in public and emits a standardized series of sobs about present-day American youth.

We pick a sample almost at random. It is taken from the New York Times' story of a speech that was made not long ago before the National Board of the Y.W.C.A. by a Doctor Caroline B. Zachry, of the Progressive Education Association:

> "There is no place for youth in industry, in the professions, or in other areas," Dr. Zachry said. "As a result, we now ask the young people to go back and remain children until we are ready for them."
>
> As a consequence a grave situation has arisen; the boys and girls, afraid that they cannot be absorbed by society in a constructive capacity, are just shuffling along, without any sort of philosophy, without any hope for the future, the study (conducted by Dr. Zachry) warned.
>
> "How very easy it would be for Hitler or anyone else who came along with a program involving youth to get hold of this group," Dr. Zachry said. "We run the risk of a kind of leadership that may be destructive to a democracy."

It came out at the bottom of the news story from which the above is taken that Dr. Zachry reached these dark conclusions after interviewing 600 young people between 12 and 24 years of age in the course of five years. This was the "study" mentioned in the middle paragraph of the news story.

Almost any reporter could conduct a "study" of 600 young people, in considerably less than five years; and the results he would get would be any results he wanted to get, or thought the home office wanted him to get. That is how valuable such "studies" are. The absurdity of drawing large, windy generalizations about 20,000,000 or so American young people from alleged case histories of 600 American young people sticks out like a sore thumb.

Such "studies," of which we have a lot too many, do not yield genuine statistics, and hence no conclusions can be justly drawn from them. There ought to be a law. Well, no, there oughtn't to be a law. This is a free country. But there ought to be a widely practiced indoor sport called Taking Phony Ideas Apart.

To proceed with the dissection of this particular idea about the world-weariness of present-day American youth:

For one thing, we doubt that any appreciable part of American youth is ripe for a Hitler, a Mussolini or a Stalin. Young people are notoriously awake to what goes on in the world. Our young people can't have missed perceiving how Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, all the while promising youth the world fenced in, nevertheless keep German, Italian and Russian youth tied to military juggernauts and labor battalions, kicking the teeth down the throat of any youth who complains.

If large numbers of our youth want totalitarianism in any form, they deserve what totalitarianism in any form will surely give them. But, to repeat, we don't believe they do. And to back up that disbelief, we have at least one fact that is solider than the "studies" on which the sobbers about youth build their sob stuff.

The fact is that there are reported to be 800 little imitation Hitlers and Mussolinis and Stalins around the United States at the present time, each of them trying to sell memberships in some fancy-shirted hatred organization, and none of them making much better than coffee money up to now.

Nor do we believe present-day American youth as a group is a spineless jellyfish article described by the pain-of-it-all brigade.

For every wilted boy or inhibited gal the horn-rimmed investigators dig up, we think it's a safe bet that you could find at least ten tough-minded young eggs and eggesses who know their own minds and where they want to go, and are determined to get there or bust.

Youth always was a time of hot flashes of insight, cold periods of indecision, ecstasy alternating with despair, smashing triumphs (or so they seemed at the time), abysmal frustrations (though along about forty these are usually seen to have been among the most valuable of one's experiences) and high dreams.

Economic conditions have little bearing on the youthful state of mind. Indeed, it would be too bad if someday we should rearrange our society so as to bring forth a generation of young people who were prematurely balanced, cool, calculating, clear-sighted. That would strain a lot of the juices out of life, and the most piquant of those juices at that.

Most of this tragic-youth chatter, we believe, is plain bunk, worked up by people who are too lazy-minded to evolve positive outlooks on life. Much of it is subtly disguised propaganda, aimed at making young people feel sorry for themselves and hopeful of getting something for nothing. A young person who becomes suffused with that kind of warm, wet thinking is indeed ripe for a Hitler, a Mussolini or a Stalin.

To conclude this commencement address, we hope none of our younger readers are falling for the hopeless-youth idea. It will throw them in the long run, if not in the short.

THIS MONDAY NIGHT...

Tune in **"Tune-Up Time"** featuring Walter O'Keefe... Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra... Kay Thompson Rhythm Singers . . . Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P. M., E. S. T.; 6 P. M., C.S.T.—9 P.M., M.S.T.; 8 P.M., P.S.T.

"I'll bet my badge, Colonel, she knows more about cars than you ever knew about horses..."

"You've got to hand it to the women these days, Colonel. They know as much about cars as the men do.

"Why, only yesterday my wife told me to buy a different kind of gasoline. Seems she had read somewhere that every car has three grades of performance, depending on the gas you use."

WHAT the Sheriff's wife read were the *facts* that the men who sell and service automobiles want you to know. Here they are:

Under the hood of the modern automobile is a device... the spark adjustment... that *controls* performance. The closer your motor service man can advance your spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you get.

But if he advances it any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in the tank permits, the engine will "knock" or "ping"—which means *loss* of power and economy.

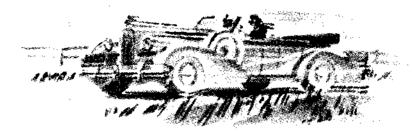
Since there are different grades of gasoline sold today, your car has different grades of performance as shown on the chart at the right.

* * *

Do you know what oil companies are doing to make cars run better?

Oil companies the world over are now using tetraethyl lead to improve the anti-knock quality of their gasolines. This enables car-owners to take advantage of the higher compression engines built by the automobile industry in recent years.

Tetraethyl lead is a liquid that mixes with and improves gasoline. It raises the anti-knock quality of any motor fuel. It is the active ingredient of the anti-knock fluids made by Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York. ***Buy "leaded" gasoline.***



YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

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And Chesterfields have a taste and pleasing aroma that smokers like. They really Satisfy.

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